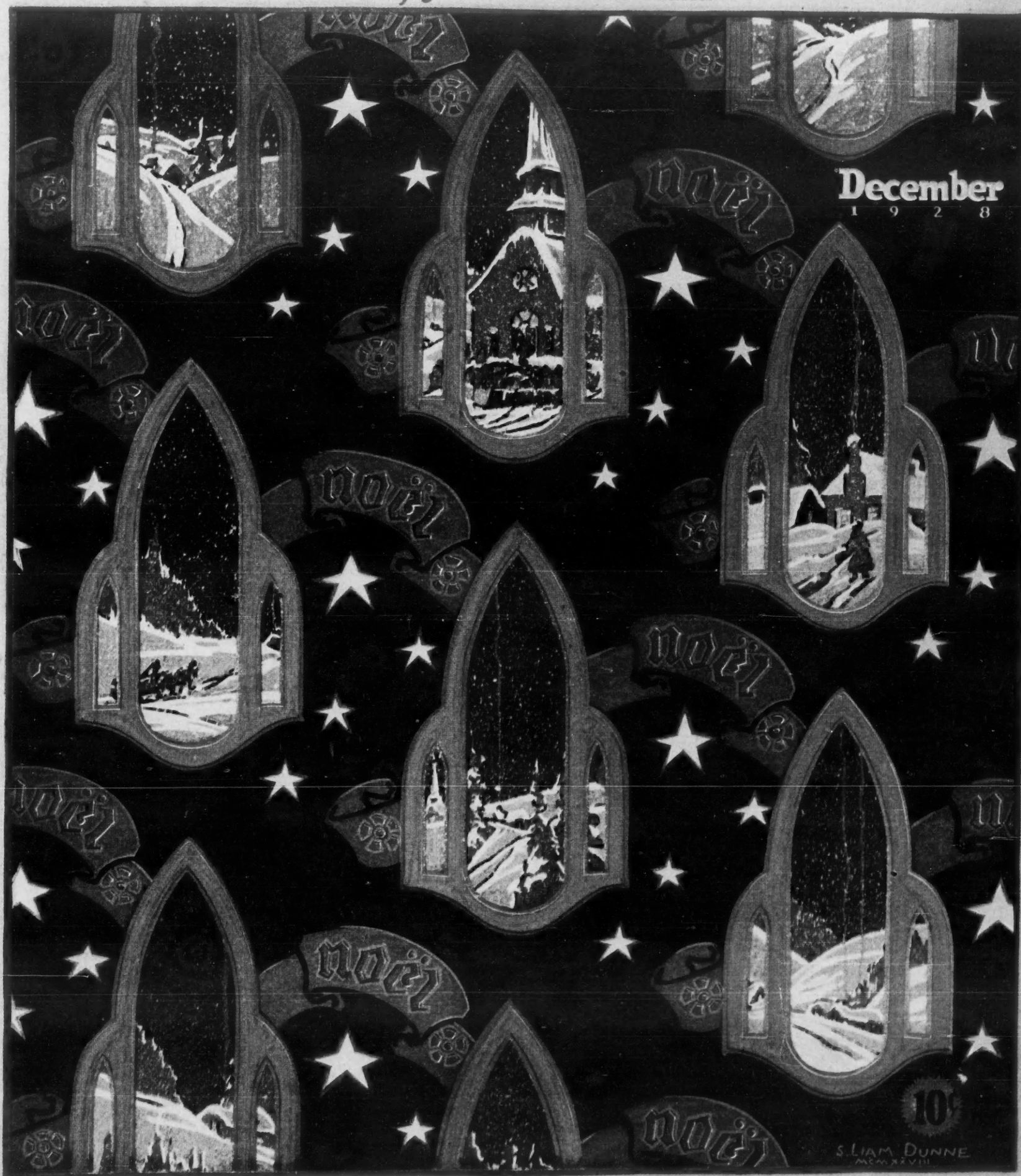


The Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women



In this issue: "Hands," By Beatrice Redpath.



Essex 5-Pass. Sedan, \$960
f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

ESSEX Performance

The spirit of ACTION

and Item by Item the World's Greatest Value

The certain conviction of greatest value that Essex gives on sight is backed by a wealth of costly car detail never before dreamed of under \$1200.

At \$885 and up, you not only get the brilliant performance and reliability of the famous Essex chassis, but you also get a satisfaction in appearance, richness and comfort never known in this price field.

You cannot mistake this impression of completeness and fine quality in every detail. And you cannot forget that item after item brings you directly to costly cars to find comparison.

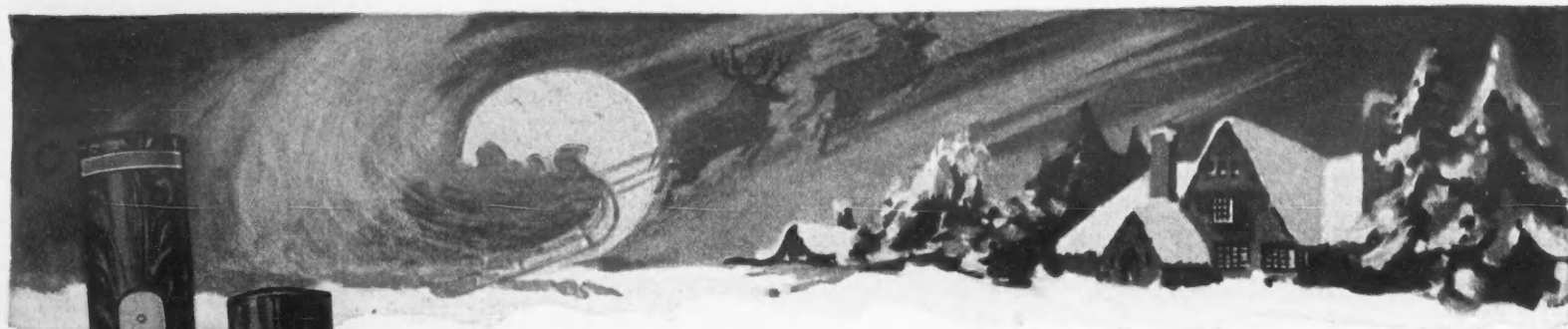
In every detail from radiator shutters to a riding ease like flying, this Essex is built, acts and looks in the fine-car class.

Add these to the performance of its famous Super-Six

high-compression, high-efficiency motor, and you have perfectly visible advantages from \$300 to \$400 greater value than any car in its field, a fact responsible for the largest 6-cylinder sales in history.

You have but to examine and ride in the Essex to share this universal conviction about "the World's Greatest Value."

ESSEX SUPER SIX



A Gift as popular as Christmas — Waterman's

ONLY the proven worth of more than forty years of demonstrated merit could bring to Waterman's writing instruments the tremendous popularity they enjoy at every Christmas Season. Then, it is, they become the "Ideal" gifts for thousands. Offered in an almost limitless variety of styles, they fit the purse and the taste of everyone. Practical gifts, they continue daily reminders of the givers throughout years. And Waterman's new No. 7 is particularly practical at Christmas time, because, if necessary it can be so easily exchanged by the recipient for another which will suit him perfectly. No. 7 is the vehicle for Waterman's new principle of scientific pen point selection—a notable contribution and a genuine boon to the popular practice of "fountain pen giving."

The new color line too is a great favorite with its rich two-tone effects in Ripple-Rose, Ripple-Blugreen, and Ripple-Olive. Made of Stainless Hard Rubber, the all-satisfying material for fountain pen holders, they are a new triumph to Waterman's genius.



\$7⁰⁰
Number
Seven

The perfect gift pen. Easily exchanged for one to suit the style of writing of the recipient.

Two-Tone Color Pens and Pencils

Offered in three colors, two sizes (large \$5, small \$4) with pencils to match (\$2 and \$1.50) they delight the eyes as well as the hands of youth and age alike.

Desk Set No. 6267
Marble or Onyx Base
Size 4"x6"
Price with No. 67 desk pen
\$15.00



Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets

Waterman's new Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets are rapidly becoming the choice of prominent business executives and women of fashion everywhere. To an extraordinary degree they combine artistic beauty with practical utility. Equipped with No. 7 pen points fitted to gracefully tapering colored holders, the principle of scientific pen point selection is thus applied to Desk Sets for the first time. Waterman's products are on sale at all Waterman's dealers and Waterman's dealers are everywhere. Use Waterman's inks in Waterman's pens.



Desk Set No. 6467—Onyx or Marble Base
7"x10" with name plate. Price complete
with two No. 67 Desk Pens - \$30.00

Desk Set No. 6062 1/4
Onyx or Marble Base
2 1/4"x2 1/4"
Price with pen, \$7.50

L. E. Waterman Company, 263 St. James St. West, Montreal
Chicago Boston San Francisco New York

Waterman's



Volume I.

DECEMBER, 1928

Number 10



She was standing before the mirror that was above the white mantelpiece. "I met him," he said, sitting down on one of the chintz chairs splashed all over with a pattern of roses, upsetting a pink cushion that rolled to the floor. And then he sat, staring at the green rug, his fingers interlaced.

HANDS

A Story of Marriage

By BEATRICE REDPATH

PART THE FIRST

HIS bare feet padded across the carpet. He climbed into the wide bed and wriggled his body between the sheets. His mother was asleep, one hand flung out on the pillow. He drew it cautiously toward him, and stroked it gently. She had such firm, strong hands; but they were not at all like the hands of the princesses in the fairy books. He felt sorry about that, and wished they were.

He lay very quietly with her hands against his face. The room was filled with green light. Sunlight slanted through the green wooden shutters, danced on the ceiling, gleamed in the mirror, made a blue glass candlestick into a tall blue flame. He lay watching it as he patted his mother's hand.

It seemed to him that he never saw her hands lying still unless she were asleep. She was forever doing things with her hands—knitting, while the steel needles flashed in the fire-light; sewing, with a funny little silver cap on one

finger; making delicious bread with her hands all powdered with flour; cutting little whistles for him out of white peeled sticks. If he were sick, she would lay one of her hands on his forehead, and the hot sick pain would flow away into her cool hand.

She could bind up bruises as no one else could; stop a cut from bleeding; wash the gritty sand from his knees when he fell on the gravel and scraped them. There was nothing in the whole world that those hands of hers could not do.

She stirred, opened her eyes, and smiled at him. Her eyes were blue like his own, but her hair was different. It was black and straight, and slipped between his fingers like strands of silk. His hair bothered him, for it was yellow, and had crinkles in it that promised curls. How stupid to have curls!

The green light grew brighter and brighter in the room.

He could hear the birds in the tree outside the window. The air vibrated with the sound of their chirping. The sunlight was playing games on the ceiling. His mother closed her eyes again, while he went on stroking her hand.

"Mum, why haven't you pretty hands?"

She opened her eyes and laughed softly. He could see the little laughter lines at the corner of her eyes; he was so close to her.

"Don't you like them, Honey?"

"They're very ugly."

He felt his lip quiver; tears made his eyes smart. He was afraid he had hurt her feelings.

"I like your ugly hands, Mum," he whispered, with a queer defiance. But it hurt him all the same to see her knuckles so big, the skin so hard, the fingers pricked where the wicked little needle had stabbed her. Just because her

ORIENTAL PLUSH—The Supreme Motor Car Upholstery



**This extra luxury!
can be yours without cost!**

The modern woman gives as much thought to the selection of her enclosed car appointments as she does to the furnishings of her home. And rightly so, for the motor car of to-day is a masterpiece of beauty and comfort into which only the finest materials should go.

When upholstery is discussed, Oriental Plush is almost invariably chosen, not only for its lifelike lustre which is so lastingly beautiful, but for its genuine serviceability. Oriental Plush will wear just as long as the

car itself, and be one of your reasons for securing an unusual trade-in value.

Many motor car manufacturers will furnish Oriental Plush in their enclosed models without extra charge, if specified when the car is purchased. Chrysler, McLaughlin-Buick, Durant, Oakland-Pontiac, Studebaker, and Chevrolet furnish it in most models. Ask for it and enjoy its extra luxury without additional cost. Oriental Textiles Company, Limited, Oshawa, Canada.

ORIENTAL PLUSH
Its Beauty Lasts

could never be. And as a rule he felt that all he could ask of Sheila was to be pretty and fascinating. But there were moments like these, black moments, when he felt he was asking something of her, something more than being fascinating, and she could never, never, respond.

He glanced at the mantelpiece that was crowded with silver frames containing photographs of Sheila and her friends. There was one of Sheila in her wedding-dress, but he turned away from it. Marriage was a queer thing.

Sheila jumped up out of her chair, with a movement as though she longed to fling off the heavy atmosphere which he had brought into her gay rose-colored room. She gave a slight yawn as she stood, slim and graceful beside the tea table. "Oh, don't let's talk about all these stupid things," she implored, "it only makes you cross. You'll feel different after dinner. We're going to have mushrooms and some of our own asparagus. I thought you'd like that." And she came toward him smiling, and linked her hand through his arm. "You're tired," she purred ever so softly, "I wish you could stop working and we'd go on a trip around the world. Everyone else takes trips. Life's so unfair," she sighed. "But, dearest," and she gazed up at him meltingly, "even if we are paupers I have to have clothes, haven't I? And I won't ask you for a penny, not one penny. I'll only ask you to buy my tickets and pay my hotel bill. That's really all. I've saved up heaps of money to spend on clothes."

He felt like grinding his teeth together until they powdered. He had intended to ask Sheila to let him have some of her money to tide things over but loathed the thought of having to do so, for he had never borrowed from her, but now apparently it was out of the question. Some men would have insisted upon her giving up this trip, but, somehow, he couldn't. He had a foolish sort of pride that tugged him up sharply as though he were continually held by taut reins. If you were made that way, you couldn't seem to do these things that some men would have found quite simple.

Sheila's mind had been hovering over the idea of that trip like a moth hovering over a bright flower. He had asked her to postpone it when he had first begun to doubt his company's stability. Now he had told her the worst, and her mind still hovered above her desire. Well, he was not going to say anything more; she could do as she liked.

He was conscious that he had been waiting there by the mantelpiece for her to say that her income, small as it was, would help matters out if things were so bad. But no such thought apparently entered her head. There was small chance now that it would, and he bowed to the inevitable which he realized he had to accept.

"I'm going to buy you a lot of silk socks when I'm away," she said brightly, looking at him over her shoulder, for apparently now, everything was settled in her mind. "Won't that cheer you up? Beauties—like the ones I bought you last time I was in New York! Don't you remember how pleased you were with them?"

She seemed to flutter gaily before him in her yellow dress, her bobbing earrings, her amber chain. She was quite aloof and apart from that dull heavy thing that was himself. "I suppose dinner will be ready soon," was all he said in reply. "I'll go up and wash my hands."

HE MET Sheila at the station on the day of her return. He saw her before she saw him and he watched her coming through the crowd. She was wearing a gray veil floating from her hat and somehow she seemed different from the girl who went away. It was perhaps only the queer little hat and the new fur scarf around her neck that made her almost a stranger to him. A smile broke over her face as soon as she saw him, and she ran forward a few steps and caught his arm, her eyes dancing with excitement.

"Oh, darling, how lovely to see you. I've had such a marvellous time. Aunt Helen is a lamb. I was never in bed a single night until after two. I'm dead."

He fell behind her in the crowd, then caught up with her again. She pressed against him, looking up into his face. "It's lovely to be back," she murmured. "Darling, how I've missed you. Oh, I've got the most adorable dress. I'm dying to show it to you. My checks—oh, here they are."

She plunged her hand into the velvet bag hanging from her arm. He stood looking at her while she fumbled in the bag, pulling out everything except the desired checks. How pretty she was; how radiant! He had almost forgotten how pretty, in the gray days of loneliness since she had gone away.

"Have you got the car?" she asked, taking quick little steps to keep up with his long slow ones as they crossed the station. He hesitated. He did not care to tell her at this moment that the car was sold.

"We'll take a taxi," he said, tipping the boy who had carried her suitcase.

She squeezed close against him in the taxi, talking eagerly, telling him all she had done, speaking of people she had met, exclaiming enthusiastically over some man, an actor, who she declared was the most completely fascinating man she had ever seen. "Except, of course, my darling old tortoise," she said in her sweet, caressing tones. Then her voice lifted again, stretched thin with excitement. "He's probably coming to Canada in the autumn. You'll like him awfully. Aunt Helen says he's brilliant. Oh, I do love clever, success-



"I've sold the house!"

"Sold it!" she wailed, stopping abruptly, and staring at him in horror. "Oh, Hugh, you've never sold our dear little house. Dear, why . . . oh, why did you do such a thing?"

ful people, don't you, darling? I really believe I hate failures. They are so—so—Oh, I must tell you before I forget . . ."

He liked to hear her bubbling voice running on. His own spirits lifted, trying hard to stretch up to her gay mood. But words failed him. What he had to say could wait. It could be postponed until the glamor of the trip had faded. He did not want to cast a gloom over her sparkling enthusiasm. What she had said about failures had stung him to the quick, for how else would she think of him when she heard of the humble position he had been obliged to accept?

Her talkative mood lasted through dinner. She returned to the subject of the actor again, marveling at his success. "But it's such a shame. Imagine! His wife won't give him a divorce. It seems terrible when he wants one. Don't you think so, darling?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I don't know the circumstances."

"But when he wants to be free."

"I suppose she has her reasons."

"Oh, what reasons could she have? He says they never speak to one another except in polite, polite tones. That

shows how they must hate each other. But I wanted to tell you about Maurice. That's his name. He said so many interesting things about marriage. He knows exactly how women feel. It's wonderful."

"It must be."

"But he does. He says that as soon as women become self-supporting, there won't be any more marriage. He thinks it's only a financial arrangement. And he said that all women with brains were polygamous."

His mouth twisted, for he knew the type of person so well. He was the kind of man Sheila found interesting.

"Do you think that's true? He said it was only the domestic type that were satisfied with one man. That's rather terrible. I'm not the least domestic. He says love is an illusion, a vapor—oh, I can't remember all he said. I wish you could have heard him."

"Scarcely worth remembering, is it? When you hear a man talk like that, you accept it for gospel truth. It's as all old as the hills. And it's only his point of view."

"But I know he's clever. You never talk about how you feel. I love to listen to that sort (Continued on page 58)

hands were so kind, he longed for them to be also beautiful. "Hands were made to give with, Honey," she said, pressing him very close to her, not seeming hurt at all. He dropped a little kiss into her open palm.

HE DROVE the car slowly. The sunlight of late afternoon turned the dust that lifted from the roads into a powdery gold. It hung, a transparent film over trees, hedges and fields. The air was fresh after the atmosphere of the city; a moist warm smell came from the grove of beech trees, their boughs colored from the sap that was rising in them, pinkish purple and pale green.

He drove mechanically, steering the car as close as possible to the deep marshy ditch, to allow another car to pass. He gave a belated nod to the man driving it, Dick Helmuth. He supposed Dick had been having tea with Sheila. Dick's face always appeared to him as though it had been cut neatly out of wood, with a trim brown moustache tacked on as an afterthought. Sheila found him entertaining.

Sheila liked men. It did not actually seem to matter to her much whether they were made of wood or putty. There was always one at the peak of her favor, who might at any moment be supplanted by another. He did not object to them except that they bored him intolerably. The men who surrounded Sheila pretended to be so subtle, so dangerous, while they were only putty.

Even after three years of marriage he never felt as though he knew Sheila. She was so elusive, like bright quicksilver slipping and sliding over a mirror. She laughed at him continually for being so slow; called him her dear old tortoise. He could not keep up with her. She dazzled him with her darting, flashing charm; fascinated everyone as she fascinated him, and made all other people appear heavy and rather dull.

He turned the car in at the gate and ran it into the garage. There he loitered for a few moments in its gasoline-smelling atmosphere. The engine had not been running smoothly, so he lifted the hood and tested the oily connections with two fingers. He was conscious that he was loitering because he hated to tell Sheila what was in his thought. He could not imagine how she would take it, but felt the weight of it dragging him down; could almost feel sharp talons tearing at his flesh.

He wanted to carry it off with a superb carelessness; to appear as though he were not in the least degree worried. It was for this carelessness that he was loitering, hoping to rouse it in his manner and tone.

Slowly he walked around to the front of the house, taking a glance at the vegetable garden where green sprouts were showing above the ground. The early beans had begun to climb the strings strung between sticks. All along the beds, seeds had been planted and had just come up. It was as though someone had drawn straight green lines with a ruler in the soft warm earth. The red brick wall of the house glowed in the hot sun. A honeysuckle shrub flattened itself against the wall, spraying the air with its sweet perfume. The scent of honeysuckle always seemed to him sentimental and oversweet. He could hear the whisper of the hose that was watering the grass, the spray of water swishing about and around, tossing its blue and silver drops in a wide silky shower. There were some late tulips scattering their gaudy red and yellow petals on the flower-beds beside the steps.

Inside, the hall was blue with cigarette smoke. He put his gloves down on the hall table and picked up an envelope from the flat silver dish. It was nothing but a bill. He could hear Sheila in the sitting-room, humming a gay tune to herself. Everything was gay and dancing, and in order, but it had the effect of making him feel hopelessly out of tune with it all.

She was standing before the mirror that was above the white mantelpiece, just touching the close, smooth waves of her taffy-colored hair, with lingering fingers. The tea table was drawn up close to the sofa—empty tea cups, ash trays filled with cigarette ash, cigarette smoke in the air.

She turned about on her narrow heels. "Oh, there you are! What a shame you didn't get back sooner! Dick has just gone. He's such a dear, so witty. He always makes me laugh so much. Don't you *adore* people who make you laugh?" She lifted her face to be kissed.

"I met him," he said, sitting down on one of the chintz

chairs, splashed all over with a pattern of roses, upsetting a pink cushion that rolled to the floor. And then he sat, staring at the green rug, his fingers interlaced.

"Tired! Oh, but you haven't noticed my dress. Dick said it was like the most delicious lemon soufflé. He is such a ridiculous person."

She moved back to the mirror, linking her fingers through the chain of amber beads round her neck. She put up one hand to her hair, stroked the smooth bright wave across her forehead, then moved her head from side to side so that she might see the long gold earrings that dangled from her ears.

He watched her silently, noticing her dress. It was a pale, soft yellow, while the amber round her neck made her eyes appear more sparkling. She seemed to flash with yellow and gold. He moistened his lips and laid his arms along the padded arms of his chair. He might as well tell her and have it over. But he found that he could not rouse himself to that careless fashion of speaking which he had intended. He simply could not manage it.

"Sheila!"

She turned instantly, a smile lifting her short upper lip. "Darling?" she questioned.

Then he hesitated, hating to blot out that gay laughing expression from her face. Before he could say any more, she was speaking in her little rushing way, words tumbling over one another.

"Oh, I wanted to tell you that I must go away next week. You know, you asked me to wait. Well, I've waited, ages. I haven't a thing to wear at the Races. Dick says we must

Her voice sounded as though he had told her that there was going to be a shower of rain. He did not quite know how he had expected her to take it. Things had gone so swimmingly with them ever since they had been married. There had been worries, but none that she had known about. She was always sweet, always good-humored. He could never imagine her being anything else. Sometimes, when he was annoyed with her, he almost wished that she would be disagreeable, so that he could make some retort. Sheila's amiability often made him feel helpless.

She crossed the room and seated herself on the arm of his chair, playing with the lapel of his coat. She did not seem to think that what he had told her was of much consequence. They had always lived up to their last penny, for Sheila reasoned that it was good policy to appear more prosperous than they were. Now he saw the futility of this reasoning.

"It's worse than you seem to think. I've lost all I invested with the Company. And positions are not easy to find."

"But, dear, of course you'll find something. Men always do. You worry so dreadfully. I'm really rather glad, for they didn't half appreciate how clever you are." She laid her arm around his neck. "Dear, I must go to New York this week. I have so much shopping to do. I'm only going to use my own money, of course."

He shrank beneath the light pressure of her arm and sat up straighter, feeling the softly-cushioned chair too soft for his present mood. He was surprised and annoyed at her attitude. It was extraordinary—even for Sheila. He did not want her to make any fuss, but to toss the news aside as a trifle of no importance, was just as bad. Worse. Her trip to New York apparently, was all that claimed her interest. He had lost his job but she seemed neither to care nor comprehend.

"Go, if you like," and his tone was curt. He heard a soft sigh and knew what that meant. Here was another bad humor to be smoothed away.

"Don't be cross, darling old tortoise," she said purring, her arm clinging around his neck.

But he jerked away from her. "You don't seem to understand. The house will have to go."

She drew her arm slowly away then, and stared at him out of startled amber eyes. "Hugh, you don't mean you'd ever dream of selling the house?"

Was she never going to understand? He was tired of trying to explain, for he would have thought that she could have understood as soon as he told her he had lost his position and his investments. Positions were not like berries to be picked off every bush.

"But, dear," and she was all hurt protest, "we couldn't do that. I simply couldn't exist in a piggy little house."

"I don't know that we'll have a house at all." His wish to soften the reality was all gone. He wanted now to make everything appear as black as possible.

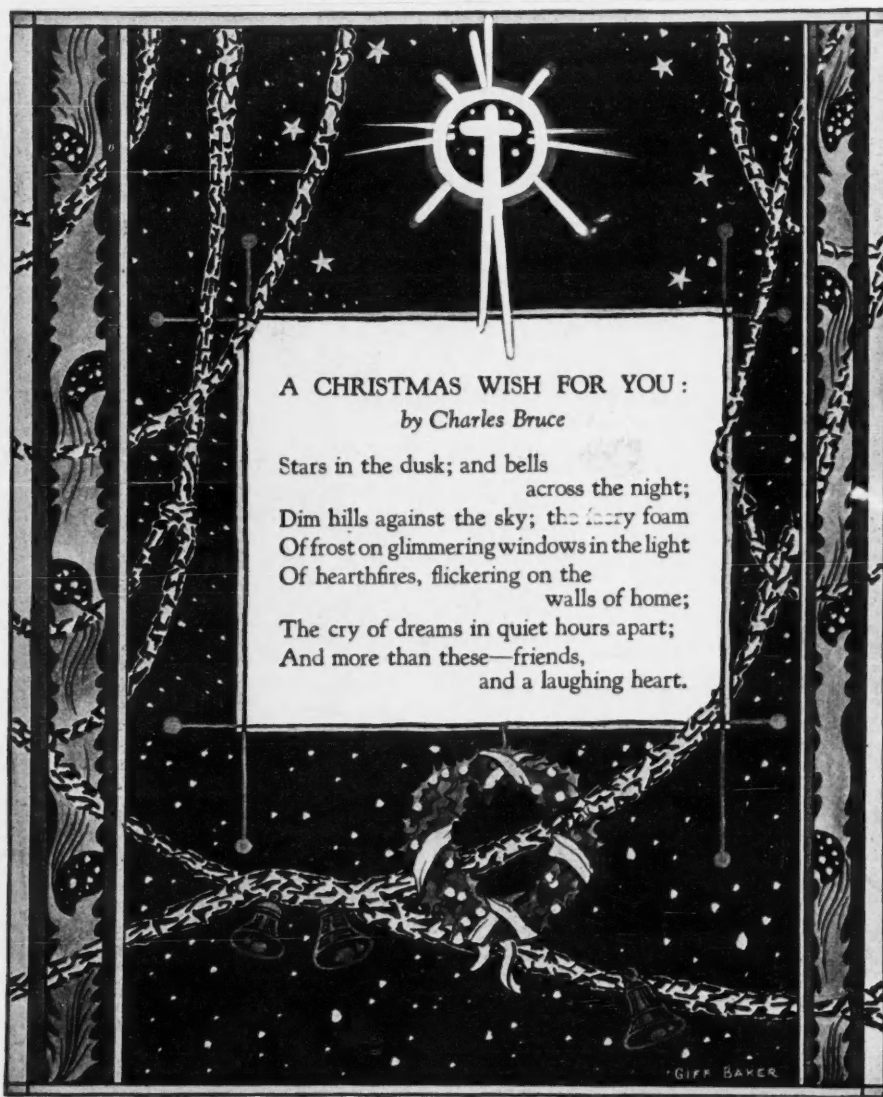
"Darling old tortoise, you're tired. That's what's the matter. I'm tired, too. We won't do a single thing this evening but go to bed early. My poor tortoise! I do love that wave in your hair." And she touched his hair lightly but he jerked his head abruptly away.

Then he got up and walked across the room while Sheila slipped into the chair he had left, where she sat with hands loosely linked in her lap, watching him. He could see her hands from where he stood, and somehow they increased his feeling of helplessness. They lay on the dull yellow material

of her dress, the palms turned upwards, like flowers. He could never imagine her doing anything with those hands; they were made to lie as they were lying now, idle, empty.

A hot sensation rose up in him. Sheila did not want to give to life in any way whatever. She expected it to give to her, always, always. He had often told her that you could not go on forever taking, never giving, but that was something she did not wish to understand. Her aim was to accept life when it was joyous, and she railed against it when obstacles came in the way.

Whenever these subjects came up in his mind he remembered, too, that Sheila would not have children. She shrank from the idea in trembling horror, her eyes growing large and wistful, her mouth quivering appealingly. And the memory of this made the hot feeling inside of him wax feverishly. He would have given anything to have had a son, but it was foolish even to think of that longing, since it



A CHRISTMAS WISH FOR YOU:

by Charles Bruce

Stars in the dusk; and bells
across the night;
Dim hills against the sky; the fairy foam
Of frost on glimmering windows in the light
Of hearthfires, flickering on the
walls of home;
The cry of dreams in quiet hours apart;
And more than these—friends,
and a laughing heart.

go with him. Won't that be lovely? I said we would. But I've got to have something to wear, haven't I, darling?"

He moistened his lips again. Worry was so smothering, he could scarcely breathe. Who was the person who had to go forever with an albatross fastened round his neck? He knew how it would feel.

"I'm afraid you can't go. The Company has closed down. I've got to find another job."

Now that it was out, it did not sound so terrible or harsh; nothing ever did, he supposed, once it was uttered. Only when things were kept fastened down inside did they feel so smothering. He always had fastened his worries down. He kept them under a tight lid so that Sheila would never suspect that they were there.

Sheila only appeared to be faintly surprised. She stood looking at him, her eyebrows curved into bewildered points. "That is disgusting. What will you do now?"

poets, she must sit still in her place, tip-tapping all day long."

"Say, you're cuckoo!" said Melvina Ruby. But she said it with pleasure in her eyes. It was a delightful game this banter at which they were playing, she and the Poet.

"Where will you take her?" she asked.

"To my castle, of course," said the Poet proudly. "It is also up many flights of stairs, such as you climb to meet the moon, and there is a great palm-tree beside the portal. But, hist! there may be listeners. For aught we know the hirelings of the ogre are close at hand, seeking to learn where my castle is. And that, no one must know, save the Princess and you."

"Is that why you don't wear a crown?" asked Melvina Ruby in a loud whisper. They had reached one of the crowded streets now, and were constantly jostled by the eager, good-humored throng of shoppers.

"Well, it's partly why," said the Poet. He guided Melvina Ruby into the brightly-lit interior of the Ten-cent store.

And what a place it was, bristling with secrets, a place where the poor do their Christmas shopping.

"We shall buy candles, bayberry candles, and you shall see that they burn out on Christmas day," the Poet said, as they threaded the aisles excitedly.

Melvina Ruby tucked the package under her arm. "Let's get some little candles for the tree," she suggested.

"But there won't be a tree," said the Poet. And then he stopped short in that odd fashion of his. "Of course there'll be a tree," he exclaimed. "To the basement it is!"

To the basement it was. A delightful place smelling of people and cedar and candle-wax. There were streamers of tinsel from end to end of the stalls, and from one corner a gramophone rattled out a Christmas hymn.

"You could dance to that," said the Poet. "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night—isn't it wonderful, Daphne?"

They bought yards of glittering tinsel wound cleverly around a card, and some little jingling bells and a big silver star for the top of the tree. And then they selected the tree itself very carefully, a tiny, pointed cedar. "Can't you see it in the woods, Daphne?" said the Poet. He rubbed one of the fronds between his fingers.

"The Molly-cotton-tails would come and sit under it in the early mornings, leaving funny little frisky tracks in the snow," he said. "The Molly-cotton-tails are messengers for Santa Claus, you know, and go out in the early winter to nibble down the trees he means to use at Christmas."

"Aw, go on," said Melvina Ruby. "There ain't any Santa Claus, really; it's just pretend."

The Poet stopped still again. He couldn't take off his hat because he held a young cedar tree under one arm and a tremulous bundle of Christmas fripperies under the other. But he managed to look as though he had taken it off.

"Daphne," he said, seriously, "there is a Santa Claus. I give you my word of honor as a gentleman."

Someone going by giggled a little, and Melvina Ruby glared. The Poet was crazy, of course, but he was her property. Then she looked right into his eyes and found them smiling, but serious, too.

"I guess there is then," she said, unsteadily. They walked up the noisy, crowded, enjoyable stairs in time to hear all the clocks of the busy city striking the hour.

"Cracky Bill!" said Melvina Ruby. "It's six o'clock."

"Is that very late? Will you be punished?" asked the Poet anxiously.

"I'll get hell!" said Melvina Ruby, briefly. Then she felt sorry for the Poet's perturbation. "It doesn't matter a darn," she said. "I'll tell her I was kept in at school."

"But you weren't," said the Poet feebly.

"Yes, I was, too, only I never stayed," Melvina Ruby confessed in tones of triumph. "Here," she added, "put these bells in your pocket, and for goodness' sake don't sit on them. Now, lend me a nickel, and I'll beat it for the Harriet Tretheway."

The Poet found himself loaded with parcels and fishing desperately for an elusive silver bit. He wondered if he looked as guilty as he felt.

"It's been swell," Melvina Ruby told him comfortingly. "Say, can I help you fix up for the Princess-to-morrow? Where do you live?"

Grandma Swartz . . . her eyes twinkled right in behind her nose, and her wig under the draped shawl was dyed smooth and black.



The Poet told her the number. "It's not exactly the right sort of street for a castle, but you see, the castle was really there before the street," he apologized. "You'll find it all right. Only don't come too early because I sleep all morning."

"Good land, what for?" gasped Melvina Ruby.

"Well, you see, I'm also shut up in a tower, tapping out words; only I'm there at night instead of in the daytime. When I finish in the morning I usually go to bed for a bit. You have to, you know." The Poet was apologetic.

"What sort of words," Melvina Ruby wanted to know.

"Oh, hideous words!" cried the Poet sharply. His hands closed tight on the tree until Melvina Ruby trembled for the Christmas bells which were rather flimsy. "ugly meaningless words that hundreds of people read, ugly meaningless things that don't matter, and all the time the real words are running through my head like little golden beads, little beads of purple and gold waiting to be picked up and strung on a golden thread."

"Gee!" said Melvina Ruby. "Well, if you've got that nickel," she added.

At the Harriet Tretheway Home for Indigent Orphans. pre-Christmas gaiety was duly tempered. There were too many orphans and too few grown-ups for the festivities to go like clock-work. There were too many useless gifts and too few needful garments to please that God-fearing woman, Mrs. Murchison. The amber of life was full of flies for Mrs. Murchison, and Melvina Ruby was the biggest fly of all.

Besieged with the desire to see more of the Poet and his captive lady, the thought of Grandma Swartz came to Melvina Ruby as a heaven-sent inspiration.



And Melvina Ruby followed, up the aisle again, towards the star. Only this time they stopped at the wall of cedar.

"I would like," she said modestly to Mrs. Murchison, "to spend a part of Christmas Eve with Grandma Swartz."

"Why should you?" demanded Mrs. Murchison tartly. She was frantically endeavoring to make two hands do the work of four, and had only harassed eyes to give attention to Melvina Ruby's plea.

"She was always so nice to us," said Melvina Ruby in a small voice. "When I hadn't any mother, or anything before you brought me here, she took care of me. I think it would be nice to go and see her on Christmas Eve; she's getting awful old."

The ready, sympathetic tears clouded Mrs. Murchison's kindly eyes. She had always felt herself unjust to Melvina Ruby. "You dear child!" she exclaimed.

Melvina Ruby pressed the advantage home. "I could help Cook with the dinner in the evening and I could get up terrible early," she suggested.

"Oh, of course you must go," said Mrs. Murchison. Grandma Swartz was not, alas, a Christian, but she was everything else that was desirable for Melvina Ruby to cultivate.

So that was that! For four solid days before Christmas Eve had Melvina Ruby tracked the Poet. Being "kept in" was such a reasonable alibi. And so Melvina Ruby visited the castle, walked with the Poet, talked with him, shopped with him, gave him the benefit of her advice—solicited or no—and not a living soul the wiser.

At five o'clock of a December afternoon the city is always a blaze of light. Outside the Princess' tower, which was very high indeed but not a tower at all, the Poet and

What a tree that was! The sort of magic tree from which every person gets the sort of thing that most in the world he wants.



Melvina Ruby waited. The wind was cold across the river but there lay on the water the loveliest rose and golden light, the last flickering rays of sunset. Melvina Ruby did not see this until the Poet pointed it out, and then she wondered why she had not seen this before.

The Princess who came down from the tower at six minutes after five exactly, looked awfully pleased to see her Poet's Daphne and they became the best of friends from the start.

The Poet took them to a place where they sat at a little table with a shining glass top in a shining compartment, and drank hot chocolate with little puffs of whipped cream on the top. The Poet and Melvina Ruby sat on one side of the shining glass table, and the Princess on the other, so that they could both look at her, and could listen when she laughed, which was quite often. The Poet, indeed, looked so hard that he forgot to drink his chocolate, and all the whipped cream melted and spread out over the top. But the Princess drank hers as if she enjoyed it, and ate a number of the charming little cakes which the Poet had ordered.

"Daphne," said the Princess, as suddenly as that, "will you be my bridesmaid?"

Whereupon all the shining compartments and all the glass-topped tables went swimming about before Melvina Ruby's dazzled gaze, and out of the whirl she heard her own voice gasping. "I haven't any dress." But all the time she knew that dresses for such a wedding as this did not matter in the least.

HERE you, Hermie Swartz, quit that!"

Melvina Ruby's voice shrilled down the passage at the foot of the Poet's castle stairs. The Poet stood at the turn of the landing.

"It is Hermie Swartz," Melvina Ruby called up to him. She held firmly by the collar a small, wide child of five. Hermie's broad face quivered with apprehension; his dark, scared eyes searched the hallway above.

"What's he doing?" asked the Poet. Then at the sound of a smart slap and a subsequent wail, he took the stairs at a bound, landing beside Melvina Ruby and the small stout one.

"Don't hit him, Daphne," he ordered sharply, and took Hermie's hand firmly and comfortably in his own. Hermie looked at him, doubtfully, then confidently; a slow, faint smile of satisfaction crossed his face; he moved nearer on his little, flat legs encased in corduroys, leaning his firm shoulder against the Poet's knee.

"Aw, him!" said Melvina Ruby, expressively. "I used to live next door to Swartz's before I went to the Harriet Tretheway. Hermie's the baby, and there's Rachel, and their mother is dead and they live with Grandma Swartz."

"Well, why shouldn't he come and help us get ready for Christmas and the Princess?" suggested the Poet. He smiled at Hermie, and Hermie smiled back, encouraged.

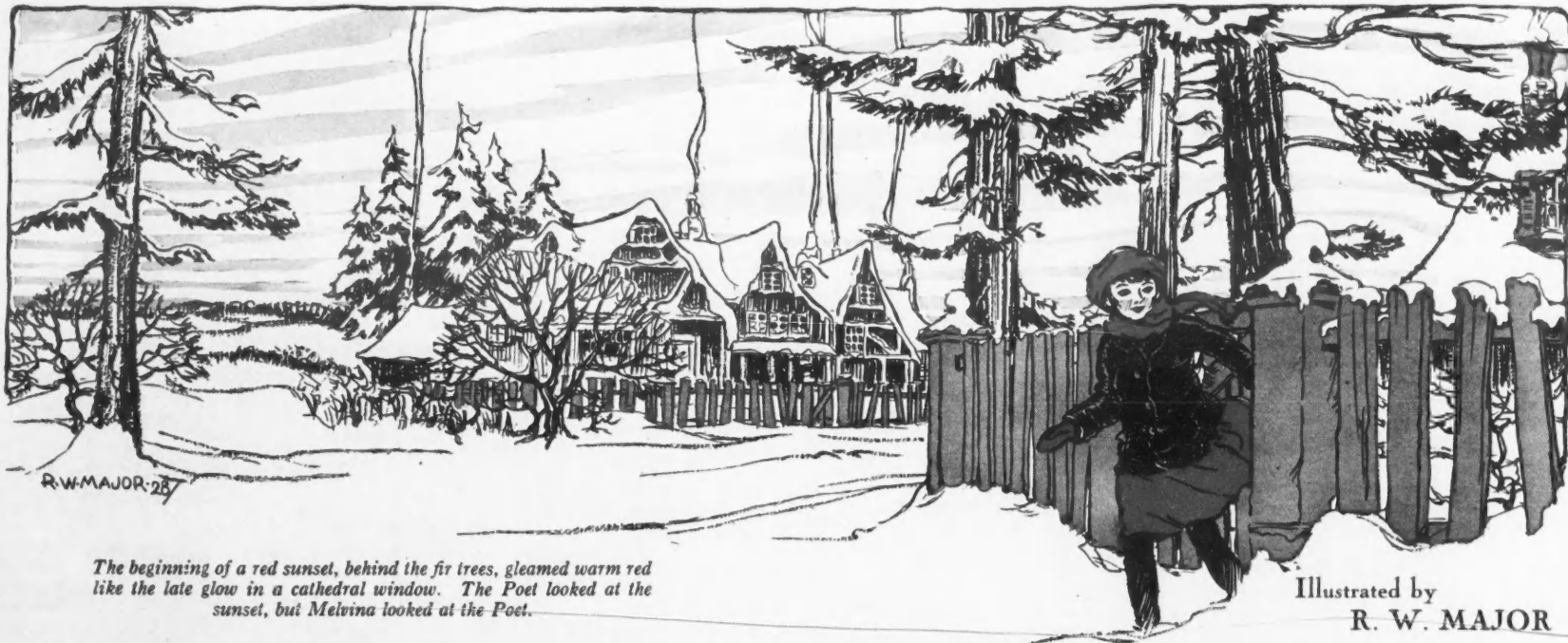
"But he don't know anything at all about Christmas," objected Melvina Ruby. "Christmas was Jesus Christ's birthday—and Hermie's a Jew," she added glibly.

"So was Jesus Christ," said the Poet softly. "And He was a very fine Gentleman, too, Daphne. I don't think He would ever turn a stranger from His door on Christmas Eve."

Melvina Ruby blushed. "Oh, well, let him come," she said shortly. "Only (she added the warning as she climbed the stair), "Grandma Swartz will likely come and Rachel, too."

"And yet there is room," said the Poet, more softly still. He picked Hermie up in his strong young arms, and they followed Melvina Ruby to the door of the castle itself, three flights up.

The Poet's castle was very different indeed from other castles. It was nothing much to (Continued on page 60)



The beginning of a red sunset, behind the fir trees, gleamed warm red like the late glow in a cathedral window. The Poet looked at the sunset, but Melvina looked at the Poet.

Illustrated by
R. W. MAJOR

ALL ON A CHRISTMAS MORNING!

Including a Poet, a Princess and Melvina Ruby

By FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

M

ELVINA RUBY had been kept in again.

Yes, again!

This is an unfortunate point at which to begin the story, but there were many unfortunate things about Melvina Ruby. Her position, for instance, perhaps the most indigent and unpopular of the flock at the Harriet Tretheway Home

for Indigent Orphans; her undeniable plainness; the size and prominence of her two front teeth, and, most of all, her badness.

Melvina Ruby was a bad child.

The story, however, is not without its high spots, due in some measure to Melvina Ruby being kept in, but still more to the fact that she did not stay in. If she had, she would never have met the Poet.

We have Melvina Ruby then, eleven, indigent, and of no particular reputation, emerging from school late on the afternoon of a certain day in the neighborhood of Christmas, as the saying is, at a loose end.

The beginning of a red sunset, behind the fir trees, gleamed warm red like the late glow in a cathedral window. The Poet looked at the sunset but Melvina Ruby looked at the Poet. He was rather ridiculous, for he had taken off his hat, not at all a new hat, and was standing quite still in the middle of the deserted, snowy street, facing the red sky with great intentness as though this were the first, or even the very last sunset in the world.

There was, at the time, sufficient snow on the fence tops to scoop nicely into a loosely-packed, sizable ball. It follows naturally that Melvina Ruby did this. She then placed herself strategically near the bole of the tallest pine-tree, took swift and practised aim, and caught the Poet squarely in the back of the neck, thus enabling the fraying edges of the snowball to trickle icily down inside his collar.

The Poet put up his hand hastily and confusedly. He turned, to see Melvina Ruby nipping with catlike agility behind the pine tree. Since there was no one else about, this plain young person in the unbecoming red cap was, unquestionably, the assailant.

The Poet stooped, gathered up what remained of the snowball, walked gravely toward Melvina Ruby and the pine-tree, and made a very low, not unheroic bow.

"Yours, I believe," said the Poet, and handed Melvina Ruby the snowball.

But Melvina Ruby let it sift unappropriated through his hands. She stared at the Poet.

"Did you know it was me that hit you?" she asked in an awed voice.

"I gave you that credit," the Poet said, with another bow, a smaller one.

He added "Daphne" as a sort of afterthought.

"My name ain't Daphne," said Melvina Ruby. She continued to stare at him. "Are you going to call the cop?" she questioned.

The Poet shook his head. "Nothing is farther from my intention," he assured her.

"Oh!" said Melvina Ruby. "Why do you call me 'Daphne'?" she asked suddenly.

"Why, as to that, don't you remember that Daphne was now a maiden, and now a laurel bush?" the Poet said. "A moment ago, I saw only a pine-tree, but now you are a girl again, though you might well be Aphrodite with your eyes the color of sea-foam."

"Aw, go on!" said Melvina Ruby, giggling.

"Shall we both go on?" suggested the Poet, delicately. "I am going to the town to spend my modest earnings on fairings and fripperies, with which to make my castle gay for Christmastide."

"Gee, then I'm going with you," said Melvina Ruby. She took three hopping steps in ecstasy, then settled down to a steady trot, her hand thrust through the Poet's arm.

"Wouldn't you like me to help you choose the—them things?" she asked ingratiatingly.

"Daphne, I should like it above all things," the Poet said earnestly. "Only you must be careful not to choose things like morning-dew and flying carpets and pearl necklaces that we couldn't get at the Ten Cent stores."

"Oh, you can get swell pearl necklaces there," Melvina Ruby said hopefully. "Come on," she urged, "let's go."

"But ought you?" asked the Poet anxiously. He was quite unused to plain little girls joining him in his shopping tours. "Would your mother like you to?"

"I haven't any mother, and I'm kept in at school, so it's

all right," Melvina Ruby explained. It seemed confusing, but the Poet was a wise man. He accepted the explanation and they went in this friendly fashion down the street in a twilight that was now blue and sweet and faintly studded with stars.

"I love Christmas, don't you?" said the Poet.

"We have lots more to eat than ordinary," Melvina said.

The Poet laughed. On the whole he was a jolly, not too poetical, Poet.

"What are you going to do at Christmas?" she asked presently in her most interested voice.

The Poet stopped quite still on the sidewalk and took off his hat in that ridiculous manner.

"I am going to bring the Princess to my castle to live," he said, softly.

"Say, you're just kidding," Melvina Ruby said soothingly. "There ain't any princesses now—except in fairy-tales."

"This," said the Poet, "is a true fairy-tale."

"Well, where is she now?" Daphne wanted to know as they resumed their walk.

"She is shut up all day in a dark high tower, up many flights of stairs, where she sees only brick walls about her," the Poet said. His voice was bitter.

"Oh!" said Melvina Ruby, startled. "Well doesn't she ever come out?"

"Only after night," said the Poet, mysteriously. "All day she sits and works because she is under the spell of a cruel ogre, and only when I take her away to my castle will she be free."

"What does she work at?" was Melvina Ruby's practical question.

"Well, she doesn't exactly try to make golden coats out of straw," said the Poet, "but she sits by a little, cruel machine made of iron, and all day she taps out meaningless words—click—click—click. And whether the sun shines or the winds blow outside, or Daphnes with sea-green eyes step out of laurel bushes to greet stricken



She then placed herself strategically near the bole of the tallest pine tree; took swift and practised aim, and hit the Poet in the back of the neck.



"Daphne," he said, "there is a Santa Claus. I give you my word of honor as a gentleman."

Some of the smartest packages I have ever seen were done in black—for black, gold, green, and all sorts of gold and silver-spattered mixtures come as part of a "Christmas paper roll" nowadays. With black, a band of gold and red tinsel tape and a bevy of little star stickers in gold, give a true holiday look. Representing Christmas night, packages in blue, with a constellation of silver stars and silver ribbon, make an instant appeal.

Then there are the symmetrical designs and contrasts to be worked out with just plain paper—rays and starbursts of sticking tape and gold or silver star seals; silhouettes of various Christmas forms such as fir trees, Santa Clauses, reindeer, and holly wreaths; geometrical applications of tape and ribbon.

Certain papers are already decorated in themselves; the bell designs, for instance, usually in crepe paper; the holly paper, the quaint chimney brick pattern. There are some two-tone crêpe papers which seem particularly appropriate for children's boxes, decorated with juvenile seals and these, sturdy and rich-looking as they are, seem only to require a piece of red and gold or green and silver cord to hold them firm. Children hate fiddling with knots and bows!

If you prefer something more original than a sprig of holly on your little plain package, why not some raffia flowers in Christmas colors? Or you might make them rich and heavy, of gold or silver tinsel cord. They are made after the manner of wool flowers, as follows:

Lay raffia or cord the length of a round pencil, and holding it down, proceed to wind additional cord or raffia around pencil and the piece lying upon it, from twenty to forty times, according to thickness. Take the two ends up and tie them, catching the wound cord together with a knot. Slip carefully off the pencil, and a round "flower" is made. The two long ends make the stem. A round stick, such as a curtain pole or mop handle could be used for large flowers of wool or very heavy raffia.

Sealing wax is another medium which adds brilliancy of color and a note of originality and distinction to the Christmas package. Gold sealing wax pressed with the starry cuttings on the bottom of a tumbler; red wax as an edging for the untied parcel; green sealing wax on contrasting red paper, are some suggestive uses.

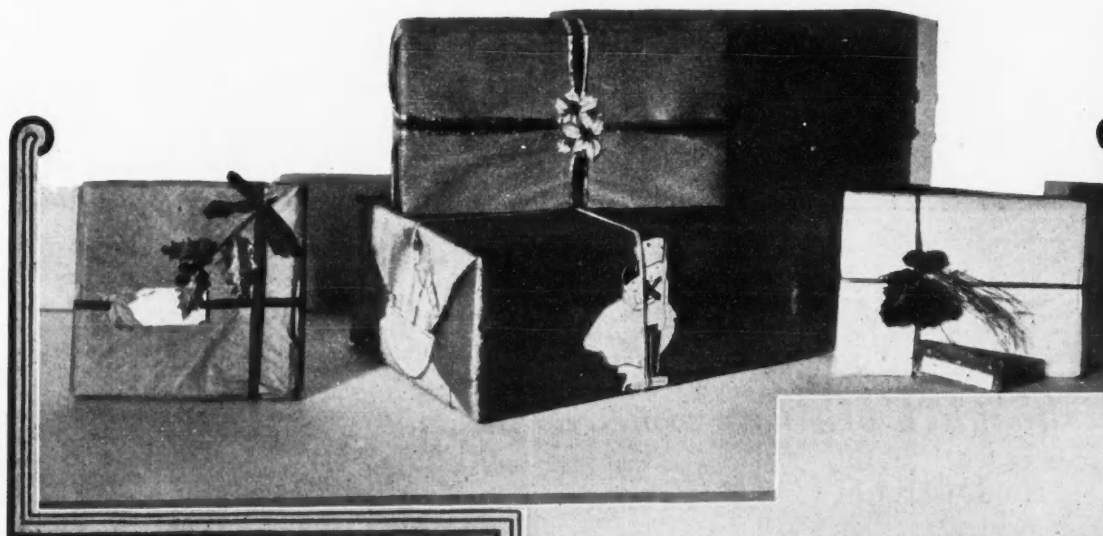
Tin foil now comes in sheets of paper large enough to wrap small packages, its variety and splendor are amazing. Not only are gold and silver present in all sorts of designs, from spider webbing to flights of reindeer, but the most varied combinations of color are found.

In Joan Dee's article in this issue, you will note suggestions for gilding various wild berries, cones, leaves, etc., for use on the "different" Christmas tree. Use these decorations on your Christmas packages, too—a bunch of gaily metallic-colored acorns; little baby cones sewn together with tinsel cord, a brush of pine needles, gold or silver. Be original! There are no conventions but modernesque brilliancy, piquant ideas and glitter about Christmas parcels now.

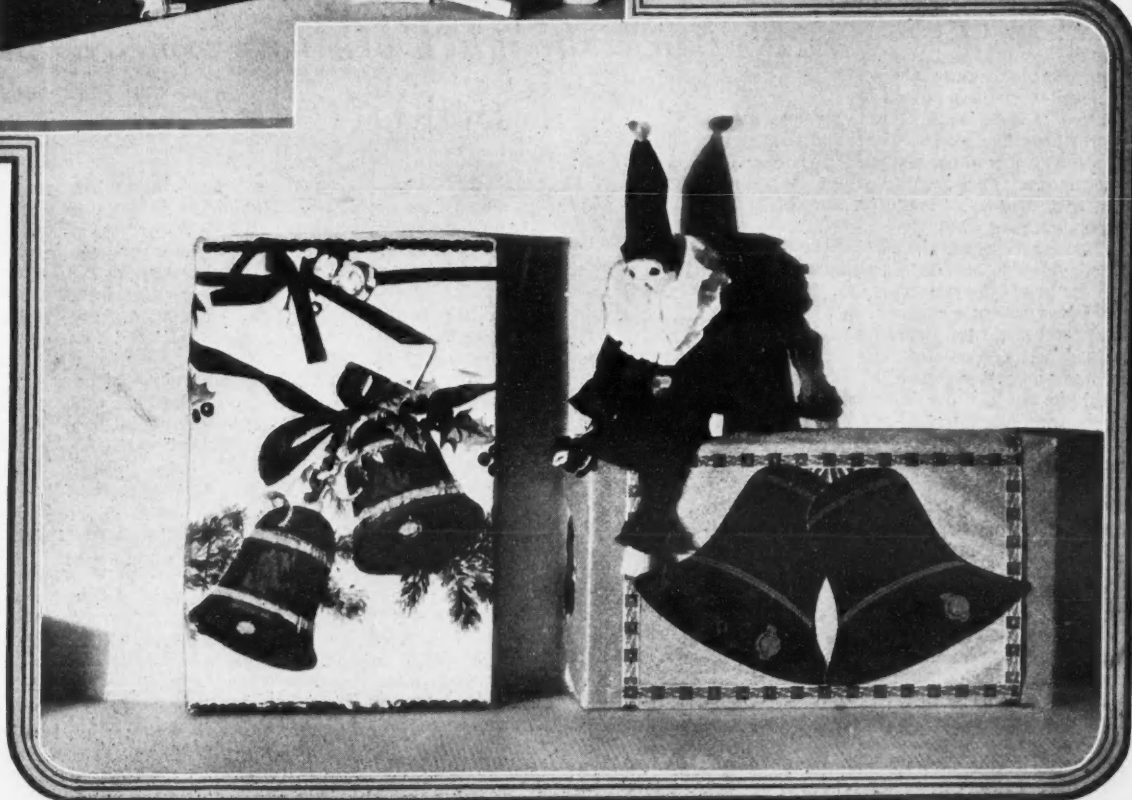
Below, a little handkerchief box with the card attractively "strung" on the ribbon; and a very simple but seasonal box in green paper tied with red and gold ribbon, with a sticker that is cut out to look like real holly. At the back, another small holly sticker holds down a quaint small Christmas card. The small white box at right is decorated with raffia flowers. The large child's gift box is covered with rose crêpe paper shot with silver, tied with green raffia and decorated with amusing children's tags. These boxes are all simple enough for children to prepare themselves, yet have a touch of originality and daintiness.



A box of cigarettes seems a gift of little importance until you realize it is the "load of mischief" carried by this most appealing red and white Pierrot. His head is stuffed with cotton and covered with fine white crêpe paper, on which is painted a tiny face. The rest of him is just a paper-covered box with arms and legs extending. His hands and feet are bits of white paper tied with a bit of red ribbon into the ends of full sleeves and pantaloons. His buttons are small gold heart stickers, as well as the saucy peak of his cap. This type of wrapping is as much a Christmas tree decoration as a gift. It also makes charming dinner favors. For a children's tree, candy cigarettes may be wrapped this way. Cards also lend themselves effectively to this treatment.



What is Christmas without bells! The package on which the match Pierrot is sitting is unusual both in color and in treatment. The main cover of the box is light blue crêpe paper shot with silver. Over that comes an apron of silver crêpe outlined with decorated paper tape. Held down by this tape two cardboard bells swing in the centre. The paper is held at side with two large Christmas seals. The second "bell" box illustrates an effective use of figured paper. The bell, fir and holly pattern are all found in this paper itself. The package is edged with a border of red sealing wax and tied by one narrow red ribbon holding a quaint tag. Note how the bell motif has been measured to bring the design directly to the front of the box.



"CHRISTMAS GIFT!"

Wrappings and boxings, tinsel paper and ribbons, spell real Yuletide festivity

By ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

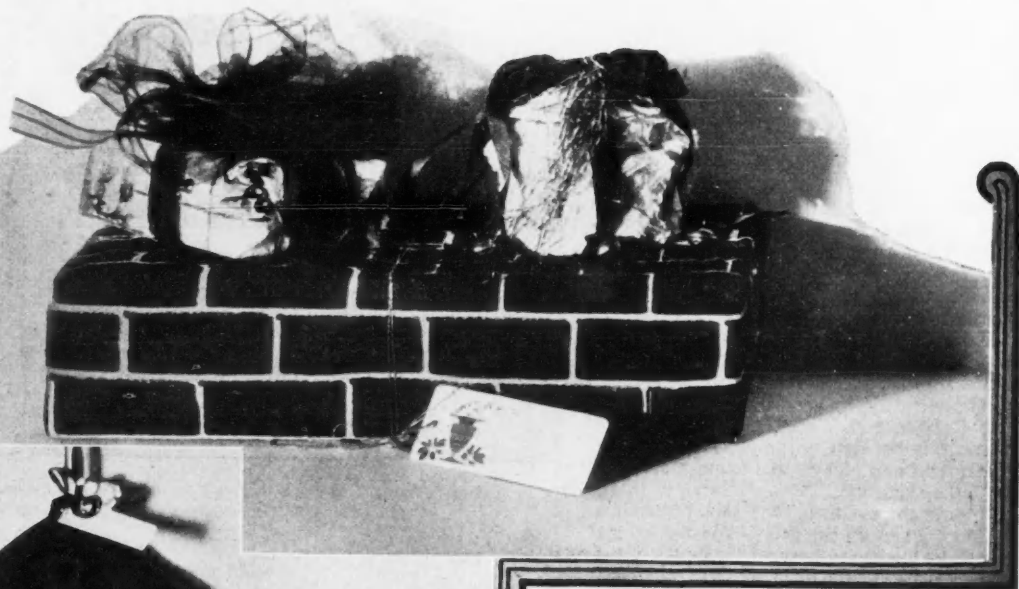


Above, we have one of the famous wooden soldiers, ready either to hang on the tree or to sit beneath it. He looks a little alarmed, and no doubt he is, for, beneath his snow white bandoliers, he is carrying precious dispatches—no less than a box of silk stockings. As a matter of fact, he is very simple to make, for he is all of red and white crêpe paper. His arms and legs are just straight bands, with bristol board hands and feet peeping from cuffs of contrasting paper. His body is a mere red and white paper-covered box. His head and hat are made from a straight piece of fine-ply bristol board, with a little "neck" that fits under and is pasted down with the paper which covers the front of the box. His hat is covered with red and his "feather" fashioned of slashed white paper laid on with paste.

Below, just a simple piece of Santa Claus' chimney, represented in brick crêpe paper and tied with tinsel cord, is the large package of the group. Above it is a dainty little box covered with holly paper and tied with red gauze spangled with gold holly. At the right, is a bon bon box suitable for a Christmas tree or dinner favor, masquerading as a snowball. An ordinary little paper ramekin is covered with crushed and dampened white crêpe paper on a small wire rim, sprinkled with glue and then with artificial snow. It is then topped with a cover and a streamer bow of ribbon, tipped with bells and wisp of tinsel.

IT IS the day of the "different" Christmas package. White tissue paper and a bolt of red or holly-spangled ribbon no longer solve the problem of "doing up" Christmas gifts. In fact, the commonplace gift is to-day no longer commonplace—a box of stockings may be a wooden soldier, or a box of cigarettes a Pierrot!

Of course, though much of one's success in making Christmas packages brilliant and unusual depends upon one's own ingenuity, there is no end of inspiration in the fascinating tinsel papers obtainable, gummed medallions in huge stars and Christmas flowers, sticking tape that vies with the gayest ribbon, and gauze that looks as though it had been powdered with gold stardust.



To hang on the tree is a book or a box of cigars impersonating a Christmas caroller's lantern. It is easy to see the technique by which black photographer's paper is made into a frame over a red Christmas box "light." A smart silhouette effect is obtained on plain white paper with a pine tree cut out of green crêpe paper, with a binding of green and red striped tape. A long box is effectively treated with white paper, plain green bands and large poinsettia stickers at either end. A "burst" of plain green bands on white paper with a bevy of silver stars and a large holly wreath sticker, is striking. This is seen at left top. At extreme right is a plain green box, with a frame of red, green and silver decorated Christmas paper tape, surrounding three heads of Santa Claus.

Master Dick got better, but now Nurse had ceased to be a "tempo'ry" and become permanent and one of the family. She looked up at the row of photographs on the nursery mantelshelf. Indeed they seemed to her just like her own children, Dick and Lucy and Alison. They returned her gaze out of the shell frames they had made her for their pictures—Dick, dark and sullen; Lucy from earliest days inclined to stoutness; and little Alison, who was now married to a rich man, and expecting her first baby in the spring. She lived a long way off, and every Christmas she sent Nurse a pair of brown kid gloves lined with wool. But she always sent the wrong size, and they were accumulating, pair by pair, in the drawer in the night nursery. Nurse was immensely proud of them, although she could never wear them.

Of late, when Alison came, she had taken to forgetting to run up to the nursery to visit old Nurse, who sat knitting over the fire. That hurt Nurse very much, but she made allowances. Alison had always been such a forgetful little thing.

Downstairs in the drawing-room, on Alison's last visit, Mrs. Partridge had said to her daughter: "Poor old Nurse, her eyesight is going. Those last darns of hers are terrible."

"I'm afraid old Nurse is going to be rather a problem," said Alison.

"You wouldn't like to have her for next spring? She's absolutely reliable and trustworthy?"

Alison shook her head. "Thanks, but I want someone up-to-date. Besides, I am sure Harold doesn't want to have to pension her off after a year or two, which is what it would come to."

"I don't know what on earth to do about her! We can't keep her here forever."

"These old retainers become a bit of a bore," said Alison. She was a very modern girl.

Old Nurse, knitting away at Miss Lucy's jumper, knew nothing of this, as she planned the Christmas presents she would have given to all of them if she had been rich. There were times when she got that horrible frightened feeling at the pit of her stomach, but she always told herself she was a silly suspicious old woman and that it was all imagination. How could the family ever turn her out? They knew as well as she did that if it had not been for Master Dick and his measles, she would have married Alec and been provided for, for life, years ago.

NEXT to Alison's picture on the mantelshelf came Miss Lucy. Miss Lucy was blonde and stout, and she had never married. She hated her sister Alison because she had, and they avoided one another carefully. Miss Lucy was acid of tongue, but clever with her paint brush. The colored text that hung in a black *passe-partout* frame over the photographs, was the work of her brush when quite a child. It said:—

LOVE NEVER FAILETH

Lucy had given it to Nurse once as a Christmas gift.

Next to Miss Lucy's picture came Master Dick. Old Nurse could never look at it without having to polish up her spectacles. Poor Master Dick, what a tragic business it had all been! He had attacked life just as he did his teething and his measles, fiercely and angrily, and life had bitten back at him. What times they had been through with him—expelled from school, sent down from college, thrown out of the office for drinking a great deal too much. And in the end something worse than it all—something so dark and sinister that no one at the Court, save his parents, even knew what it was! But Master Dick was sent to the

other side of the world, and he never even came to say good-by. His name was never to be mentioned there, and his picture was taken out of its frame.

Only on the Nursery mantelshelf he remained, and not for anyone would Nurse remove him.

"Poor lamb," she whispered. "It wasn't all his fault, spoiling him so when he was little. How was he to know he couldn't do just as he liked when he went out into the world?"

There was a deal of good in Master Dick, in spite of his angriness. He had made the black frame round the text for her. And once he had copper-plated the match box that stood beside his picture, with his new chemical set, copper-plated it from an ordinary plain tin one, into something quite smart, with flowers scratched on it. She picked it up and looked at it again, proudly. A boy ought to have been able to do something with his life, who could take an ordinary tin match-box and turn it into a beautiful copper one like that.

Poor Master Dick, little did he dream how his measles had changed her whole life! And afterwards, they had all been too hard on him. It was a constant source of marvel to Nurse how hard his Mother had been. She, who of old had spoiled him so terribly, had sent him out of the house and told him never to darken her door again.

You never could tell when people would suddenly become hard as nails, and usually because of money. It was this thought that sometimes gave old Nurse that sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach.

THE nursery door opened and Miss Lucy came in.

Nurse knitted hard, for she would not have liked them to suppose she ever sat and dreamed and did nothing. Miss Lucy was now getting on for forty, stout, and acid of tongue, though clever with her paint brush. She was growing more acid as time went on and found how little demand there was for herself or her works of art.

"There's a Christmas party in the village to-night, and the maids all want to go. We're dining out, too, so you'll be all alone. You don't mind?"

"Not I," said old Nurse, very brave.

"I don't suppose you want to go to the party?"

"Do I look like one to dance?" demanded old Nurse. "Hold up your arm, my lamb, while I see if this sleeve is long enough."

"For goodness' sake don't make it too tight," said Miss Lucy, "and hurry up with it. I want it quick."

Nurse plained and purred like mad, to prove she could be as quick as anybody.

"Then I'll tell them you don't mind?"

"Not I."

Mrs. Partridge looked in over her daughter's shoulder.

She was small and faded now, but once she had been pretty and sweet.

"Lock the back door and put the front door on the chain. And don't go to sleep as you did last time, and have us ring the fire-bell to wake you!" said Mrs. Partridge. "I don't expect there will be any burglars on Christmas Eve. And in any case I am sure you would rise to the occasion."

"I'd know how to deal with them," said old Nurse sagely.

They left her alone.

On the way downstairs Mrs. Partridge said: "Dick, you must speak to old Nurse to-morrow. We really have to make some arrangement. We can't keep her on like this year after year . . ."

Her husband said: "We don't pay her much."

"No, but there's her keep. You've no idea how it all mounts up. And it isn't as if she were destitute. There is her sister Janet, quite well-to-do, in Cheltenham."

The front door banged behind them. The sound of the motor wheels died away in the stillness of the night. Presently the back door slammed. The laughing voices of the young maids reached old Nurse through the frosty air. Then silence fell. She was all alone.

She made up the fire, and then went down, locked the back door, and put the front door on the chain. Then she returned to the nursery to start the ominous job of trying to keep awake until the family came back. If they found her asleep as they had last time, it would never do; for then they would certainly say it was because she was too old.

She knitted madly. Perhaps she could have the jumper all finished and pressed out, as a present for Miss Lucy to-morrow. What a surprise that would be! In less time than it takes to tell, lo, she had completed it . . . and run downstairs and heated up the irons in the kitchen . . . and pressed it and made it into a parcel, and was tying it up with a big blue satin ribbon bow . . . when she awoke with a start to find but half an inch done, the fire low in the grate, and her hands idle in her lap, as the nursery clock struck eleven.

"Dearey me!" said old Nurse, disappointed in herself. Then she sat very still. There was a noise behind her. Someone was opening the window very slowly. Turning, she saw it go up. She saw a large boot come through, followed by a trousered leg and presently an elbow.

"I might still be dreaming, of course," said old Nurse wildly, and pinched herself. But she was not dreaming. The elbow was followed by as nasty-looking a fellow as you would be likely to see in a day's march. All bearded and old and wild he was, and he stepped softly off the windowledge as silent as a cat and tiptoed across the room.

"Whew!" he said softly. Then he put a match to the gas, which flared up and showed old Nurse sitting there in her rocking-chair on the black wool hearthrug.

"Oh, you're here!" said the nasty-looking fellow.

"I am," said old Nurse. "Alone in the house, as no doubt you are aware." Then she thought: "Now that was the wrong thing to say. I must manage him somehow. If I were young and beautiful it might be easy, but here is a pretty kettle of fish!"

"Shame on you to come burgling on Christmas Eve," admonished Nurse, "when all good Christian people ought to be enjoying themselves."

"Maybe this is the way I enjoy myself," said the nasty-looking fellow, and he leaned up against the high nursery guard and made
Continued on
page 64

"Shame on you to come burgling on Christmas Eve," admonished Nurse, "when all good Christian people ought to be enjoying themselves."



Illustrated by
NORMAN
BORCHARDT



*Those were days!
What moonlight
nights; what summer
afternoons in
the hay, when she
was only 'tempo'ry,
and all the world was
young.*

"LOVE NEVER FAILETH"

Not even though Christmas comes a little late

By DOROTHY BLACK

PLEASANTLY crackled the fire in the nursery. It was a comfortable room where many a well-worn piece of furniture lurked. A dolls' house faced the world from one corner, with inhospitable closed doors. Upon a shelf a row of old-fashioned dolls stared with glassy eyes at the fire. Their garments were jaded, and their hair matted with caresses of long ago, for all the children were grown up and gone away.

Old Nurse sat alone in her rocking chair on the black wool hearthrug beside the fire, knitting. She was making a jumper for Miss Lucy who wanted it at once, as she wanted everything. Old Nurse was working very hard at it, because she had overheard Mrs. Partridge saying to Miss Lucy that Nurse was getting very slow and her eyes were failing her.

She had an open paper on her knee, and as she knitted, she read bits out of it over the tops of her glasses. It was a catalogue from MacPherson's Christmas Bazaar, and it had come by post that morning.

Such pretty things there were in the world!

Nurse knitted and peered at them all with her small bright eyes. To look at her you would never have guessed her sight was going. There she saw all the Christmas presents she would have bought if she had been rich enough. Lace-trimmed handkerchiefs for the Mistress; Milanese silk stockings done up in pretty boxes, the very thing for Miss Lucy; a dear little bonnet and cloak of real, fine lace, for Miss Alison—for Miss Alison was expecting her first baby.

"And dear me," said old Nurse with a sigh, "it only seems yesterday she was one herself; such a pretty little thing, too."

A handsome pipe in a leather case—that would be the very thing for the Master. And then Nurse's eyes lingered longingly upon the colored picture of Gents' Silk Handkerchiefs, best Japanese, warranted unfadeable. How she would have liked to buy a box of those for Master Dick. And another for Alec . . .

Dear me, the things one could do with money. But nowadays nobody had any money. The Family did nothing but talk of how short it was of money. Was each even poorer than usual of late? Old Nurse sometimes wondered uneasily. They certainly talked more about it. Only that morning the Mistress had come all the way up to the Nursery with a pile of linen pillow slips that required darning and mending, and stayed with old Nurse quite a long time to tell her about this distressing lack of money.

It gave old Nurse a queer sinking in the pit of her stomach. She felt at times that what they were all hinting, was that they could not really afford to keep her on any longer, now that all the children had grown up and there was really nothing for her to do.

Yet no one could accuse her of doing nothing. She mended for the household, knitted for Miss Lucy, trundled to the village with letters and did messages and odds and ends for everyone, and was always called in when anybody was sick, to tell them what was the matter.

She had been in the family for forty-five years. In the beginning she only came temporarily, at the age of sixteen, to fill a gap. In this way do life-long attachments come about. She had been engaged to Alec, the Keeper's boy, such a nice likeable fellow, and they were to be married when he got a bit older and came by the cottage at the lower gates. Madly he had loved her, too. Old Nurse perked up at the memory of it. Those were days! What moonlight nights; what summer afternoons in the hay when she was only "tempo'ry," and all the world was young!

And then came Master Dick, and Miss Lucy, and little

beginning. He did not even cut his teeth like anyone else, but fiercely and angrily. What nights they had with him! About this time the moon began to take on quite another significance for Nurse. How she hated its pale face looking in at her through the nursery window when Dick had the measles, madly and angrily as he did everything else, and they thought for weeks on end that he was going to die.

"Well, men were deceivers ever," said old Nurse, when she got to this part of her memories. For instead of settling down quietly to wait for his cottage at the gates, what did Alec do but get all-come-over with a mad desire to go to Australia and make a fortune? And when should he choose to go, but the very time when Master Dick was at his worst? And what should he expect but that Nurse would go with him?

"After all, you're only 'tempo'ry' here," he pointed out. So like a man! How could she leave Master Dick just then? He was very ill, and they did not really expect him to get better. He would not eat or rest for anyone else.

That terrible scene in the Housekeeper's room!

"Then you don't care for me as much as you do for that brat, and there we are," said Alec. Nurse was quite firm with him. Later she would be prepared to accompany him, but at the moment her duty was plain.

"Them as will not when they may—" said Alec, and he walked out of the Housekeeper's room and out of her life, and from that day to this she had never a word of him, except once through a brother who reported him doing as well as could be expected.

So she had lost him, and got some bitter letters from her sister Janet who had married a plumber in Cheltenham, and was all against improvidence.

*The Chatelaine discusses the subject
of Oriental employment of white
women with those who know
the "inside" story.*



that he is perforce on good behavior. He is a business man. Successful laundries throughout the country are already arranging for the installation of machines, which will mean the employment of more women to operate them. With no grounds save race prejudice to bar them, there seems no reason why women should not be allowed to profit by this increase in industry, provided no personal distaste, danger or untoward environment holds them back. Proper regulation and inspection of all such establishments could at least ensure safety.

Magistrate Helen Gregory MacGill, of Vancouver, where, of course, the Chinese problem is most acute, has contributed the following opinion on the subject:—

"Should we prohibit Chinese from employing white women, or should white women and girls be forbidden to work for Chinamen? Any problem affecting public welfare should be considered in all its phases and the question here reversed indicates another angle.

"In advocating laws forbidding the employment of a section of one race by all the members of another, it may be well to examine closely if the real difficulty lies in racial characteristics, or whether it is in the nature of the employment, the relations existing between employers and employees and the condition surrounding it.

"During the recent police investigations in Vancouver, the Chinese were not the only nationality involved, the nationals of another country were quite as frequently or even more frequently implicated in the degradation of white women and girls.

"If the real issue is the protection from exploitation, moral or financial, of women, then there are other nations whose members should be precluded from employing women—but why limit it to *white*? Then again are we to forbid any and all employment by Chinese, and shall we attempt to limit the association only to employment? In British Columbia, and the Pacific Coast, generally, we see girls and women employed in a great variety of capacities and occupations not only by Chinese but by other Orientals, by Greeks, by Czecho-Slovaks, Russians and many alien peoples and races. Fruit, silk and curio shops, restaurants, eating houses, hotels (owned and managed by white men but with the dining-room privileges sub-let to Chinese, Greeks or Japanese, etc.), in many cases have white women workers. Some canning companies let contracts to Chinese who employ women workers under white foremen or forewomen of mature age, and the contractor himself comes

little in contact with the other employees. Perhaps such a situation, while regrettable economically, does not carry much moral danger. But in lodging, boarding houses or restaurants we have another phase. These are not usually among the first class, well-kept places. The managers and proprietors are seldom of high standing even among their own people. Positions in such establishments are sought as a rule by women from families themselves low in social or moral standing, those impelled by poverty to accept the less attractive 'jobs' or the daughters of the careless or indifferent who either see no danger or are indifferent to it.

"Restrictions are sometimes favored because of the belief of their promoters, too frequently well-founded, that many purveyors of narcotics, distributors of 'dope,' are Chinese. But, alas, the Chinese are not alone in this vice, nor do they seek their victims only among those they employ.

"If laws prohibiting women from working for a particular race cover the situation or solve the problem, then those laws and their enforcement should have the whole-hearted endorsement and support of every good citizen. But there is no proof that such prohibitions do so or will do so.

"If the employment is safe and properly paid, then we wrong the woman or girl by not allowing her the opportunity to secure perhaps the only employment offered. If the danger lies in the environment, nature and conditions, and these carry a menace always or customarily, not only should employees be protected, but their customers, patrons and frequenters should also be protected. In British Columbia we have a law (introduced by Mrs. Ralph Smith) by which no person may employ white or Indian women or girls, or permit them to reside or lodge in or frequent (except as bona fide customers) any laundry, place of business or amusement if, in the opinion of the Chief of Police it is advisable in the interest of morals that they should not do so. (Chapter 175. R.S.B.C. 1924)

"Before restrictions or prohibitions are enacted which may bring hardship without relief some very clear thinking should be done, careful examination should be made of the problem as a whole, other conditions besides employment such as lodgings and amusement resorts should be considered, regardless of the particular nationality of their owners, managers or promoters.

"Measures to reduce such menace or danger to a minimum should be adopted regardless of the race or nation affected. There should be no treaty with evil or 'most favored nation' clauses, literally or metaphorically, in dealing with the offenders. But legislation should not be rooted in prejudice, dislike or fear. It must be broad and based on knowledge and understanding. The Municipal Act in British Columbia contains a section which says:—

"No person shall in any municipality employ in any capacity any white woman or girl or permit any white woman or girl to reside or lodge in or to work in or, save as a bona fide customer, in a public apartment thereof only, to frequent any restaurant, laundry, or place of business or amusement owned, kept, or managed by any Chinese person. (S. 465, chapter 179. R.S.B.C. 1924)

"This Act does not apply to cities having special charters such as Victoria and Vancouver.

"In comparing these two laws, the first quoted, which uses moral danger as the test, offers more in the way of real protection than the second mentioned, which attempts to meet the difficulty by racial prohibition.

"Allowing dislike or fear of a nation or race to make us hysterical, or permitting our judgment to be clouded by prejudice, does not increase our ability to reach wise conclusions. The famous excuse of a noted hunter for a mistaken object and poor aim, that he shot to hit if it were a bear and miss it if it were a calf is interesting in game circles, but scarcely sound theory for legislation. While hunting the bears we are overlooking the lions and the tigers. Laws that apply only to particular cases, as in this instance, cannot be expected to be as effective as legislation that grapples with the problem as a whole. What is needed is protection against recognized danger, not restriction directed against a race. These aims are not necessarily one and the same.

YET the Chinese are at present singled out in various parts of Canada for special industrial legislation. Dr. Noyes asks: "Why should British subjects in China receive favored nation treatment, and Chinese citizens in Canada receive least favored nation treatment?"

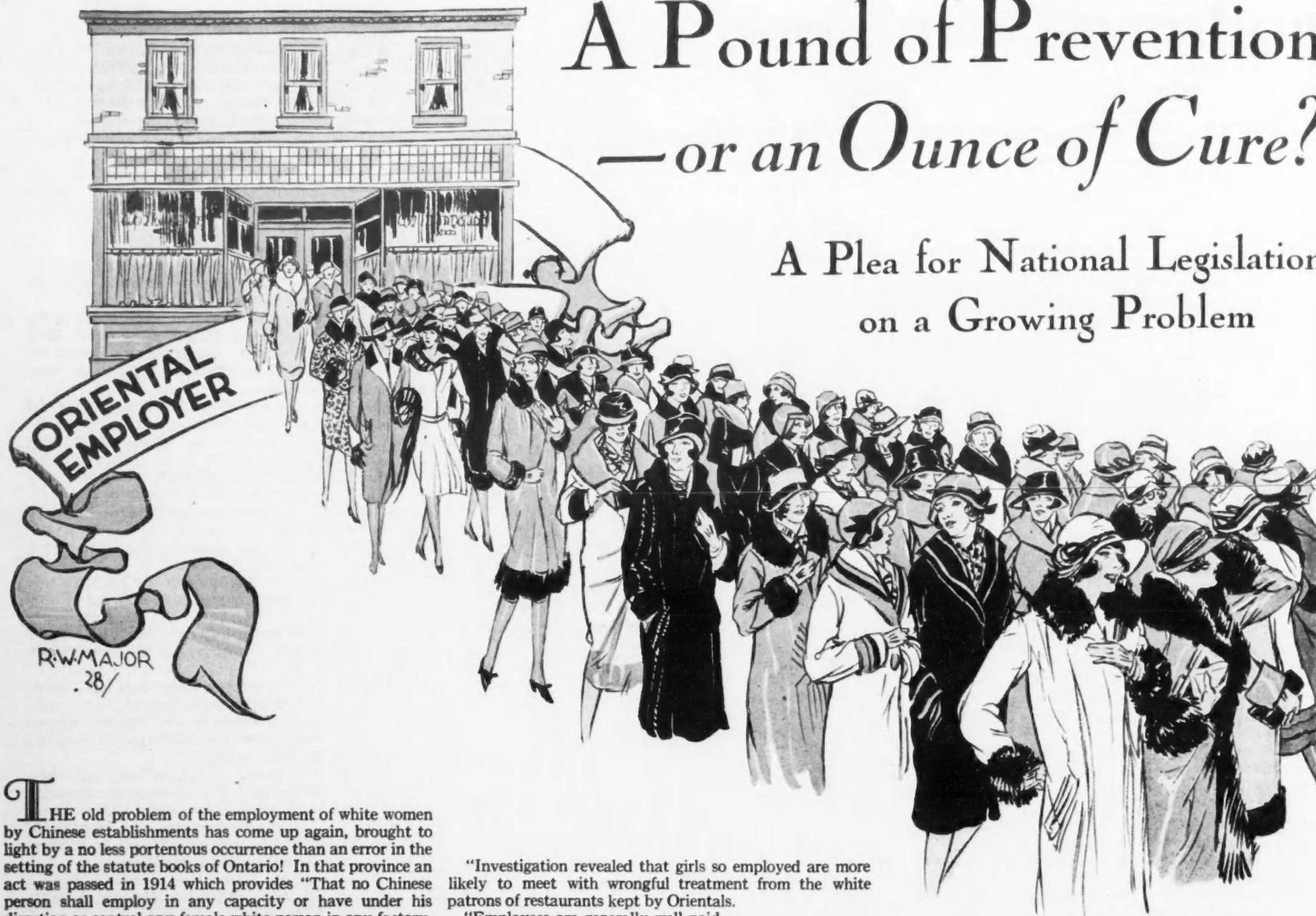
"The Chinese resent these statutes because they are singled out as the only people in the Dominion who cannot employ white women. This seems like race feeling gone to seed. They with their friends feel it is un-British and un-Christian. Some Chinese are Canadian citizens by naturalization or by birth. Is there a difference in rights or citizens?"

"One cannot help feeling that such legislation is unnecessary, because there are enough laws protecting women at work without one that points out but one race, and that, on the whole, law-abiding. It is insulting to the pride the Chinese have in their status in Canada, and to their feelings of the slight offered to their mother country.

"It seems to be contrary to the spirit of British law. It interferes with the best efforts being made in the Dominion to share the best of our Christian civilization with men, many of whom will return to China to do their part in bringing in a better day. It is liable to hurt not only Canadian but British trade in China. It makes it more difficult for the Chinese loyal to Canada and her interests to carry on. It is a survival of the past, of a (Continued on page 55)

A Pound of Prevention —or an Ounce of Cure?

A Plea for National Legislation on a Growing Problem



THE old problem of the employment of white women by Chinese establishments has come up again, brought to light by a no less portentous occurrence than an error in the setting of the statute books of Ontario! In that province an act was passed in 1914 which provides "That no Chinese person shall employ in any capacity or have under his direction or control any female white person in any factory, restaurant or laundry." In the same year it was further enacted, however, that this provision should not come into effect until "a date to be fixed by proclamation of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council." This second subsection, one supposes, announced the belief of the legislature that there was no necessity of bringing the law into effect unless in the opinion of the government conditions should require it.

So much for the meaning of the act. Yet in the year 1927, the printing of the Revised Statutes omitted subsection 2—and the law, sans proclamation and sans provocation, automatically came into force. So much for the "letter of the law!" There had been no authority for the omission; it seems; the type had simply dropped from the page unnoticed. Enforcement was in order, and Chinese employers and white employees organized to fight it.

The matter of Ontario and her statutes, of course, is entirely a provincial affair, and the type will probably be reset in the statutes and the old proclamation clause reinstated. The question itself, however, since it has come up, concerns the country; a concern on which women may well keep their attention focussed with an eye to underlying conditions and future legislation of a national character.

Some time ago, the Committee on Trades and Professions for Women of the National Council of Women, made a survey of conditions existing in Chinese establishments employing women. Their findings were, if anything, rather more favorable than otherwise to the Oriental employer. It reads as follows:—

"British Columbia reports that in their Province white girls may work for Orientals. A Bill prohibiting white girls working for Orientals was brought before the last Legislature but was thrown out as being *ultra vires*. In consulting some of the officials who came in touch with the employers and employees we find that they are not willing to say that the employment of white girls by Orientals is harmful either through the conduct of their employer or by patrons.

"Ontario. Revised Statutes of Ontario, Cap. 275, Sec. 30 (1927). No Chinese person shall employ in any capacity or have under his direction or control any female white person in any factory, restaurant or laundry." This Act was not proclaimed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council but was included in the Revised Statutes, thus making it a legal enactment.

"In this province no white girls are employed in laundries. Investigation revealed no evidence of girls receiving harmful treatment from employers.

"Investigation revealed that girls so employed are more likely to meet with wrongful treatment from the white patrons of restaurants kept by Orientals.

"Employees are generally well paid.

"Ottawa reports girls are employed to a considerable extent in restaurants under Oriental management. The employment bureau discourages girls from entering upon this life. The pay is the same as that offered by white employers for the same class of work. Social service workers are emphatic in desiring the bar raised against such employment.

"Saskatchewan. No person may employ a woman or girl in any capacity requiring her to lodge, reside or work in such an establishment without first obtaining a special license from the municipality in which the establishment is situated. The license, for which the fee may not exceed one dollar, must be renewed annually. The first legislation of this character in the Province of Saskatchewan was enacted in 1912 and forbade the employment of white women or girls in businesses owned or managed by a Japanese, Chinaman or other Oriental. The constitutionality of this Act was challenged in the courts and was upheld by the Supreme Court of Saskatchewan in a judgment rendered in the case of *Rex vs. Quong Wing*.

"Other parts of the Dominion report there is little or no employment of this kind in their cities or towns.

"The answer to the last question (Do we discriminate against an Oriental race if we raise the bar against any such employment?) may be summed up as follows:

"The bar raised by the statute is not for the purpose of discriminating against an Oriental race, but inasmuch as Orientals have not Oriental women in this country and as naturally an employee is more or less under the control of her or his employer, this Act protects the white girls and is passed for their protection only."

This report brings up several questions. In the Ontario statutes, you will note, there is no mention of the employment of white women in hotels, an omission which renders the other prohibitions of the act, if justified, wholly inadequate. If it is improper for the Chinese owner of a laundry or a restaurant having shifts of waitresses through the day or night, to employ white women, how much more undesirable the situation when employees must sleep on the premises.

There is absolutely no evidence that any Chinese employer has behaved improperly toward any white woman in his employ, though it has been found that women so employed have sometimes suffered disrespect from white customers of the Chinese establishments. Which brings up a further question of great importance—the ability of the Chinese employer to surround female employees with security and

good influences. It is believed by persons who have made a survey of the subject that no white man intent on mischief would respect the authority of a Chinaman.

The Rev. W. D. Noyes, pastor of the Eastern Canada Chinese Mission in Toronto, who has been active in combatting the enforcement of the Ontario legislation, believes Chinamen rather more watchful against untoward situations on their premises than other proprietors of the same class. Dr. Noyes has lived in South China for twenty-seven years, speaks Cantonese, learned it before he did English in his infant days. He was a missionary in China seventeen years, most of the time in educational work. He was for six years the principal of a Mission High School in the city of Canton. While there, he came in touch with some of the leaders of the New China. He has been Superintendent of Chinese Missions in Eastern Canada and has travelled from coast to coast. Because he speaks and can understand the Chinese in their native dialect he has been able to keep in close touch with matters among the Chinese, not only in Canada, but with the march of affairs in China. Because of his close study of the situation, he feels to a certain extent competent to speak on the statutes which forbid Chinese from employing white women. He appeared some time since before the Minimum Wage Board of Ontario, which, at that time seemed to feel satisfied with the wages and treatment of white women by Chinese employers. In discussing the subject with *The Chatelaine* recently, he has written:

"A Chinese café man told me that Chinese are more than careful to prevent scandal in their places of business, because they know well that every move of theirs is watched by their opponents. Does this not indicate that such places are safer to work in than many others?

"In Toronto we are told by representative women who work in Chinese cafés, that the hours are short, the work is light, the pay is good and their employers are courteous and kind. They feel no need of protection and resent interference with their liberty of action.

"Because Chinese are of a different race, civilization, culture, it does not make them more criminally inclined, in fact, Confucian ethics have been so instilled into the minds of these people that their respect for law and order is often superior to that of other nations. The record the Chinese have throughout Canada, any people living in the Dominion might envy. For law abiding lives few can surpass them."

Certainly, if one hesitates to drape the Chinese employer with garlands of extraordinary virtue, one must admit.

Hide and Seek with Santa Claus

Written and Illustrated
by Emily Hand

SOME toys were sitting in a row
When one began to speak,
And said, "Why can't we have a
game?
For sitting still is very tame.

Hid in some corner find a funny
Hoppy floppy big toy bunny.
Three snow birds in the window
flew

And said "Oh please may we play
too?"

And then along a reindeer came;
He said he'd like to join the game.
And lots of toys both big and
small—

There is not time to find them all.
For Santa said, "I now must pack
And go upon my way—
But where are all the toys?" he cried,
"They'd surely never run and hide!
It's almost Christmas Day."

Then Santa turned himself around
And all the hiding toys he found.



Until it's time for us to go
With Santa Claus across the snow,
Let us play hide and seek."
A dolly was the first to hide,
Now Santa Claus she's close beside.
And can you find a rocking-horse
That hid itself? You can, of course.
An elephant is here about,
You'll see—his head is peeping out.
Now look—search well—and see if
you
Can quickly find a "moo-cow-moo."
A woolly doggie hid somewhere,
You'll find him if you look with care.
Now hiding somewhere it is certain
There is a pussy with a skirt on.

He marched them all into his sack.
He lifted them upon his back,
He put them in his sleigh.
The reindeers pranced across the
snow

As fast as ever they could go—
They'll surely come this way.
And surely soon these very toys
Will play a game with girls and boys
Who find them Christmas Day.

The Sugar Fairy

By

Dorothy Gostwick Roberts

Illustrated by Mabel Victoria Leith



TIMOTHY TART was a pastry-cook, and a very fine pastry-cook he was. Not a child in the town, or in the kingdom, or, I believe in the whole wide world could resist the sugary temptations that were displayed in the big shiny window of Timothy Tart's shop.

Every child that passed that way on a frosty night, when the lights behind the glass were very bright, would stop to gaze and gaze at the array of magical cakes, cakes shaped like domed palaces and towered castles, cakes glittering with pink and white and yellow icing, cakes gay with sweetmeats and candied plums and sugar fairies, and all the things that steal the hearts of children.

If it was a plump and rosy child in a snug fur coat and bonnet who admired his cakes, Timothy Tart would smile at it and nod and rub his hands together. I do believe he thought his smirks would win him a customer, though they would have been far more likely to lose him one, for if ever there was a strange

figure of a pastry-cook it was Timothy Tart. He did not look a bit as a pastry-cook should. He was yellow and sour from top to toe.

Now, if it happened, as it often did, that the admirer of his confections was a cold and hungry child, Timothy Tart would peer out from behind his cakes and, shaking his fist would exclaim, "Begone, little ragamuffin! You are hiding my wares from the ladies and gentlemen who wish to make purchases! You are steaming my window with your breath and smudging it with your fingers! Scall!"

Of course, there may be many good bakers who are very bad men, and as disagreeable as if they dealt in vinegar and pickles instead of in jam and lemon-cheese. But it seemed very odd to everybody who set eyes on Timothy Tart that so crabbed a creature could possibly be the maker of cakes that haunted the dreams of all the children in town.

It was the night before Christmas. All day Timothy Tart had been stirring and rolling and beating and baking. Now he hustled and bustled and fidgeted and smirked, and clicked, jingled and counted bright coins, and tied many-shaped parcels with red and green string. Not only had the Lord Mayor and all the great people of the land sent in orders for gooseberry tarts and turnovers fresh for the holiday feast, but the king himself had chosen Timothy Tart of all the pastry-cooks in the kingdom to bake the Christmas cake for his daughter, the princess royal.

When he had a moment to spare, Timothy Tart scurried into the kitchen to see that no hungry dog or child was disturbing the king's order. There it stood in the middle of the table white as snow, bright as frost, taller far than the princess for whom it was designed, covered with beautiful little figures moulded from colored icing. Around it were strewn and scattered crumbs of sugar, daubs of chocolate, curls of orange peel, and plums sparkling with sweet crystals. Never before in all the world was there such a sugary wonder!

Timothy Tart regarded it with an admiring eye. He studied it from every angle, his lips pursed, his head awry on his lean neck.

Then suddenly he grew red and stiff. "Wretched imp, wretched imp, where are you?" he cried. "Why haven't you made a figure for the top of the royal cake as I told you to do? Come here this moment and get busy for the cake must be at the palace before the Christmas mummers are abroad!"

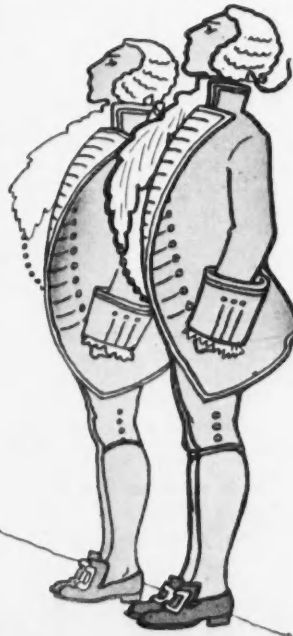
YOU must wonder whom Timothy Tart was seeking in so scolding a way on this crisp Christmas Eve, when the carol singers sounded merrily, and the church bells and the sleigh bells sounded cheerily outside in the snow.

He was seeking a fairy! It was the same fairy he had caught one midsummer night as she was dancing with her companions in a fairy-ring. He had put her to work in his kitchen—imagine a fairy kept prisoner so that she might make the magical things of icing and sugar that graced Timothy Tart's cakes!

Every day, at the first peep of dawn, when the birds were twittering shrilly with the happiness of waking, the fairy was aroused from her sleep in the pot-closet by the harsh voice of Timothy Tart. He would call from his bed, just before he tumbled back into comfortable sleep. In the days when the fairy was free to play with her fairy friends amongst the flowers of the meadow she was as eager to get up in the morning as are the twittering birds, (in fact, she used to like to stay up all night), but now, under the cruel eye of Timothy Tart, life was a different matter.

Now she was only happy when she was making the beautiful little figures of icing sugar and bright candied peel, for this was the only real fairy-work

(Continued on page 69)



M.V. Leith



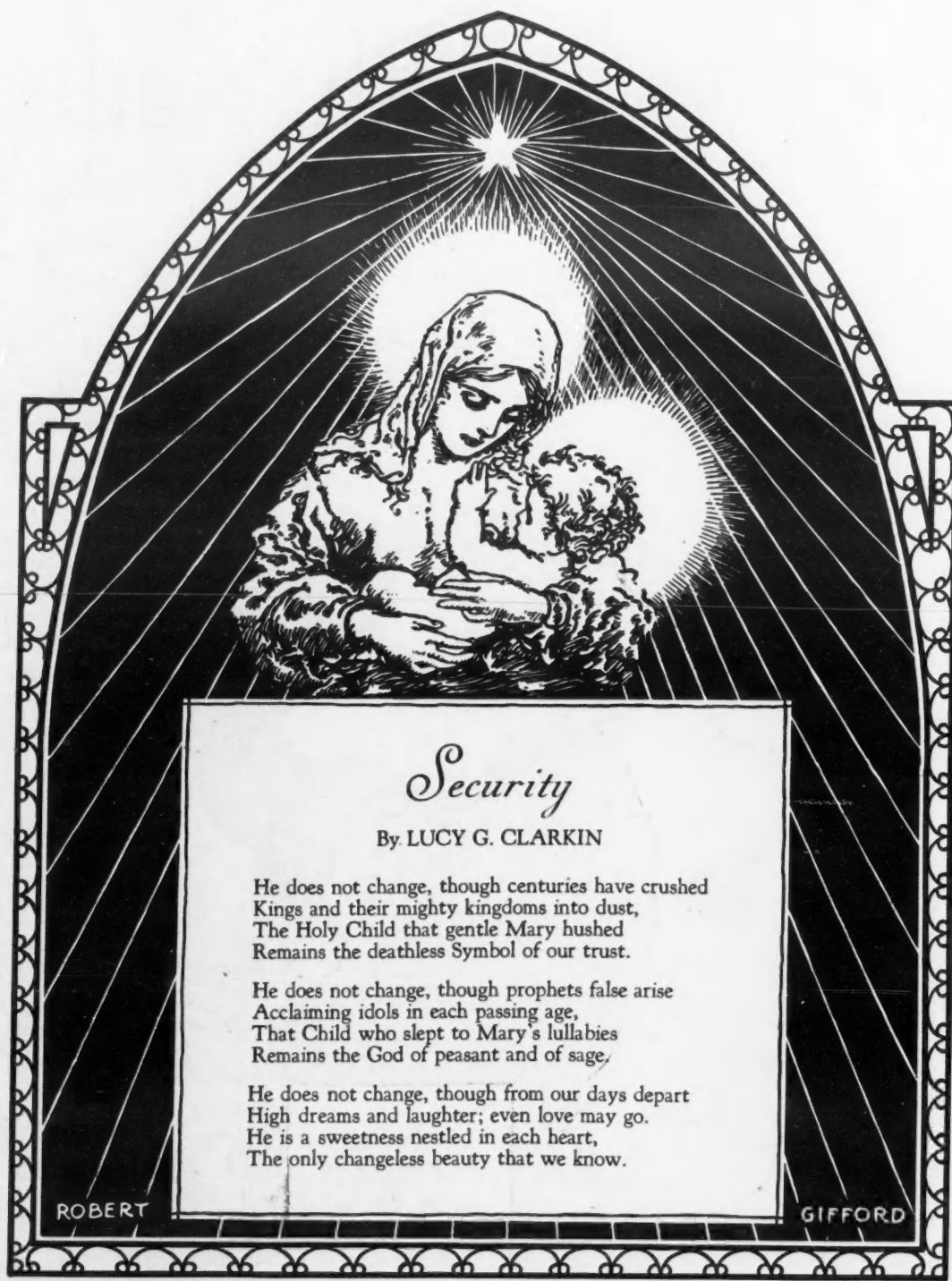
A Quebec Village By James Wilson Morrice

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MRS. J. R. WILSON

*Reproduced by courtesy of Rous & Mann, Limited, Toronto,
from their Portfolio of Canadian Art*

JAMES WILSON MORRICE (1869-1924) is highly esteemed by the art experts of his native country as an interpreter of the Canadian scene; the European critics rank him among the notable painters of recent years. One cannot think of any other Canadian artist who has enjoyed during his lifetime such a high degree of discriminating appreciation at home and abroad. J. W. Morrice was born in Montreal in 1869, and began dabbling in water colors while taking his arts course at the University of Toronto. His pictures were refused at a local art exhibition, and his friends believed that his special talent was for music, in which he took a great interest all his life. He took the course at Osgoode Hall to become a lawyer, and was called to the bar in Toronto. Almost immediately, he went abroad and studied art in Paris at the Julian Academy, and later with Henri Harpignies, the landscape painter. He won recognition at once, and became in course of time a member of the Societe Nationale des Beaux-Arts and the Salon d'Automne, Paris; the International Society and the Autumn Salon, London, and the Royal Canadian Academy, of which he was an honorable non-resident member. Pictures by Morrice hang in the Luxembourg, Paris; the National Gallery, Washington; the Tate Gallery, London; the "Musie de Lyon," the Louvre, Paris, and many smaller galleries. He died in Tunis in 1924.

It has been said that Morrice's paintings may be divided into three groups, his Canadian pictures, his French pictures and his Mediterranean pictures. He was the master of a remarkably free and simple method, possessing a peculiarly elusive quality and great charm. It is hard to make an analysis of Morrice pictures, but they are eminently satisfying. Nothing more typically Canadian can be found anywhere than his studies of his native province of Quebec.



Security

By LUCY G. CLARKIN

He does not change, though centuries have crushed
Kings and their mighty kingdoms into dust,
The Holy Child that gentle Mary hushed
Remains the deathless Symbol of our trust.

He does not change, though prophets false arise
Acclaiming idols in each passing age,
That Child who slept to Mary's lullabies
Remains the God of peasant and of sage,

He does not change, though from our days depart
High dreams and laughter; even love may go.
He is a sweetness nestled in each heart,
The only changeless beauty that we know.

ROBERT

GIFFORD

Thoughts on the Keeping of Christmas

"YOU can't tell me anything about Santa Claus!" said a small child in protest to a well-meaning but matter-of-fact house guest in my hearing. "You may not believe in him, but I've heard him." You see, there was something between that youngster and Santa Claus.

Well, I've heard Santa Claus myself. On a bare Christmas morning when there was no snow to carry a mortal runner, I've heard his sleigh bells. Put it down to *dementia infantum* if you like, but there it is—and I aged thirteen at the time. It seems to me that although I quite accepted the fact for years that Mother and Daddy fixed the tree, I would sooner have taken a good beating than see them do it. In fact, I have sat in the same room while they were at it, with my eyes fast shut and singing lustily to avoid hearing what they had to say about presents. I simply would not let anybody take the tinsel off my Christmas. How I sympathize with the desperate struggle some children make to preserve the magic of it for themselves!

On the other hand, there is a sweet indulgence about the children of to-day—sometimes I think they are doing more to keep up their parents' illusions

than their parents are theirs. "Surely, Gordon," one addresses the son and heir, "you don't still believe in Santa Claus?" "Well, n-no," admits Gordon, "but Mother thinks I do, so I wish you wouldn't tell her about it." You see, there was also something between that youngster and Santa Claus.

I wonder if there are still children as indignant as I was at the age of ten. My young aunt, dreading the pest of dropping pine needles until after New Year's, at that time suggested that I was getting too big for a tree. "Why not," she wheedled, "just have a nice stocking?" Treason! (I always had two stockings besides the tree, anyway). For you see, I was a spoiled child, thank God. My own parents had the memory before them of Christmases too bare of wonder—a peremptory gift or two, and a heavy dinner.

For me there was the glory of the tree, the everlasting delight of seeing, year after year, the little ornaments that I loved and knew so well. A mere orange had something wonderful about it that day, smelling more pungent, looking more orange! There were the little cornucopias filled with peppermints (ten cents a pound), the "bought" stocking with the

very cheapest but most agonizingly precious rubbish in it—a paper cap, a tin mouse that wound up, shot across the rug and actually squeaked (by reason of defective mechanism).

There were never very many presents, but how I used to pity children who got a car-load of things, but had it all ruined for them from my point of view, by being allowed to trim their own trees! (But then, of course, no one could hang a garland of tinsel the way my mother could.) Perhaps you won't believe it, but I once got a box of writing paper under the tree, and for months it smelt of Christmas. I never noticed that about anybody else's Christmas presents, did you? That is just the way it was with our Christmas.

It doesn't take money to make Christmas for a child—I know, because we never had any. It simply takes the sense of—well, what those youngsters had with Santa Claus. I suppose one might call it keeping up some magical sweet thing in our hearts, and having the sense to impart it to others.

Ann Shipley Wilson



Illustrated by
Stella Grier

"Unto Us a Child is Born"

Fourth Article in Our Mothercraft Series

By Stella C. Pines, R.N.

NOW we are nearing Christmas our thoughts go out to all parents and children, for is it not the anniversary of that most wonderful of all days on which those "tidings of great joy" were first heralded: "Unto us a child is born?"

Stephen Paget says: "The problem of parenthood presents itself to me thus: 'We two, man and wife, who are the efficient cause of our children's being, are thereby the sole agents not only of their joy and happiness but of every false step they take and every pain they suffer. But for us they would not have been here at all. The race marches forward on the feet of little children.'"

The ascent of man proves that parental care and devotion have gradually built up the highest and noblest standards in human nature. Unity and interaction of parent and child stand for preservation of child life and home life, and the destruction of all that is detrimental to their development. In the first year of life, the mother and baby should not be thought of as separate beings, for the one is complementary and essential to the needs of the other from the standpoint of nutritional, physical, mental and moral development.

This is shown when we consider "that the first week of life is more critical than the whole of the second year, and that if a child lives to be five years of age, his chances of living to twenty-five years are forty times greater than those of the new-born baby reaching the age of one year."

It has been said that "to safeguard infant life is more important than keeping up the gold reserve in the Bank of England," and when we consider that infantile mortality—that is, deaths of babies in the first year—appears at about the same rate as the casualty list in the late war, we can understand the importance of every Canadian mother knowing all there is to learn about that most precious of all our immigrants—the Canadian baby.

WHEN we compare the babies who have dropped from the average or normal standard with the plump and healthy ones, we feel shocked, and their pictures are strikingly marked on anyone's mind. But what is a well-nourished baby's picture? Good nutrition means a well-developed baby, and includes clear, dry eyes, smooth, glossy hair, a soft skin free from eruptions, bright facial expression, mouth closed, ability to breathe easily through the nose, and good hearing. Later, the baby is able to sit erect with the back straight, shoulders thrown back; not sagging; abdomen not protruding beyond the chest, and the most prominent part above the navel, not below. The flesh should be firm and covered with a moderate amount of fat; muscles well-developed, not flabby. There should be no dark circles under

the eyes, and the whole impression should be that one of elasticity and vitality which belong to infancy and childhood.

The average baby loses anywhere from two to fourteen ounces in the first three days, depending on its size and birth. It regains birth weight according to size in from one to four weeks. After this, its weight increases at the rate of six to eight ounces a week for three months, and thereafter more slowly.

Growth is one of the significant terms in the vocabulary of hygiene. The baby which is overweight when born, very often does not double his birth weight in the fifth or sixth month as the average baby does. The growth impulse has been over-rapid in the pre-natal stage unless there is an unusually large frame as well. Also, the underweight baby at birth will often double his birth weight at an earlier age, and is average weight at six months.

A mother often worries over mere variation in weight, not taking other factors into consideration. The average baby grows in height during the first year, eight or nine inches. Chest and head measurements increase four to four-and-a-half inches. The relation of height and weight, coupled with annual gain and general appearance, are the best guides. Remember, however, that *the healthiest babies are always those which are naturally fed.*

The Nervous System

GREAT injury may be done to the nervous system of a baby by the influences of environment, especially in the first year. The brain grows more rapidly during the first two years of life than in all the rest of life. Average development of nervous centres demands quiet, regularity, maximum of sleep and freedom from undue stimulation or excitement.

Every child needs to be played with and to receive what is popularly called "mothering," but this must be in moderation tempered to the special needs of the individual child, not to the needs of mother, relatives or friends. A placid, sluggish child may want stimulation, while the very excitable, alert baby needs more quiet and solitude. The steadily increasing number of functional nervous troubles in babies and children is a strong argument for more hygiene of the nervous system during infancy. Over excitable babies are easily upset, and uncommonly hard to keep regulated. Most parents overstimulate children through ignorance.

I remember in one case a baby crying all day and half the night. I made inquiries as to the cause from the health nurse, and she told me how hard it was to get the mother to realize the importance of keeping the child quiet. I happened to be outside in the garden one day when the mother, with the baby, was talking to two or three friends over the gate. In ten minutes the child had changed hands five times! Each woman literally thumped the baby on the back, jiggled it up and down, turned it over, made faces, cooed and so on, besides keeping up a conversation much above the average tone of voice to drown the baby's crying. Is it any wonder that some babies cry and become nervous wrecks?

Rest and Sleep

THE first crying necessity is to try and secure the maximum amount of sleeping time for baby. Everyone knows that bad feeding ruins the baby's temper, but few people realize what damage is done by the lack of a full and regular allowance of uninterrupted sleep every day and night throughout babyhood. It is during sleep that nature repairs the worn-out parts and attends to the growth of the whole organism. Nature demands that a child of one month should sleep twenty-one to twenty-two hours a day; at six months sixteen to eighteen hours; at one year, fifteen hours.

Feeding

THE importance of natural feeding demands the earnest devotion and consideration of every mother and of everyone who is in any way responsible for the welfare of mothers and babies. To anyone who has worked for any length of time among babies and is truly interested, the relative advantages of natural versus artificial feeding of infants is so overwhelming that one cannot speak lightly on the subject.

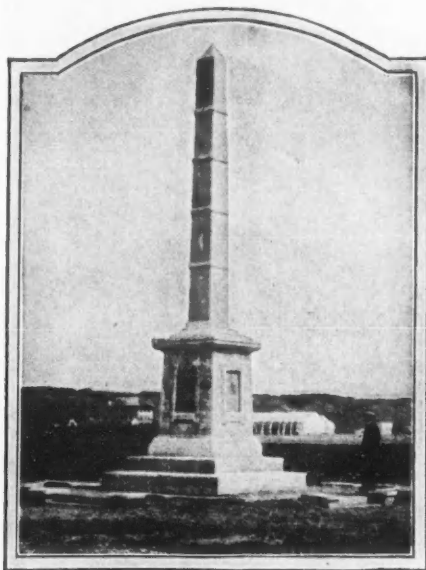
A Russian professor in lecturing to his medical students on the subject of infant feeding, held his gold signet ring against the brass knob of a window of the university, and said: "So great is the difference between cow's milk and mother's milk from the child's point of view."

Whether doctor, nurse, grandmother or friend, we should weigh carefully the advice given to the mothers of the nation. Let us consider the advantages of a mother who feeds her baby naturally.

The extremely low mortality amongst naturally fed babies in comparison with artificially fed babies is ten to fifteen times as high among the latter. (Continued on page 56)



ALL over the prairies are signs of the foreign origin of many of the new Canadians. Down the Red River a few miles north of Winnipeg stands the little church pictured above, erected by Russian settlers. The monument to the right was erected at Qu'Appelle, in Saskatchewan, to mark the signing there in 1874 of Treaty No. 4, by which the Indians surrendered 75,000 square miles of land to the whites.



The SETTLING of CANADA

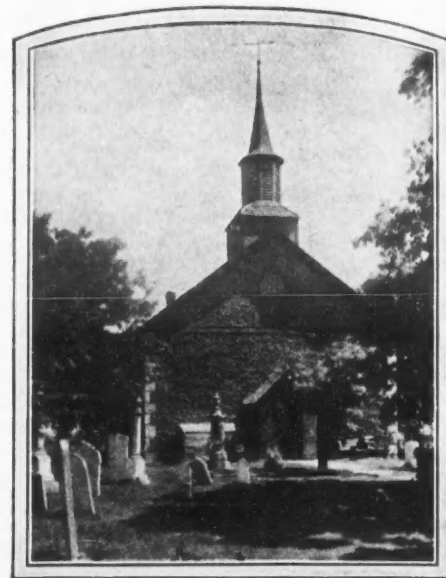
Landmarks in Canadian History

No. 7 -:- Manitoba and Saskatchewan

By M. O. HAMMOND

Author of

"Canadian Footprints" and "Confederation and its Leaders"

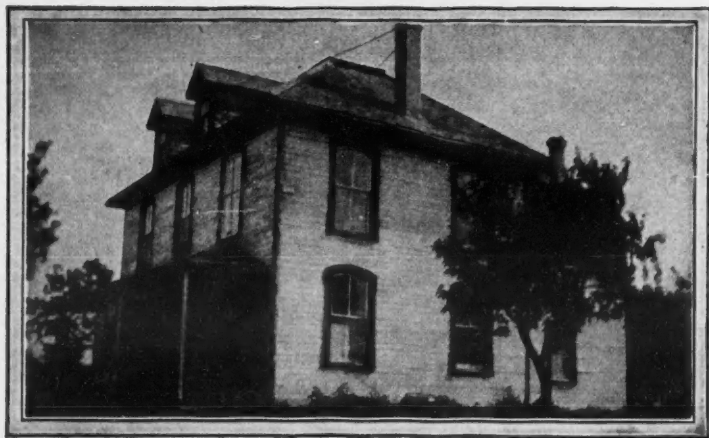


KILDONAN CHURCH is a treasured possession of Presbyterianism in Canada. It is a link between the modern prairie capital, Winnipeg, whose border it almost touches, and the founding of the Red River Colony by Lord Selkirk in 1811. The Scottish settlers waited forty years for a clergyman of their own faith, and when Rev. John Black arrived in 1851, the zealous Scots fled from their Anglican roof-tree and built Kildonan Church.

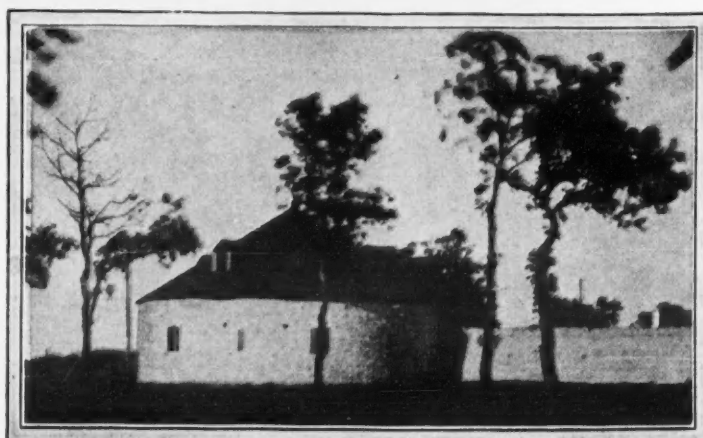
CANADA'S "melting pot" lies on the flat lands between the Ontario boundary and the Rocky Mountains. Over the fertile plains, for one thousand miles, are scattered the homes and villages of many races, giving variety, color and animation. Sixty years ago the great inland empire of 2,300,000 miles square was secured from the Hudson's Bay Company for a sum which to-day might be harvested from a dozen townships. Within two generations the white population has risen from nothing to 2,000,000, and its new wealth is measured annually by hundreds of millions.



THE ancestors of the men now making the West knew the Red River cart and gloried in its springless comfort. It bore them over the prairie, carried their meagre harvest to market, returned with scanty supplies for the settler's table. In June, 1862, a procession of ninety-six Red River carts left Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) carrying one hundred and fifty gold seekers over the plains to British Columbia for the Cariboo gold rush, a truly "covered wagon" episode in Canada's story. The illustration at the left, is from a painting in Canada's Archives.



AFTER the Red River Rebellion and the establishment of Manitoba as a Province in 1870, population increased along the Saskatchewan River farther to the west, resulting in the organization in 1882 of four provisional districts called Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Alberta and Athabaska. A capital was established at Battleford, and the building pictured above became the first Government House.



LOWER FORT GARRY, sometimes called the Stone Fort, bears a martial appearance, with its stone walls and bastions, but it was ever the scene of peace. A fur mart and administrative centre erected in 1831 by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, it lies to-day twenty miles down the Red River from Winnipeg and supplemented the Fort in the Company's operations.

outlined and in flat color, which means no shading or special handling of the paints. You transfer our wax patterns to your materials with a hot iron, and then follow our plainly marked chart to fill in the colors. No one need be afraid to try this; the veriest amateur can do it beautifully.

Number 532 is for a scarf. A yard of 36 inch silk will cut two triangular scarfs, and our wax transfer pattern will have enough motifs for two scarfs and a pair of handkerchiefs besides. These same designs are suitable for pillows, sport blouses or bags. Instructions include various suggestions and definite color plans. Price complete, postpaid, is 25 cents.

Number 533 makes a highly individual shawl, and the rhythmical colors and modernistic design are beautiful. By using our wax transfer to outline all sections of the design, and then following our color chart, you can easily make this. The actual design is 34 inches square, so it will go on a 36 inch square of silk but, of course, looks much better on a 40 inch square. Pattern is number 533 and costs 62 cents, postpaid.

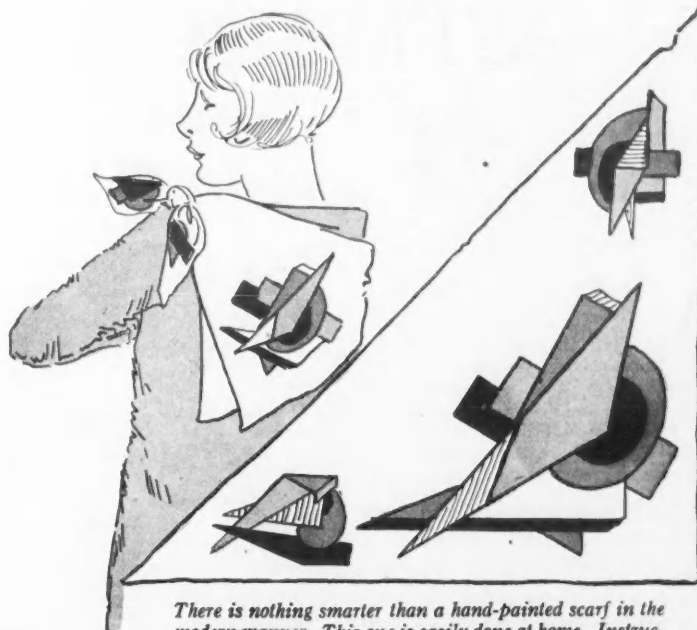
There is a fabric paint especially made for this work and it will neither run nor fade. The colors are beautiful and are easily applied. We have assembled a special set of six bottles of intense colors: yellow, rose, blue, green, coral and violet, a jar of medium and a jar of painting black, together with a brush and instructions. There is enough paint to do a number of things. Price of painting set, number 531, postpaid, is \$2.88.

PATTERN number 544 supplies eight wax transfers of cunning owls and owl groups for embroidery and appliqué in sizes from five to ten inches high with instructions and suggestions for their use. There are a dozen places these designs are fitted to decorate and they are especially attractive on pillows. Price, postpaid, 31 cents.

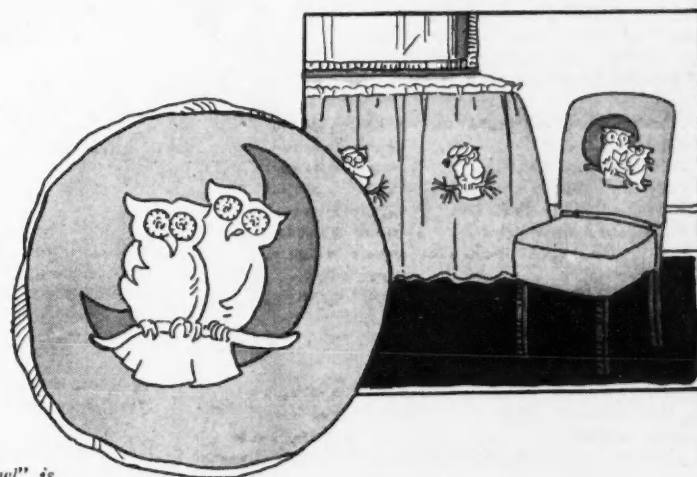
Not to overlook the youngest member of the family, for whom Christmas is especially made, we offer a cuddle duck that is 12 inches high and curved especially to nestle in a little sleepy arm. He is on fast color yellow gingham of smooth firm weave, and has white hat and black boot appliques. Black and white embroidery floss is included, the white for his collar and black for all outlining. Both sides are stamped so that if you care to use plain backs, two gifts can be made from one order of number 104 at 60 cents, postpaid—Address orders for patterns to Handicraft Dept., c-o. The Chatelaine, MacLean Publishing Co. 153 University Ave., Toronto

There is more than one use for almost every design here given. parts of the design on the scarf, for instance, could be used on a matching bag or hatband. Even a modernistic sofa cushion suggests itself. Necessity is the mother of invention, ingenuity is the mother of successful gift planning, and the clever needle-woman and designer will undoubtedly think of many possibilities beyond suggested uses for each pattern here given.

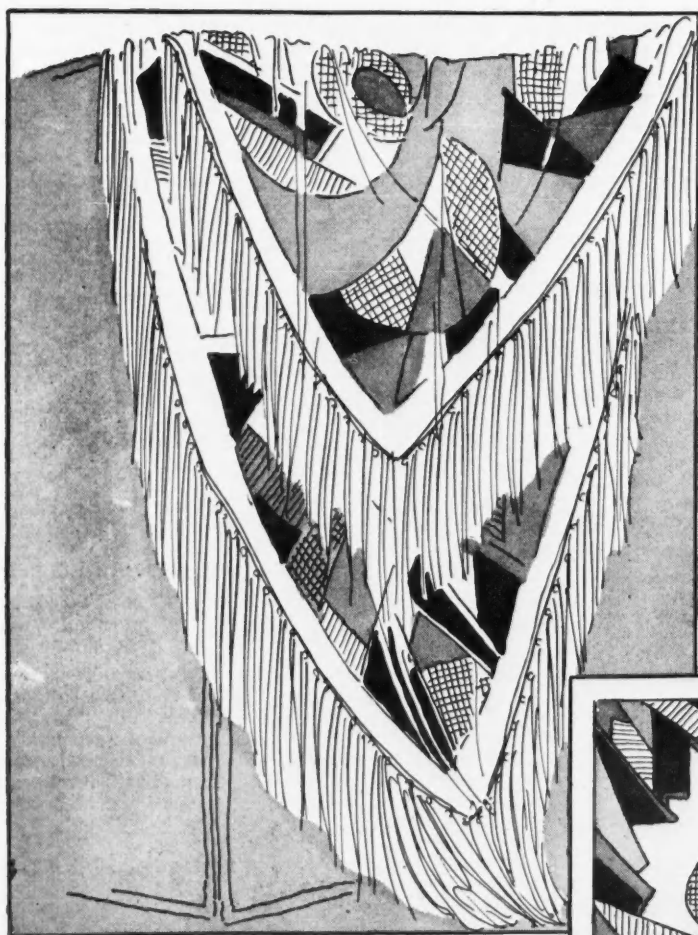
Besides outlining or appliqueing the owls; or in addition to outlining, one may use some of the fabric panel left from the scarf or shawl, to tint them. Be sparing of color—a suggestion is more effective than a heavy application.



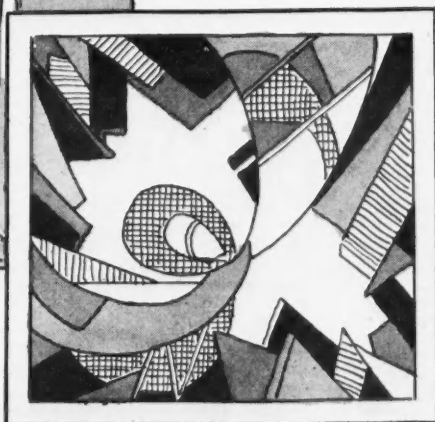
There is nothing smarter than a hand-painted scarf in the modern manner. This one is easily done at home. Instructions, suggestions and color plans complete with number 532, 25 cents postpaid.



The "wise old owl" is here represented in eight cunning designs for transfer in embroidery and appliqué, with suggestions for many uses. Number 544, 31 cents postpaid.



This highly individual shawl is also in the modern manner. By using a wax transfer design, and following a color chart, you can easily paint one like it. The pattern is number 533, 62 cents postpaid

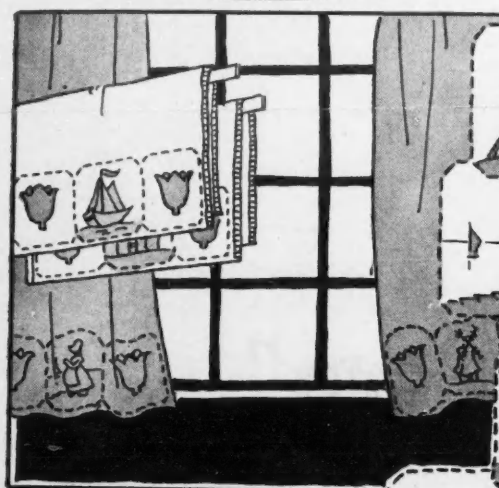


A very complete package is that which includes the fast color yellow gingham on which this cuddlesome duck is supplied. Floss is included, and the material is so arranged that two ducks instead of one may be made from the same order, if desired. He is number 104 at 60 cents postpaid.

Last Call for Christmas Giving

Some Easily and Quickly Made Gifts

By RUBY SHORT McKIM



A laundry bag for the tidy house-keeper is number 107, bag and all parts complete for 90 cents; thread assortment, 11 cents, postpaid.

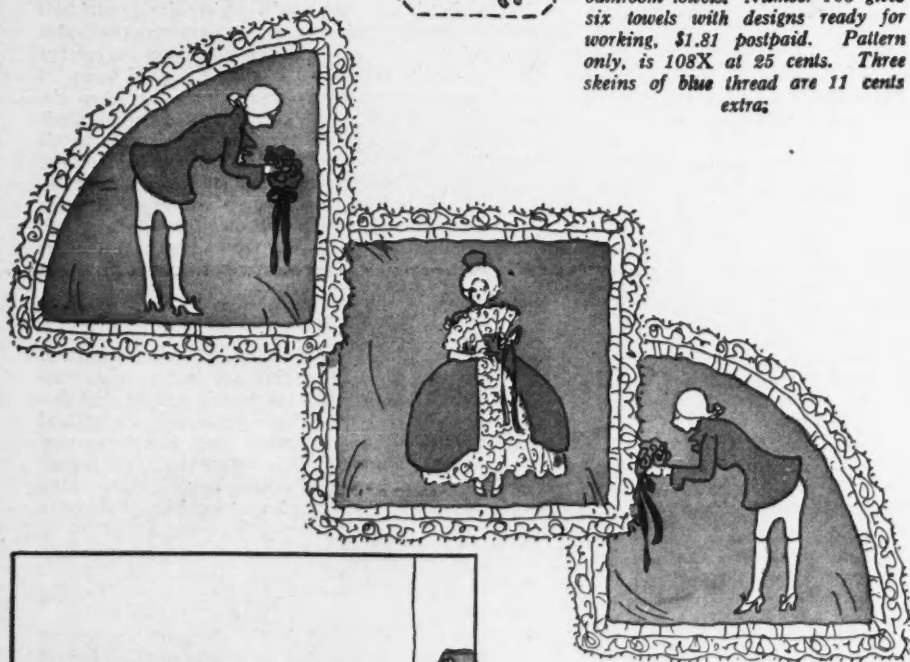
IN SPITE of good intentions, none of us really gets into the Christmas spirit during the early fall, as many enterprising merchants would have us do. Even at this date our gift list is probably sadly short of its quota and the shop prices are at their highest peak. There is yet time to make up these delightful gifts, and the cost is small while the personal value is all that you would want your friends to feel. Every number shown on these pages is practical, easy to do and worth doing. Your patterns or materials will be mailed immediately upon receipt of your order, so you can send for them nearly up to Christmas and yet have them finished for the 25th!

WHAT tidy housekeeper would not welcome our laundry bag? The pert little maid and the saucy blackbird as well as the letters, come ready stamped on blue linen-like suiting, 27 by 36 inches. The letters are for outline stitch, while the maid has an appliqué bonnet and apron and the bird is also appliqué. The bag and all parts are order number

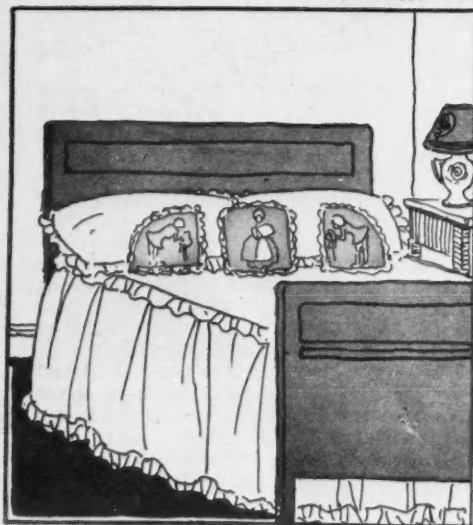
107 and cost 90 cents postpaid. Thread assortment is 11 cents.

Dishwashing is ever with us, but a set of tea towels so charmingly marked as these will help lighten the task. There are six quaint tile designs

Six attractive designs for kitchen or bathroom towels. Number 108 gives six towels with designs ready for working, \$1.81 postpaid. Pattern only, is 108X at 25 cents. Three skeins of blue thread are 11 cents extra.



Three adorable small pillows to make the boudoir dainty and feminine. The pattern for all three with instructions is only 37 cents postpaid. Anything lacey makes a pillow, and here is where your odd bits of sheer material and lace will come into their own.



to be outlined and single stitched in thread exactly matching the delft blue of the bordered toweling. Of course they could be used on unbleached muslin or linen toweling as well. Give them by pairs, the dozen or half dozen. They may be used for drying dishes or for hand towels, in the spick blue bathroom. No. 108 gives six towels with the designs stamped ready for working. The toweling is blue bordered part-linen and will launder beautifully. It is \$1.81 postpaid. If you want the set in wax transfer form only, that will be number 108X at 25 cents. Three skeins of blue thread are 11 cents extra.

PILLOWS and yet more pillows are always in order. Here are three dainty ones that are extremely simple to make from wax transfer number 515. Odd bits of lace come into their own here; anything dainty makes a pillow. An early Victorian Miss with satin panniers and much lace, holds centre place, adored by equally elegant swains, identical as twins, on fan-shaped pillows at either side. Pattern 515 for all three with instructions is 37 cents, postpaid.

The Bible History Quilt is offered as a mate to the Poly Quilt given last month. There are twenty blocks and when worked up in simple outline, stitch and set together as shown, they make a delightful coverlet. Each block represents one of the Old Testament scenes or characters and is to be done on a nine inch square of muslin. Order number 400 includes black wax transfers of all twenty blocks and costs 62 cents postpaid. In addition to a quilt, of course, the blocks can be used for pillows, curtain ends, scarfs, wall borders, etc.

Fabric painting is having a tremendous vogue and we are offering two patterns that any woman can easily follow. The designs are modernistic and each section is clearly



A Bible History Quilt, fitting mate to the Roly Poly one given in the November issue, is particularly appropriate for a Christmas gift. Each block represents an Old Testament scene or character. Order number 400 includes black wax transfers of all twenty blocks and costs only 62 cents postpaid.

paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.), for one and a half hours, or until cake is thoroughly cooked through. Cover cake during the last part of time with greased brown paper. When sufficiently cooked cake should have shrunk a little from sides of tin, and an inserted straw or knitting needle should come out clean. When heating oven for cake, put in a deep pie plate filled with coarse salt or fine ashes, and place the cake tin to bake on top of this. This will prevent the bottom of cake from becoming burnt or hard. This quantity makes one large or two medium-sized cakes. It is easier to bake if made into two cakes. It will fill one square cake tin ten inches by ten inches by four inches, or the largest of the round tins belonging to the three tiered sets, or two smaller loaf cake tins.

Almond Paste

1 pound of blanched almonds	2 pounds of icing sugar
1 teaspoonful of orange flower water	2 eggs
	1 teaspoonful of almond essence

Put almonds through grinder, using finest cutter. Mix sugar in well. Add beaten eggs, orange flower water, and almond essence. Knead mixture well with hands just as in making bread. Roll out to required size. Brush top of cake lightly with white of egg to make the paste stick, and press almond paste firmly on top of cake. Allow to harden before putting on white icing. When putting almonds through the grinder, use a few drops of rose water, or orange flower water, which will cut their natural oil and make them go through the cutter much more easily.

White Icing for Christmas Cake

2 unbeaten egg whites	Lemon juice
	Icing sugar

Place unbeaten egg whites in bowl, beat in one cupful of icing sugar, add juice of half a small lemon, then beat in sufficient sugar to make icing the consistency of whipped cream. Beat till very light. Spread evenly on cake. This icing will keep well without becoming too hard. Decorate in any way desired. Small, artificial sprays of holly and small silver balls make a very festive-looking cake.

Scottish Shortbread for Christmas

This is a recipe from Aberdeen.

1 pound of flour	½ pound of butter
sifted with pinch of salt	¼ pound of fruit sugar
1 ounce of candied orange peel sliced thin	

Beat butter and sugar until made into a very creamy soft mixture, add flour and orange peel and knead well with the hands. Mould into squares or rounds, one inch in thickness and any desired size. Pinch the edges into flutes, prick the centre with a fork, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour or longer. Shortbread must be thoroughly cooked through; not at all sticky and yet not crisp. Do not allow to become too brown. Decorate with heather, small silver leaves, holly or mistletoe, attached by means of a little white of egg.

Shortbread in boxes, makes very welcome Christmas packages, which may be used as favors if desired.

Loaf Seed Cake

An Old-time Favorite.
 3 cupfuls of sifted flour
 1½ cupfuls of granulated sugar
 ¼ teaspoonful of salt
 1 cupful of milk
 Scant ¼ cupful of caraway seeds
 1 cupful of butter and lard mixed
 4 eggs
 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Rub butter to a soft cream, add sugar and rub to a smooth paste. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt, later adding caraway seeds. Beat eggs until light and fluffy, then add them to butter mixture, beating well. Add spoonful at a time, the flour mixture, beating it in well and adding milk a little at a time. The mixture must be a little stiffer than for an ordinary white cake batter. Bake in a well-greased loaf-cake tin, or angel cake tin, nine inches in diameter, and three and a half inches deep. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. Fahr.) for three-quarters of an hour, or until cake is well done. Cover top with buttered paper during last part of time. Keep for two days before cutting. This cake keeps well.

English Christmas Spiced Beef

To Be Served Cold.

8 pounds of rump of beef	7 ounces of moist brown sugar
1 teaspoonful of mace	2 teaspoonfuls of powdered cloves
1 teaspoonful black pepper	1½ pound of salt
1 nutmeg grated	1½ pints of beef broth
¼ teaspoonful of cayenne pepper	4 carrots. Small bunch of thyme and parsley
1 onion	

Mix dried spices and sugar together, rub beef thoroughly with this mixture and allow to lie in it for two days. Then add salt, rubbing it into the beef. Leave for nine days turning meat once every day. Wash beef but do not allow to soak. Place in stew pan, pour over beef broth, bring to boil, remove all scum, add vegetable and thyme and parsley. Simmer very gently for three hours or until quite tender. Allow to cool in its own liquor. When cold, stick with whole cloves allowing heads of cloves to show.

Deep Beefsteak and Mushroom Pie For Christmas Supper

This particularly delicious meat pie can be made the day before eaten, and served either hot or cold. If it is to be reheated, take care to cover top of pie with greased brown paper so that pastry does not get too brown during the first cooking.

2 pounds of tender beefsteak	Salt and cayenne pepper
1 cupful of plump oysters	Mushrooms
Rich pastry	2 eggs boiled hard
(Quantity required is that made from 1¼ pounds of flour)	½ cupful cold water

Beat steak with rolling pin to break up all fibres. Cut meat into two-inch squares one-inch thick. Place in bottom of deep pie dish, size eleven inches by eight and three inches deep. Season meat to taste. Cover with sufficient cold water to keep meat moist and make a little gravy. Mix in mushrooms and oysters, and eggs cut in slices. Roll out pastry to a quarter of an inch in thickness. It must be very rich, preferably light puff paste. Wet rim of dish with cold water. Insert funnel in centre of pie. One made of paper will do, or an inverted egg cup. Cover top of pie with pastry. Moisten edge of pastry and put on a band of pastry around outside edge of pie, press down lightly, flute edges. Brush paste with a beaten egg to give color when baked. Decorate top of pie with an ornament of pastry. Make one or two incisions in top of crust. Bake in a hot oven 450 deg. Fahr. for an hour and a half, lowering the heat at half time.

These recipes are not only tested; they are time-tested. They represent a sort of Dickensonian interpretation of Christmas, that makes us think of a groaning table and the benediction of "God bless us every one." Like heirlooms, they are most suitable for occasions. Surely, hospitality reaches its greatest heights in the offerings of an opulent larder.

The Christmas table can never be too gay. Even an oyster cocktail can carry out the red and green colors of Christmas.

This article contains traditional recipes for the following Christmas dishes:

Plum Pudding
 Rich English Plum Pudding
 Brandy Sauce Velvet Sauce
 Wine or Fruit Juice Sauce
 Mincemeat
 Rich English Mincemeat
 Mincemeat Fritters
 Rich White Christmas Cake
 Dark Christmas Cake
 Almond Paste
 White Icing for Christmas Cake
 Scottish Shortbread for Christmas
 Loaf Seed Cake
 English Christmas Spiced Beef
 Deep Beefsteak and Mushroom Pie for Christmas Supper



CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR!



But when it comes it brings welcome revival of some fine old British dishes



AT THIS time of the year every homemaker is interested in cooking. Christmas and good cheer are synonymous. The age old viands—roasted turkey, holly-trimmed plum pudding and steaming mince pie, make the most confirmed dyspeptic long to turn from his diet for just one day.

It is best to make plum puddings, fruit cakes and mince-meat almost a month before they are to be used. The flavor will be better, and it is such a relief to get as much as possible done before the last mad rush.

In some of the recipes here given, quantities are stated in pounds and ounces instead of the more familiar cup-measure, so that the following table may be useful.

4 cupfuls of bread-crumbs	equal	½ pound
2 cupfuls of butter	equal	1 pound
2 cupfuls granulated sugar	equal	1 pound
2 cupfuls of raisins	equal	1 pound
4 cupfuls of sifted flour	equal	1 pound
2½ cupfuls of brown sugar	equal	1 pound
1 cupful of finely chopped suet	equal	4 ounces
2 wineglasses	equal	1 cup
1 cupful of icing sugar	equal	6 ounces

Plum Pudding

1 pound of brown sugar	1 pound of beef suet
¾ pound of fine, stale bread-crumbs	chopped fine
1 pound of raisins, stoned and chopped	½ pound of sifted flour
½ pound of mixed candied peel, chopped fine	1 pound of currants, washed and dried
2 ounces of crystallized cherries, chopped coarsely	2 ounces of almonds, blanched and chopped
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon	Grated rind of 2 lemons
1 teaspoonful of salt	1 grated nutmeg
1 cupful of milk	1 teaspoonful of cassia
½ cupful of golden syrup	1 teaspoonful of powdered mace
6 eggs	½ cupful of cold breakfast coffee

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly. Stir well with wooden spoon. Add beaten eggs one at a time, stirring well; then add milk, coffee and golden syrup. Mixture should be of the consistency that when a wooden spoon is placed upright in it, the spoon will slowly slant over. Grease pudding bowls well. Those with a rim at the top are best. Fill bowls quite full, cover with greased paper then tie on a floured cloth. Steam for four hours. Puddings will then require only one hour of steaming in order to heat before serving. These proportions will make three average-sized puddings. It is a good idea to make more than one pudding since it involves no extra work or heat. The extra puddings will keep for months if kept in a cold place.

Rich English Christmas Plum Pudding

1 pound of brown sugar	2 pounds of kidney suet,
1 pound of sultana raisins	chopped very fine
1 pound of raisins, seedless and chopped	1 pound of mixed peel, chopped
½ pound of dates, chopped	½ pound of crystallized cherries, chopped coarsely
½ pound of almonds, blanched and chopped	½ pound of apples, peeled and chopped
1 pound of currants, washed and dried	¾ pound of fine bread-crumbs
½ pound of flour	1 nutmeg, grated
Juice and grated rind of 2 lemons	1 teaspoonful of cinnamon
2 teaspoonfuls of cassia	1 cupful of milk
10 eggs	2 wineglasses of brandy or fruit juice
2 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup	
½ teaspoonful of salt	



Individual mince pies make a festive sight, as well as sensible portions for a rich dessert.

Rich English Mince Meat

1 pound of best beefsteak, cooked but underdone
2 pounds of kidney suet, chopped fine
1 pound of seedless raisins
1 pound of washed currants
1 pound of apples, peeled and chopped coarsely
1 ½ pounds of moist brown sugar
½ pound of almonds, blanched
Grated rind of 3 lemons and juice of 2
Juice of 2 oranges
1 wineglassful of maraschino

cherry syrup
2 wineglassfuls of brandy or rum
Pinch of salt
2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon
1 teaspoonful each of cassia, mace and grated nutmeg Mix as in previous recipe.

Mince-meat Fritters

½ pound mincemeat	2 ounces bread crumbs
2 eggs beaten	½ teaspoonful of lemon juice

Mix mincemeat and breadcrumbs. Add eggs and lemon juice. Stir well. Drop dessertspoonfuls of the mixture, one at a time, into boiling clear fat. Fry seven minutes, or until a delicate brown. The fritters should be small and dainty.

Dark Christmas Cake

1 pound of butter	1 pound of moist, brown sugar
1 pound of currants, washed and dried	1 pound of raisins, seeded and chopped
½ pound of candied peel, chopped fine	¼ pound of crystallized cherries, chopped coarsely
¼ pound of almonds, chopped and blanched	1 ½ pounds of sifted flour
Pinch of salt	8 eggs
4 tablespoonfuls of golden syrup	Grated rind of 1 lemon
Grated nutmeg	2 teaspoonfuls of cassia
½ teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in a little milk	1 teaspoonful of baking powder

Mix as in previous recipe, taking care not to use more milk than needed, and adding, last of all, the golden syrup and baking soda. Molasses can be substituted for golden syrup if preferred. Christmas cake should be covered with almond paste and decorated with a white icing.

Rich White Christmas Cake

1 pound of butter	2 cupfuls of white sugar
5 cupfuls of sifted flour	1 pound of white sultana raisins
½ pound of almonds, blanched and chopped	½ pound of crystallized cherries, chopped coarsely
½ pound of crystallized pineapple, chopped coarsely	¼ pound of light colored, candied peel, chopped fine
½ cupful of fresh grated cocoanut	9 eggs
1½ teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with flour	Pinch salt

Rub butter with wooden spoon, until soft and creamy; add sugar gradually and beat well. Mix dry ingredients together, covering all fruit with a little of the flour. Beat eggs well, half the number at a time, add to butter mixture and beat well. Add the mixed dry ingredients, spoonful at a time, beat thoroughly. Mixture should be stiff, but if necessary, two tablespoonfuls of milk can be added. Grease cake tin well, line with two thicknesses of greased brown

By SYBIL GAYFORD RHIND

Mix as in previous recipe. Do not add all the milk unless needed to make mixture the right consistency. Steam for five hours and reheat by steaming one hour when needed.

Brandy Sauce for Plum Pudding

½ pound of butter	4 ounces of icing sugar
2 tablespoonfuls of brandy	1 teaspoonful of vanilla

Rub butter with wooden spoon until soft and creamy. Rub sugar in slowly, add brandy and vanilla, beat well. Keep very cold until served.

Velvet Sauce for Plum Pudding

1 cupful of icing sugar	¼ cupful of butter
½ teaspoonful of vanilla	Pinch salt
White of 1 egg	

Rub butter until soft; add sugar, vanilla and salt and rub until smooth. Add unbeaten egg white, and beat with Dover egg beater until light and fluffy.

Wine or Fruit Juice Sauce for Pudding

½ cupful of cold water	Thin rind of ½ a lemon
1 teaspoonful lemon juice	1 tablespoonful of sugar
2 teaspoonfuls of flour	2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter
2 wineglassfuls of sherry or any cooking wine (Pineapple or orange juice may be substituted for wine.)	

Boil lemon rind, sugar and water together for ten minutes. Remove peel, add butter and flour which have previously been mixed to a smooth paste, boil for one minute. Add wine or fruit juice, heat thoroughly but do not boil, and serve at once.

Mince Meat for Christmas

1 pound of currants, well washed and dried	1 pound of raisins, seeded
1 pound of apples, peeled and quartered	1 pound of mixed, chopped peel
½ pound of suet finely chopped	½ pound of moist brown sugar
Grated rind of 1 lemon and juice of 2	¼ pound of almonds, blanched
1 nutmeg grated	1 wineglassful of brandy (maraschino cherry syrup may be substituted for the brandy.)
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon	Pinch of salt
2 teaspoonfuls of pastry spice	

Put dry ingredients through food grinder, add liquids, stir well and mix thoroughly together with wooden spoon. Pack tightly in jars and seal. This will keep indefinitely.



LADY LAVERY, famous beauty, has a chastely elegant dressing table (left). A priceless Venetian mirror hangs above pale pink ruffles. Between quaint Chelsea candlesticks stand jars of Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. Of them Lady Lavery says:—"I have always used Pond's Creams! Now I use the new Cleansing Tissues so silky and fine, and the Freshener, too, ideal with the Creams."

THE VISCOUNTESS CURZON'S dressing table (right) reveals the restrained taste of a long line of aristocrats. Gold-topped vials and boxes emblazoned with the Curzon crest are grouped around Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. Of the Pond's method Lady Curzon says, "It's a straightforward way of keeping fit—one can do it all oneself, at home or wherever one may be."



FOUR DELIGHTFUL DRESSING TABLES *characteristic of their lovely owners*

WHAT dressing table does not reflect the personality of its lovely owner? It mirrors her taste, her discriminations, her little indulgences. In terms of creams and lotions, perfumes and powders, and many another dainty mystery, it is eloquent of her very self.

But all dressing tables supply one need—they help a woman care for her looks!

Because Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are of such dependable worth, they are found on the dressing tables of lovely and distinguished women everywhere. They are their choice for quick, convenient daily use at home.

This is how you, yourself, should proceed with

MRS. RICHARD P. DAVIDSON, granddaughter of the late Mark Hanna of Ohio, has a dressing table (below) which expresses the youth of its vivacious owner. Taffeta bouffant hangings are matched by green jars of Pond's Two Creams. Mrs. Davidson says, "I have adored Pond's Creams for years."

the daily use of these four famous preparations made by Pond's:—

Cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream at least twice a day, always after exposure and every night before retiring. Apply the cream generously with upward, outward strokes, over face and neck, allowing its penetrating oils to soak into the tiny

air passages and dislodge the grime and powder.

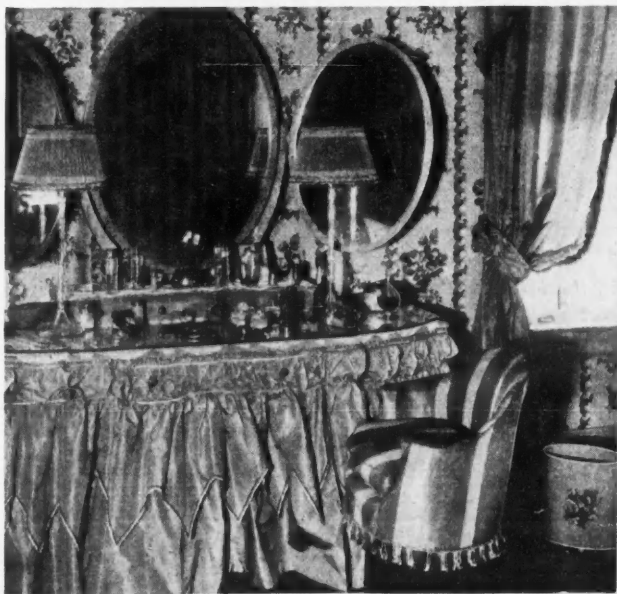
Then use the inviting new Pond's Cleansing Tissues—snowy-white, large, fine—to remove the cream and the loosened dirt. For extra scrupulous cleanliness repeat these two steps.

Next, if it is a daytime cleansing you are having, flick on Pond's Skin Freshener, briskly. Notice how it tones and firms your skin—the healthful, tingling glow it engenders.

Then for protection and to serve as a foundation for powder, apply just a little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives a magnolia-petal quality to your skin, a finish that makes your powder last for hours and hours. Read the inviting offer and mail the coupon below.



MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT'S dressing room for guests is graced by a lovely old French coiffeuse (below). Chinese porcelain vases are accompanied by green jars of Pond's Two Creams. Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "Through a multitude of engagements Pond's will give you the assurance of being your best self."



FOUR DELIGHTFUL AIDS TO BEAUTY

Pond's Cold Cream keeps lovely faces exquisitely fresh and deeply cleansed. Pond's Cleansing Tissues—soft, ample, remove cold cream in a dainty way. Pond's Skin Freshener—a new, delightful tonic for the skin—tones, invigorates, refreshes. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards fragile skins and affords a velvety base for powder.

MAIL THE COUPON WITH 10¢ for package of Pond's 4 preparations—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada Limited,
Dept. M, 167 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada Limited



*Advice on a
safe and sane
holiday*



*Children enjoy making
up their own lists of
gifts and going down
town to purchase them.*

Your Children's Christmas

By FRANCES LILY JOHNSON

CHRISTMAS DAY, the happiest, merriest time in all the year, is upon us again, with its usual excitement and joy, its bustle of preparation, and its carefully kept secrets. Christmas is pre-eminently the children's day, a festival which means more to them than any other holiday. The natal day of Christ has an imaginative appeal particularly poignant to children, and the story of the coming of the Babe, "born in a manger" can be used most effectively to create a feeling of reverence for the Founder of the Christian religion. The realization that the gifts received on Christmas day are exchanged to commemorate the arrival on earth of the Savior of Men gives the child something tangible in his religion which enables him to grasp the significance of the creed which has been taught him.

Then there is that jolly old saint, Santa Claus, who makes his yearly visit on Christmas eve. No matter how firmly convinced adults may be that the old myth of St. Nicholas should not be perpetuated, the fact remains that the children themselves want to believe in the kindly, bearded old man, who drives through the air in a sleigh drawn by reindeer, and plunges down the chimney with a pack full of gifts, which he places on the Christmas tree or

stuffs into waiting stockings. Even a four-year-old who has been brought up in an ultra modern way said to me, with a stamp of her foot, one day, "Mother says there is no Santa Claus, but there is, 'cause I saw him."

Santa Claus survives because he is a tradition of childhood and children cling to him loyally. Between the ages of three and six they live in a realm of imagination and want to believe in a fairy who can do magical things, and because they cannot deal in abstractions, and must have their fairy in the semblance of a concrete image, they endow the popular conception of Santa Claus with greater attri-

butes than those they admire in their beloved daddy, and accept him as the source of every unexpected joy.

Even when the child learns that there is no such fairy, he still likes to keep up the fiction. We can then see his care in guarding his favorite myth. He tries to bolster up belief by pretending to grown-ups that he still gives the tale credence and by taking care that the younger members of the family are not disillusioned. My six-year-old said to me one day, "Mother I know there isn't any Santa Claus, but don't tell Bobby." (Bobby is little brother aged three.)

Surely there is no harm in letting children believe in the beautiful old story so long as they are at the imaginative age. The parents should only be careful to detect the first sign of disbelief, and then explain that Santa Claus is a fairy, like every other fairy, and that the gifts really come from mother, father and friends.

Perhaps, as some claim, the children can have just as happy an acquaintance with Santa Claus if they do not think of him as a fairy. They can enjoy knowing it is father or a friend dressed up and then no disillusionment is necessary. Parents must decide for themselves which course to take. But, which ever choice is (Continued on page 54)





MISS ROSALINE DUNN

"At last I have found the perfect manicure," says Rosaline Dunn, who, for fifteen years has been manicurist to New York's smartest social set.

Glazo has IT by Rosaline Dunn

I HAVE made manicuring my life work. I have devoted fifteen years to the study of the nails and their care.

The smartest women in New York's social group have adopted me as their personal manicurist. Naturally, I am jealous of this reputation. And to aid me in my work I use only the finest accessories money can buy.

Until recently, my one despair has been polishes. I think I can truthfully say I have experimented with every one that has come to my attention. I have even vainly tried to produce the perfect polish that I had looked to others for, so many years.

When Paris ushered in the sensible vogue of liquid polishes, I breathed a sigh of relief. Here, at least, was a vast improvement over the old method—a way to keep the nails of my clients polished for days without continual buffing. But even the most expensive imported polishes failed me.

I began to believe I was looking for the impossible, that I had an ideal too high ever to be realized—when I discovered this really marvelous Glazo Manicure.

Perfection At Last!

Imagine my delight when I found the lovely

Glazo package—two phials containing the solution of my problem. At last I had found the perfect polish for the nails . . . Glazo has IT.

In 3 brief steps . . . this marvelous Glazo method bestows on hands the enchanting loveliness I have sought for 15 years.

BY MISS ROSALINE DUNN



Lovely, Eloquent Hands . . . in 3 Brief Steps

1. Work Glazo Cuticle Oil into the skin that borders the nail. It nourishes the cuticle and keeps it soft and clean. It fashions the cuticle curve of beauty.
2. Cleanse the nail surface with Glazo Remover to prepare for the polish.
3. Apply Glazo Liquid Polish. Ever so quickly it gives to nails a lovely lustre that lasts a week.

What a wonderful manicure it is! Every quality that I have sought, it has in abundance. It is lasting. Its tint is that of beautiful, healthy nails. And from one appointment to the next, it holds its soft patina, its perfect lustre. When you adorn your hands with the beauty and utter sophistication . . . the gift of Glazo . . . you will be as enthusiastic as I am.

Then there is Glazo Cuticle Oil to frame the nails in exquisite pink cuticle ovals which are the perfect setting for dainty, white half-moons. For those who prefer a cream to an oil, Glazo Cuticle Cream is a marvelously healing preparation.

Accept Miss Dunn's Generous Offer

I would like to show you how I keep the nails of my patrons forever smart and correctly manicured. Just the merest word of interest will bring you the precious little lesson book I have prepared. It tells you how to hide telltale traces of work and keep hands young. Also, step by step, it explains the very latest methods of manicuring the hands.

Of course you can obtain Glazo at all the better shops and stores. Its price, including the Remover, 50c. Canadian Distributor: John A. Huston Company, 468 King Street, W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.





The simpler Christmas cakes may be iced just as gaily as the rich traditional type.

DO YOU think I could cook and serve a Christmas dinner this year, Ann? Bob and I would like to give the family party but I do believe that deep down in his heart he thinks I'm not capable! If I could accomplish it it would be such fun to surprise our relatives and show them that brides *can* cook—and that Bob isn't starving to death on my meals."

"Of course you could do it, Peggy, and do it well, too. The main thing is to plan everything ahead of time and not be in a last minute rush. So many things can be made some time before Christmas, big cakes, little cakes, steamed puddings, candies and salted nuts, but if I were you I wouldn't attempt too much. It's better to have your menu simple and have every item perfect.

"First, you should write out a list giving each course in detail and the foods needed for each recipe, and put beside it your marketing list of both the staple and perishable foods. The former can be bought well ahead of time and the latter listed for marketing one or two days before Christmas, then nothing is forgotten. Had you any particular choice as to what you wanted to serve, Peggy?"

"Well, first, should I have both a fruit cocktail and soup; or would one be enough?" Peggy asked.

"Oh, one is plenty for a simple dinner. Soup is always delicious but it is one extra thing to keep hot and serve, while the fruit cocktail is no trouble at the last minute. It can be prepared the day before and kept in the ice box and it is only a moment's work to serve it in the individual glasses. Grapefruit sections garnished with a cherry is a simple fruit cocktail, or a combination of grapefruit and orange; malaga grapes halved and seeded are used with other fruits, or sometimes pears cut in thin slices, or diced pineapple. A small piece of preserved ginger adds a more unusual flavor, or a tablespoonful of grape juice will give a little color. But be sure that the fruit is well chilled and quite tart, for you are serving an appetizer, not a sweet dessert.

"But the meat course is the all important question. Shall it be turkey, goose, chicken or duck, or perhaps a roast?"

"It seems too bad to have to consider economy at the Christmas feast," said Peggy, "but I don't think we can afford turkey. What about a goose?"

"It certainly is less expensive and many prefer it," Ann replied, "but to my mind it is the New Year's bird. However if you would like one it will be at least fifteen cents a pound less than turkey. It needs special care in cooking, though; it is a fat and strong-flavored fowl. It should be cooked on a rack in the roasting pan and the fat frequently poked off. The breast may be pierced several times to allow the extra fat to drain away. Some people stuff it with tart apples to reduce the strong flavor (of course they are not eaten); others rub it both inside and outside with a cut onion.

"Why not have chickens? Plump, well-fed birds can scarcely be distinguished from turkey on the plate, and are certainly less expensive, sometimes fifteen or twenty cents a pound less. I wouldn't recommend ducks for a number of guests; they have so little meat that one bird will serve scarcely more than four, and ducks don't seem 'Christmasy,' do they? I can't see any objection to a delicious roast of beef," continued Ann.

"Now don't tell me what cut," Peggy interrupted, "I remember from our meat lesson. I would buy a standing prime rib roast—Bob thinks it is easier to carve when it is

boned and rolled, but we both agree it has better flavor when the bone is left in it. Many experienced housekeepers buy a porterhouse roast, I know, but my butcher prefers the rib roast for his own table, so I follow his example."

"There is one other meat suggestion," Ann continued, "families that serve turkey for Thanksgiving often use a baked fresh ham for Christmas. That is a favorite choice of our American neighbors, and when considering economy it is the least expensive of any of the meats we have mentioned."

"Well I'm going to have chickens; so that's decided," Peggy announced.

"Your cranberry jelly or sauce may be made a day or two before, and I would have only one vegetable in addition to potatoes. One that does not need a cream sauce will make things easier at the time of serving. You could have squash cooked the day before and ready to be re-heated, or you might prefer using a canned vegetable."

"What about a salad course?" Peggy enquired.

"Make it very simple, because your dessert will probably be rather heavy. Hearts of lettuce with a fancy dressing is a good salad for a hearty dinner. Wash several heads of iceberg lettuce and leave overnight in the refrigerator in a crockery jar or damp cloth. With a silver knife cut the head in sixths or eighths (depending on the size of the head), garnish with the outside leaves and serve with any dressing desired.

"Thousand Island dressing is a favorite. A good recipe is, to one cupful mayonnaise add two tablespoonfuls chopped pimento, two tablespoonfuls diced celery, two tablespoonfuls chili sauce, two tablespoonfuls chopped olives, two eggs hard cooked and cut in small pieces, half cupful cream, whipped till stiff.

"California Dressing contains quarter cupful each of ripe and green olives to one cupful mayonnaise. Or you may prefer to vary the simple French dressing by adding chili sauce, catsup, green pepper or Worcester sauce. (A full chart of salad dressings may be found in the May *Chatelaine*.)

"Cheese biscuits are a usual accompaniment to the salad. Spread small crisp crackers with grated cheese seasoned with dry mustard, a few drops of Worcester Sauce and moistened with cream. Brown in a moderate oven. These, too, may be prepared ahead of time.

"But if you want to keep your preparations simple, why not omit the salad course and merely have plenty of relishes and a tray of chilled olives and celery hearts?"

"There is another salad suggestion that is very decorative for Christmas but rather elaborate. As it is a fruit salad I would omit the fruit cocktail course when including it in the menu. It is called Christmas candle salad. On a bed of lettuce place a slice of pineapple, in the centre put a half banana standing upright with a red cherry on the top.

BRIDE'S PROGRESS

Lesson number six, and Peggy learns how to serve an easy family dinner at Christmas



By RUTH DAVISON REID

There is the candle stick, candle and flame and a piece of green pepper or orange peel may be curved to form the handle of the candle stick.

"Next to the meat course, interest centres in the dessert of the Christmas dinner."

"I don't aspire to serving the traditional English plum pudding—it is so very rich and expensive. What could I use in place of it that would be simpler?" Peggy said.

"You might serve one of the steamed carrot puddings which contain fruit, and sometimes spices and nuts. They may be made before Christmas and only require steaming before serving.

This is a carrot pudding which has been found very satisfactory.

1½ cupfuls flour	1 cupful brown sugar
1 cupful finely chopped suet	1 cupful raisins
½ cupful currants	¼ cupful citron peel, cut fine
1 teaspoonful soda	½ teaspoonful salt
1 cupful grated raw potato	1 cupful grated raw carrot

If desired, half cupful blanched almonds may be added. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, add the suet and fruit and finally blend in the vegetables. Steam three hours in large moulds, one and a quarter hours in individual moulds.

I have already given you another recipe for carrot pudding, a little smaller than this one and containing some spices, which you might use, or the fruit pudding, or fig pudding. (October *Chatelaine*).

"You know, Peggy, there are a great many people who absolutely dread a heavy dessert after Christmas dinner. It is always a problem, I think to find something that seems like Christmas, and is not a heavy dessert. There are various very excellent substitutes for plum pudding and mince pie, compounded of nuts, prunes, figs and dates. I'll try to remember some recipes for you.

"An excellent substitute for Christmas pudding is to use a gelatine foundation and add fruits and nuts. My favorite of these is—



A little carrot pudding that has all the "goodness" but very little of the expensiveness of the conventional plum pudding.

Grapenut Pudding

1½ tablespoonfuls gelatine	¼ cupful cold water
¼ cupful lemon juice	1¼ cupfuls boiling water
¾ cupful sugar	⅓ cupful grapenuts
⅓ cupful seedless raisins	½ cupful broken walnuts

Soak the gelatine in cold water. Dissolve the sugar in the boiling water, add the gelatine and lemon juice. When the mixture has partially set add the grapenuts, raisins and walnuts. The raisins are improved (Continued on page 76)

HEESHADES ARE USED EVERYWHERE IN BEAUTIFUL HOMES



Warm Colours and Cold..

Colours and Temperature Have a Distinct Affinity

Almost every house has its cold room, cheerless alike in summer and winter, needing but the touch of synthetic sunshine that the correct Heeshade will give to transform the room into a warm and colourful place that is HOME.

Your draperies are not to blame for the chilliness of a north room . . . it is the light that enters that room that gives the atmosphere and colour . . . therefore, light that is diffused through a "sunshiny shade" changes the character and temperature.

Among the thirty beautiful colours in which the Super Art Cambric Window Shade is made, there are at least seventeen colours that are warm and vibrant . . . one for every imaginable scheme of decoration.

Made by the makers of famous shades . . . Heeshades . . .
Super Art Cambric and Monarch Linen Tint.

GEO. H. HEES, SON & CO. LIMITED
276 Davenport Road, Toronto

Please send me your sample book and suggestions for
treatment of windows

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....
C

Geo. H. Hees, Son & Co., Limited
TORONTO MONTREAL

OLDEST, LARGEST AND MOST MODERN WINDOW SHADE FACTORIES IN THE LAND

*Some practical methods
of giving Christmas cheer
to poor children*



*The home-filled stocking with all
the thrill of the "store" variety, is
a certain delight.*



*It is best to discourage opening the
stocking until each small guest has
returned home.*

CHRISTMAS TREES—AND HOW TO BE ONE

By ELIZABETH HOPE

WHO can resist the Christmassy urge to do something for somebody—to bring a little glamor into those lives that have known too much of the dreariness of poverty? Who has never felt the longing to crash the gates of Toyland with a group of the grubby little ragamuffins that are wont, these pre-Christmas days, to stare so wistfully into store windows and cry, "That funny dog for you—and a doll that walks for you—and a tea-set for you!"

stumble if they have not been forewarned—and forearmed.

Let us consider, first, the Christmas tree that is given by an organized group in a club or church society, as opposed to the one given by individual charity.

You may raise funds for it through some entertainment or concert perhaps, such as last month's bazaar. Or you may solicit donations from members of your society or club. Whichever course you follow, you will find generosity everywhere, for there is an appeal in children at Christmas time that no one can resist.

One large Toronto club, after several experiments, has developed an expert and very successful Christmas festival that has many interesting ideas in its management.

Several years ago, at the first Christmas tree this club gave, they followed the custom that is prevalent in many organizations of bringing gifts to put on a Christmas tree. It was beautifully decorated, but bare of gifts, until at the Christmas jollification, each member brought her contribution and placed it on the tree. These gifts were then turned over to some organization for distribution.

While this is an excellent plan, it misses the zest and thrill which comes with the personal contact with the children. It is not nearly so pleasant to dress a baby doll with your finest stitching, unless you can watch a little girl's ecstasy as she discovers that each garment will unbutton; unless you see a small boy, pop-eyed with joy, digging deeper and deeper into the stocking you have filled for him.

So whenever it is practically possible, bring the children to your Christmas tree, and give yourselves the joy of watching their delight. A little more work—but it's worth it! It is a practical demonstration. (Continued on page 72)



Take this, and this, and this!" Oh, dear dream of opulence, how can one catch even a shadow of its reality?

Christmas trees, of course!

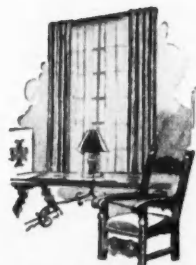
Gather together some of the under-privileged children, put a Christmas tree in the corner of a room, glittering with the magic of colored lights and tinsel; stuff red cheese-cloth or red net stockings with the little things that children love, and you'll thrill to the radiant delight of your small guests. It can be as simple as that, though with all its simplicity, a Christmas tree may entail many pitfalls, into which the enthusiastic, but unwary, givers of Christmas cheer may

Above, Santa Claus, later to be seen as Punch and Judy, distributes baby dolls and stockings at the organized "tree."

At right, a one-man Christmas tree given by a young Toronto sculptress to the children of the neighborhood.



You can't hide a WINDOW in a dark corner...



Inexpensive Kirsch Extension Rods fit doors and windows of any width, and are suited to every style of draping.

Windows can't be tucked away in dark corners... like misfit pieces of furniture. They stand in the full light always... inviting open admiration or unspoken criticism... and

demanding artistry and taste in decoration.

Selection of the right hardware is the first and most important step in obtaining beautiful window effects... and the Kirsch line offers a logical, convenient starting point for your choice. Produced by the largest manufacturer in this special field... and available, undoubtedly, at your favorite "best" store... Kirsch Drapery Hardware affords an infinitely varied range of styles, designs and colour harmonies... suited to windows of any type and furniture of any period.

"At a Hundred Million Windows"

Twenty million women have already chosen Kirsch Drapery Hardware for their homes. Millions are using the inexpensive flat extension rod... originated by Kirsch... a sturdy, dependable rod that will not sag, rust, or tarnish. Now there is still another reason for this choice. At no additional cost, Kirsch Flat Extension Rods are now finished in delicate old ivory or rich statuary bronze; as well as the familiar brass.

At many of these hundred million windows Kirsch Atavio Work... beautiful designs in cast aluminum, charmingly and tastefully coloured... has created a note of exotic luxury. And with this type of hardware... as made by Kirsch... draperies hung on the same rod with the ornaments may be drawn by hand or concealed draw cord.

To some of the most beautiful of homes Kirsch Wrought Iron Drapery Hardware contributes its touch of artistic individuality. Each piece is hand-hammered... never exactly duplicated.

Another Kirsch contribution to drapery art... with Kirsch Atavio Work or flat rods "cut-to-measure" by the decorator to fit the windows, Kirsch Perfected Draw Cord Equipment provides draw cords that cannot knot or tangle, concealed within the rod. And draperies overlap at the center... they can be taken down and replaced without disturbing the hardware.

A New Kirsch Book to Guide You

Kirsch provides an exceptional service to help you meet this problem of window decoration... often so perplexing. A new Kirsch Book has been prepared to guide you in planning drapery treatments for your windows and doors... to aid in the selection of materials and colour combinations... and above all, in the choice of correct drapery hardware.

Take the 1929 Kirsch Book with you when you shop... use it to select the drapery effects you desire. Many beautiful treatments for windows and doors are pictured in full colour... countless other harmonies are suggested. There are pages, too, that will tell you how to make your own curtains... how to dye and launder your present draperies.

A copy of the 1929 Kirsch Book is yours for the asking. Just fill out the coupon and mail it today.

KIRSCH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
of Canada, Ltd., Woodstock, Ont.

You may send me the 1929 Kirsch Book without Charge.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Province _____



(131)

Kirsch

Drapery Hardware

SOMETHING NEW *for* the CHRISTMAS TREE

By JOAN DEE

OH, YES! We are going to have a tree, of course. The children simply insist!" laughed a friend of mine the other day.

"But, I do wish we could have something a little bit different," she went on. "The Scobies are coming over after dinner and you know what they're like!"

"Well, yes. They do give you the impression that they've seen nearly everything and can imagine the rest," I agreed.

But after all, there is no reason why one should not have things a little bit different. Of course, so many of the traditions associated with Christmas are a matter of old-time custom, that one hates to change any of them too radically. We could hardly do without the tree, for instance, but there are several new ways in which it may be so decorated as to introduce a distinctly novel note without losing any of the Christmas feeling.

One idea that has proved most effective is to do away altogether with the usual tinsel and blown-glass and to substitute ornaments of your own making, which are really much more in harmony with the spirit of the occasion.

Make a trip out into the woods just before Christmas, and gather numbers of fir-cones, spruce-cones, large and uninjured dead leaves, maple keys, and any other similar material which may come to hand. Collect also numbers of fairly large fir and spruce branches. Probably you will come across some bittersweet and other brightly colored berries; if so, add these, too, to your collection.

When you are safely home again, take them all down to the basement and sort them out. The largest cones are to make pendants when finished; these may have about six inches of stout cotton thread tied to the stem of each one, and they should then be hung up on a line four or five feet from the floor. The leaves may be laid out on a table somewhere, and the maple keys should be tied on a long thread at close intervals, so as to make festoons.

Clip the small ends off the spruce and fir branches, making each little section about an inch and a half long. These too are to be made up into festoons; it is best to make them fairly short, say three feet.

Next obtain from the hardware store an assortment of the brilliantly colored powders which are used in making metallic paints. These come in gold, silver, reds, greens, blues, yellows and many rich intermediate shades. Get also a quantity of the medium in which they are mixed for use, generally banana oil; and also a pair of cheap canvas gloves.

The next step is to make up a series of solutions of these colors in any suitable receptacles. Old tin cans do very well, if they are clean; if they are tall and narrow, so much the better. Then, arming yourself with the gloves, dip the fir and spruce-cones into the paint and let them drip on to newspapers spread on the floor. It is not necessary to take the cones off the line they are hanging on to do this; just put the can of paint

under the cone, raise it till the cone is submerged, take the can away after letting the excess paint drip into it for a moment, and go on to the next one. They will dry quite quickly, and very handsome they will look. Make as much variety of coloring as possible of course.

The leaves which you spread out on the table are best painted with a brush, and the colors splashed on in various crude patterns. If they are too dry, cover them with damp newspapers for a few hours. After painting one side and letting it dry, turn them over and repeat the process, preferably making the two sides of each leaf quite different from each other, so that they will show greater variety when they flutter on the tree.

The festoons of maple keys and fir tips can be dipped in bunches, if they are stretched out and hung up to dry immediately. Use an open bowl for this, not the cans which were used for the cones. If you have made your festoons fairly short, you will be able to get a greater variety of coloring when you join these short lengths up to make longer festoons. If the metallic paints are not too thick, they will dry very quickly, and then the very end of each little needle may be gilded by passing a gilding brush lightly over with a motion in the same direction as the needles are pointing; merely stroking them with the brush.

In addition to all these, walnuts, hazel nuts, pecans, those delicious little Japanese oranges, and brazil nuts, can be gilded and painted in the same way. An edible decoration always meets with an enthusiastic welcome from certain members of the household!

The nuts should have a few inches of cotton thread fastened with a dab of liquid glue, and be sure to give them several hours to dry before attempting to hang them on the tree. The oranges can have a stitch or two of thread put in them, with a curved needle if you have one.

And then—well, that's really all! It's the simplest matter in the world to arrange all these bright and shining things on the tree, with the addition of electric candles. Traditional candles are now replaced by small electric bulbs in actual candle form.

As a final touch, an electric light bulb may be placed inside an empty box, one side of which has been knocked out and replaced with a sheet of colored glass. If you have no colored glass, a sheet of oiled and colored paper may be put between two sheets of glass as a substitute. This is placed on the floor behind the tree and so arranged that your improvised spot-light illuminates the under-side of the branches. This brings out to the best advantage the glowing colors of the metallic paint, and pulls all your decorations into a harmonious whole.

For those who want something quite out of the usual run of things, there is the Chinese Christmas tree. The tree itself is just an ordinary tree, but the decorations are all in Chinese style.

Prepare a number of strips of paper about three inches wide and eight (Continued on page 77)

Use fir cones, spruce cones, maple keys and gilded leaves.

A Chinese tree is original, and has great possibilities.

Do not overlook fir and spruce branches to be gilded.

Nuts, wild and bought at the store, make edible decoration.

Mabel Victoria Leith.

And for her Christmas we suggest THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE

FOR Christmas we suggest this beautiful, automatic refrigerator, which will contribute to the happiness and welfare of your entire family . . . not on Christmas day alone but all through the year and for many years to come.

Pleasant and convenient, for instance, those midnight suppers around the New Frigidaire . . . the food, fresh and delicious, taken from convenient waist-high shelves . . . trays of sparkling full-size ice cubes, ready for the tinkling glasses.

In winter as in summer the New Frigidaire is a necessity in every well-managed home. It provides the safe, dependable refrigeration which is now recognized as essential the year 'round. And it provides this *safe* refrigeration *conveniently*. That is why the New Frigidaire is the overwhelming choice when women make the decision.

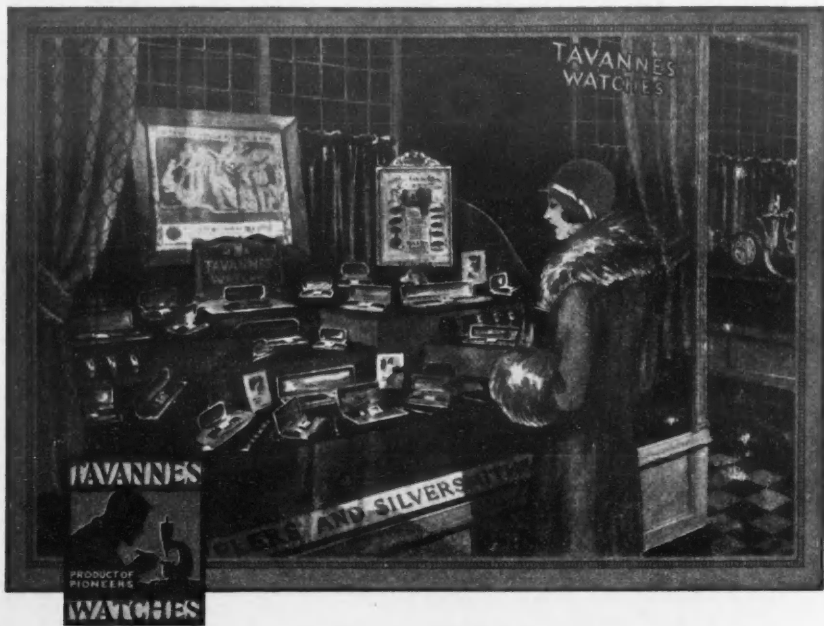


Inside and out the New Frigidaire can be kept clean as easily as a china plate. The shelves are all removable and the lining of seamless porcelain enamel has rounded corners. The top of the cabinet is like having another ample shelf in the kitchen. Patented self-sealing ice trays provide sparkling ice cubes for every meal; and frozen salads and desserts add a new and pleasant variety to your menus.

Beautiful, convenient, incredibly quiet in operation; the New Frigidaire will pay for itself out of its savings. The New Frigidaire is now being shown in Frigidaire show rooms. See it today. Find out about the low prices and convenient General Motors terms. And place your order now for Christmas delivery. Frigidaire Corporation, Subsidiary of General Motors, Toronto, Ont. Branches in principal cities throughout Canada.



The Gift they want~most!

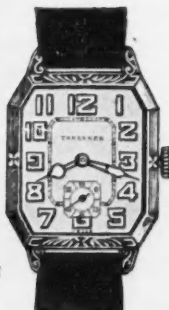


WHAT gift will be most appreciated and at the same time fully express your sentiments? A TAVANNES watch is your answer. Made by TAVANNES craftsmen, it is the product of pioneers who paved the way to present watch perfection. Your watchmaker will recommend it because he knows the inside facts about watches. TAVANNES is the watch he selects for his friends.

A TAVANNES will serve as a constant reminder of the high regard that prompted your gift. It is the one gift they want~most.



CONCOURSE \$37.50



TAVANNES WATCHES

"The Watch the Watchmaker Recommends"

TAVANNESWATCHCOMPANY, (CANADA)Ltd., Montreal

Agencies in Bagdad, Berlin, Bombay, Brussels, Buenos Aires, Cairo, Cape Town, Calcutta, Constantinople, Leningrad, London, Madrid, Melbourne, Paris, Pekin, Rio de Janeiro, Shanghai, San Salvador, Tokio, Vienna, Warsaw, Yokohama.



Each season brings skin problems for women, and to those of us who live under Northern skies, winter brings the most trying ones of all.

The Promise of Beauty Fresh Beauty for Christmas

By MAB

THE shops are rich in delightful trifles for Christmas gifts, and especially alluring are the new aids to beauty culture which seem to answer most perfectly the question: "What Shall I Give Her For Christmas?" I know of nothing more gratifying than a present of some toilet luxury that most of us would consider an extravagance as a personal investment.

A present that would be a joy to any woman is what is known as a "make-up" mirror with a daylight electric bulb attached, which makes it possible to have an unbiased light by which to apply cosmetics.

Then there are perfumes which have reached a high state of perfection in quality and in the appearance of the containers. Some of the great couturières have essayed to combine perfumes and other toilettries, and the bottles and boxes which they have fashioned for their products are truly things of beauty. Some of the bottles are of opaque glass shaped like miniature sky scrapers, others are dome-shaped, colored like the sky and sprinkled with silver stars. The perfumes in many cases are very subtle essences and cannot be labelled under any particular title, so the names given them are about as elusive as their fragrance. They suggest moonlight, roses and enchantment. These perfumes are very costly, but they last a long time because the quality is such that very little is required to make one successfully fragrant. Care should be exercised to use just the right amount. All that is needed is a dab on the lobes of the ears, a touch on the upper lip, on the back of the neck and on the hands. This distribution gives just the right scent.

For the handbag there are many new trinkets—combs in soft cases for bobbed heads, tiny atomizers, and, of course, the inevitable compacts which have now reached

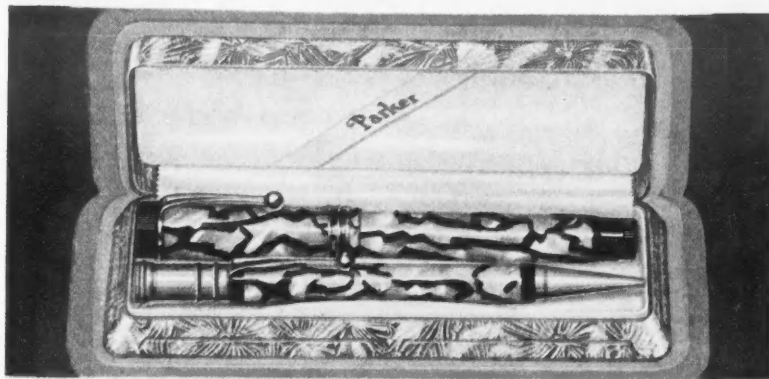
an amazing stage of perfection, and contain everything for facials in miniature size.

EACH season brings skin problems for women, and to those of us who live under northern skies, winter brings the most trying ones of all. To counteract the advance of bleak winds and a low temperature, the beauty specialists have devised a remarkable battalion of creams, lotions and oils that will keep the skin young, supple and indifferent to the most dire prognostications of weather. Many of these creams are so soft that they literally melt into the skin. Others can be used like a soap and rinsed off with water, leaving the skin soft and with sufficient base for powder. I have fallen in love with two pots of cream made by a clever little Canadian chemist. They are inexpensive and fill the bill completely for oiling-up requirements. One is a day cream and the other a night cream. They are beautifully soft and "runny," easily applied and keep the skin like velvet. To accompany them is a magical and sweet-smelling astringent lotion.

I have been reading recently some of the life stories of women who have been successful in producing aids to beauty. One of them had studied chemistry and allied subjects in her college days, and after her marriage to a doctor she heard of and saw many people who, in an endeavor to improve their appearance, had become the victims of quacks, and in some cases had suffered disfigurement. She decided to try her hand at making creams and lotions based on the physiological needs of the skin, and, as a result of her knowledge and zeal, her efforts, from the very first potful made in her kitchen, were immensely successful. This desire to be of help to other women has resulted in a tremendous business with

Continued on page 38

MODERNE BLACK and PEARL



Parker's New \$10 Pen Duofold De Luxe

Crystals of Pearl set in Jet-Black Perma-nite, Non-Breakable, and 28% lighter than rubber — gold-circled, gold-pointed — this new De Luxe offers the handsomest finish ever given to a fountain pen.

Silvery, beautifully iridescent — as *moderne* as the moment and the mode.

Extra large point. Parker Pressureless Touch. And the entire pen is *Guaranteed Against All Defects.

Both the smartest and the most efficient writing instrument Geo. S. Parker ever made. Have your dealer show it to you.

Senior size (maximum ink capacity), \$10
Junior, \$8.50; Juniorette or Lady, \$7.50
Each with a lovely enameled metal case included
Pencils to match, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5
Duofold De Luxe Duette, \$11, \$12.50, \$15, Gift Box included

Make It a Christmas Unforgettable Give Duofold De Luxe

This is a pen such as none of your family has ever owned before.

It offers lifelong service, so is an ever-present present to remind the recipient of you.

Compare it side-by-side with any other pen selling at this price, and you'll choose the Duofold De Luxe. Look for imprint, "Geo. S. Parker — DUOFOLD," to be sure of the genuine.

*The Parker Duofold Fountain Pen is made to give lifelong satisfaction. Any defective parts will be replaced without charge provided complete pen is sent to the factory with 12c for return postage and registration.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO 3, ONTARIO

Parker Duofold De Luxe

The Domestic Workshop

Electrical Gifts for Christmas from Canadian Manufacturers

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH



Boncilla
Dainty Beauty Preparations that Delight Dainty Women everywhere —

The superior quality of Boncilla Preparations, their intrinsic value as aids to complexion beauty, and their charm, delicacy and fragrance, have won the increasing friendliness of women everywhere.

The favorite products among these preparations, namely, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder, constitute, with Boncilla Clasmic Pack, the famous Boncilla Complexion Treatment. Boncilla Clasmic Pack is still bringing new revelations of complexion improvement to hundreds of new users every day, while the Creams and Powders are increasing in individual use on the dressing tables of dainty women throughout Canada.

Make
Boncilla Products
Your Choice

**Boncilla Cold Cream
Boncilla Vanishing Cream
Boncilla Cleansing Cream
Boncilla Lemon Cream
Boncilla Face Powder
Boncilla Clasmic Pack
Boncilla Rouge**
—and other quality products

YOUR DRUGGIST

has these Boncilla Preparations in a number of sizes, and to suit your purse and convenience. Give "Boncilla" preparations a place on your dressing table — you too will be delighted and satisfied as are thousands of other users.

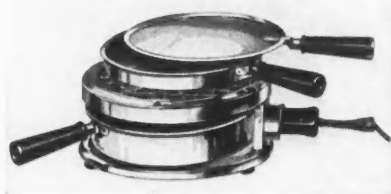
CANADIAN BONCILLA
LABORATORIES LTD., TORONTO



A family-size waffle iron which will cook five crispy brown waffles at one time. The grid is made of solid aluminum with heating element in both top and bottom, so that it is unnecessary to grease the irons or turn the waffles over. Supplied, complete with large nickel-plated tray and six-foot cord and plug. Renfrew Electric Products Limited.



A breakfast set of grace and distinction consists of coffee percolator, cream pitcher and sugar bowl on a handsome tray. Canadian General Electric product.



A device of many parts — it toasts, broils, fries, poaches and steams, all in the one compact area. This Renfrew table stove is equipped with Reflector grill plate, two large aluminum pans, one complete with egg poaching cups. The toast rack accommodates a large slice of bread so arranged as to toast both sides at once.



Another Hotpoint "servant." On the Toaster Toaster two slices may be toasted at the same time and the turnover feature turns the bread.



The new electrical clocks require no winding, regulating, oiling or cleaning. The Telechron is obtainable from the Canadian General Electric Company.

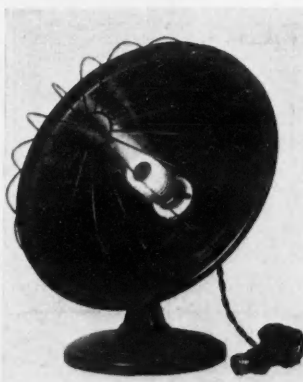


The Royal Electric Vibrator is especially designed for home massage treatment. It is simple to manipulate and is obtainable from the Continental Electric Co.



One of the Hotpoint irons, equipped with new oversized red bakelite thumb rest. A cool handle and attached stand are popular.

For the office, the garage, the living room, the bedroom or the sick room, this Canadian General Electric Hedlite Heater supplies quick warmth.



Another attractively finished portable heater succeeds in giving a real coal fire effect with 1,000 watt uniform heat, made by The National Electric Heating Company.



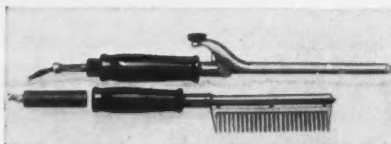
The Ever-Ready Electric Dishwasher cleans the dishes for an average family in three minutes, in a clean, sanitary way, and costs only one cent per day for power.



Attaining a greater popularity every day, the heating pad is an amazing comfort in times of sickness. This Renfrew model is equipped with a warm eiderdown cover.

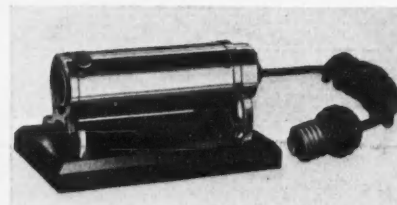


The Royal vacuum cleaner, a Continental Electric product, is effective on bare floors, rugs or carpets.



The Hotpoint curler, complete with aluminum comb, may be used for curling, waving or drying the hair.

For those who prefer to use the regular curling iron, this Renfrew curling tong heater is useful and attractive.





Potted mince meat and canned Christmas puddings are staples of the season.

Have You a Canned Pantry?

There are Seasonable Dainties as well as Year-round Fare in Tins

By MOLLIE BAWN

FOOD preparation and cooking in the home have become revolutionized by the commercially-packed food product, and to-day it is possible to prepare dishes and menus with much less effort and time and culinary skill than ever before. This fact is no doubt responsible for the fretful remark made by a male speaker recently that "woman is no longer a cook, she is a can-opener."

The reason why many men do not like canned food is because it very often lacks the individual flavor of home-cooking. An easy remedy for this is to add such flavor after the can is opened. Canned goods that are merely heated and served are a positive offence to a palate that is accustomed to the cunning of home cookery. If one has imagination and a deft touch, it is possible to make of canned products something that even an expert in gastronomy might be fooled into thinking was the result of hours of culinary effort. It is the little more—the lump of butter, the dash of cream, the unusual spice or garnish that turns the commonplace dish into one of distinction.

The way to use canned goods is first to get the best of their kind; second to use them as a supplement to the regular diet of the family, as a holiday food rather than as a makeshift; third to know how to combine them with each other and with fresh materials.

Many housekeepers are of the opinion that canned goods are too expensive for daily use. They are if used as a substitute for food that can be more cheaply prepared at home. But for use in an emergency, as occasional luxuries, or in a culinary crisis, canned goods are often regarded as an answer to prayer. The conservative housewife seldom strays beyond the purchase of soups, vegetables and jams when collecting canned goods, but there is almost no end to the variety of foods that can be bought in tins, and it is rather interesting to find out something about these modern and efficient aids to varied and appetizing meals.

To the average consumer "cans is cans," and little else, but as a matter of fact, every can has, or is supposed to have, a numbered size, and holds a definite amount by weight in ounces and pounds. If your family is small, it is easy to learn just what size is sufficient for its needs, as nothing is so tiresome as the same soup or vegetable served yesterday, to-day and to-morrow, especially if the cook is not an adept at camouflage. It is well worth while to study can sizes and brands, (See "It Comes in Cans"—August Chatelaine.) and to learn just how many servings each can will provide. Sometimes it is advisable to buy larger cans of fruit than the size of the family would suggest, because the fruit can be used

for both salads and desserts and the juice combined with gelatine for later dainties. In the case of peaches and pineapples, it is possible to buy these delicacies in different forms. There are whole peaches and sliced peaches, and there are sliced pineapples and shredded pineapples; and each has its place in the family dietary either for salads or desserts.

I find that comparatively few people use canned milk. This is especially valuable for emergencies and in places far from points of production. It is ideal for use in sauces, giving a creamy and uniform texture that is not always possible with the fresh variety.

With few exceptions, I have found that fish in salads is often better canned than fresh. I served a lobster salad to some friends recently that was made with some high-grade canned lobster, and I was scolded for extravagance in serving fresh lobster. I have had the same experience in serving lobster Newburg and other fish dishes. In canned fish there are many types and many brands. For example, there are about ten varieties of salmon in varying grades.

Meat and poultry are now satisfactorily canned; beef, both fresh and corned, tongue, chicken, sausage, ham, etc. One can even purchase chicken à la king, duck, and turkey and goose, in specialty purveyors of fancy groceries.

AN IMPORTANT point to be remembered in using canned products is that they should be opened at least an hour before using, and the contents placed uncovered in a wide dish. This makes it possible for the food to become aerated and fresh. There are many people who heat such food in the can, but from personal experience I have found that this is not a desirable method. It is much better to prepare such foods long in advance of cooking, and to add sugar or spice or other things nice to make them more attractive and savory.

Not long ago, a business friend of mine invited me to have a tin-can lunch with her at her apartment. She served cream of celery soup, tuna fish salad, apricots, rolls and coffee. The entire time in preparation took only twenty minutes, and the food was delicious. The ice-box provided the necessary hard-boiled eggs, crisp lettuce and cream, but practically everything else came out of a can. The celery soup was garnished with whipped cream; the tuna fish nestled among the crisp leaves of the lettuce flanked with hard-boiled eggs and very thinly sliced green peppers, accompanied by a commercially prepared salad dressing to which was added a little whipped cream. The apricots were arranged in a scooped-out sponge cake and were garnished with bits of orange and

Now is the time to PLAN for SUNSHINE in WINTER MEALS

And that means plenty of fruit—but remember, there's no time when dependability counts so much as when you order in quantity lots!



A suggested assortment of Del Monte Fruits for any pantry shelf

Apricots	Sliced Peaches
Halves	Crushed Pineapple
Peeled Halves	Sliced Pineapple
Sliced	Pineapple, Diced
Blackberries	Plums
Royal Anne Cherries	De Luxe
Gooseberries	Eat
Whole Ripe Figs	Green Gage
Muscad Grapes	Fresh Prunes
Loganberries	Dri-Pak Prunes
Bartlett Pears	Prepared Prunes
Halves	Red Raspberries
Melba Halves	Strawberries
Peaches	Fruits for Salad
Halves	
Melba Halves	
Banquet Halves	

and a wide selection of DEL MONTE Preserves and Jams

Plan for winter NOW!

For real "health-and-enjoyment" insurance—for real convenience—there's nothing better than a pantry filled with fruits.

And no time better to get exactly the varieties you want! New pack goods are just arriving—and many grocers are making special prices for quantity lots.

Just remember one thing! Dependable, uniform quality is the secret of real enjoyment. And the best way to be sure of quality, even before you buy, is to specify the DEL MONTE label you know so well.

For the DEL MONTE organization has been tested and approved by millions of housewives—over the course of many years. It is simply your representative, out in the orchards of the world—the world's largest canner of fruits—selecting, grading and canning for you with the same careful, personal attention you would give the job yourself.

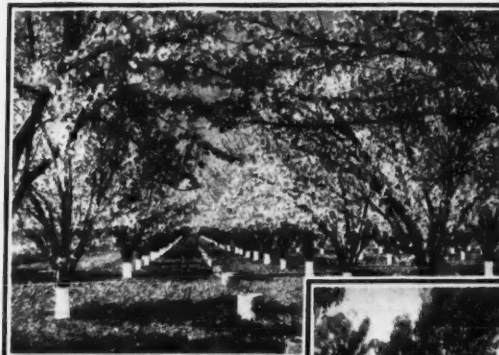
The quality you enjoy in DEL MONTE begins right in the fields and orchards, with the growth of fruit especially suited to canning needs. Thousands of acres of Hawaii's finest land are devoted to the production of DEL MONTE Pineapples alone. The DEL MONTE organization owns and operates, for its own cannery requirements, the largest peach and apricot orchard in the world. Thousands of other fertile acres contribute their best to the DEL MONTE canneries nearby. Picked at the moment of perfection, this selected fruit is canned within a few hours, with all its ripe, delicious flavor.

And one of the secrets of DEL MONTE quality is the way this fresh-fruit flavor is retained in every can. For each variety, just the right syrup has been chosen to bring out the fruit's own characteristic appeal—never so heavy as to "drown" its true goodness—never so light as to be flat or insipid. The re-

sult is a combination which has made DEL MONTE the world's most popular canned fruit brand.

And here is another point to keep in mind. As a special convenience, DEL MONTE Fruits are packed in three principal sizes of cans. The No. 2½ can (large) contains selected large fruit—ample for the average family even when guests drop in. The No. 2 can (medium) contains selected medium-sized fruit, an economical size for most occasions. The No. 1 can (small) contains selected fruit, smaller in size, just the thing for smaller families. Some varieties are also packed in the 8-oz. buffet can—a handy size when planning for one or two. The quality of all is exactly the same, the fruit varying in dimension to fit the container, but alike in its own natural goodness and flavor.

Don't fail to glance over the partial list of DEL MONTE Fruits at the top of this column. You will see a fruit selection that any woman might envy, all ready and waiting for your winter enjoyment. And at the same time remember that fruits are only a few of the many DEL MONTE Products which can help to make your meals better, simpler, easier to prepare. This one label covers a whole line of delicious varieties—canned fruits, vegetables, condiments and relishes, dried fruits, raisins and many other foods—all offering endless menu variety—all economical in cost. Why not stock your pantry now—and see that your grocer gives you the full assortment the DEL MONTE line affords?



Thorough study of the soil, intensive cultivation and endless care build Del Monte Quality "in" before the canning process even starts.

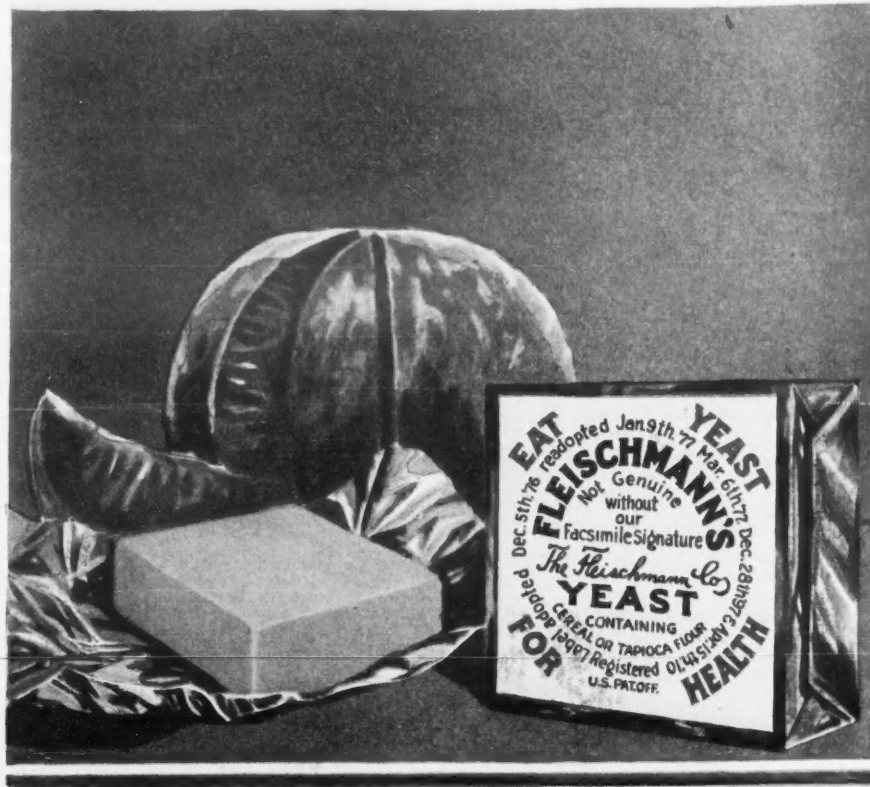
Only the finest fruits are chosen for the Del Monte label—a quality selection almost out of the question when fruits are canned at home.



Delightful Fruit Recipes—Free

Wouldn't you welcome a collection of recipes selected by America's foremost cooking authorities? You will find them in our special portfolio of DEL MONTE recipe folders—along with many other suggestions equally helpful in winter menus. Free. A post card will do the work. Address Department 38-B, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.





Eating YEAST—today a Health Custom

For 5000 years known to aid digestion and to promote health; in the past four years, Yeast has become the daily diet of multitudes who seek better vitality the natural way. Why not eat Fleischmann's Yeast daily for the good it will bring you?

FLEISCHMANN'S *Yeast* *The Food for Health*

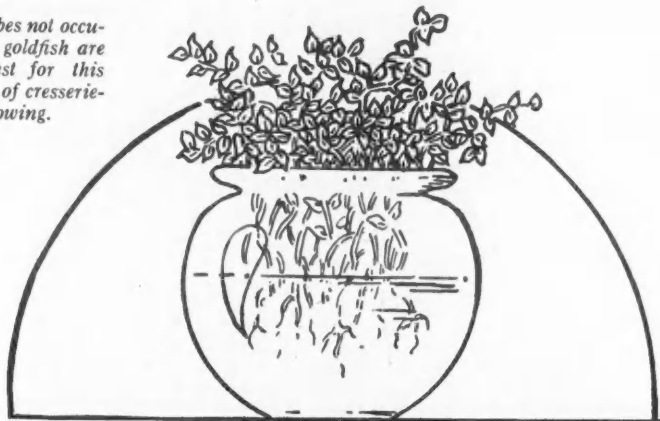
The THRICE - A - DAY Health Custom

Tell your grocer to add your name to his list for regular delivery; three cakes each day, for every member of your family. Give Yeast a fair trial and you will benefit greatly.



Write for booklet "Regaining Health" which describes many interesting ways of eating Yeast. The Fleischmann Co., Dept. 12-Y, 1449 St. Alexander St., Montreal, Que.

Any globes not occupied by goldfish are the nicest for this purpose of cresserie-growing.



The Home Cresserie

More Soft Mute Comfort of the Green Things Growing

THE ancient Greeks loved cress, and had a proverb, "Eat cress and get wit."

Watercress is rich in mineral salts, and is valuable as food. The leaves remain green when grown in the shade, but become purple brown, because of their iron, when exposed to the sun. Watercress is said to be the chief ingredient of the "Sirop Antiscorbutique" which has been used with great success by the French Faculty of Medicine.

Quaint Nicholas Culpepper, in his British Herbal, claims that "Watercress pottage is a good remedy to cleanse the blood in the spring and helps headache"; and states that "those that would live in health may use it if they please, if they will not I cannot help it. If any fancy it not in pottage, they may eat the herb as a sallet."

This useful plant may be grown indoors by the busiest woman, and be decorative at the same time. Any globes not occupied by gold fish are the nicest of receptacles for this purpose of cresserie-making. Fill nearly one-third full of clean, coarse wet sand, and simply sprinkle the cress seed on top of this, then place a piece of window glass on top of the globe to retain the moisture and keep the contents at a more even temperature. This done, the seeds germinate quite quickly—in fact, so rapidly that it almost seems as if the growth is observed as the tender green shoots appear.

The cresses root easily if placed in water, so, if a bunch of cress is purchased at a fruit store, and part of it is used for salads, sandwiches or garnishing, the remainder can be rooted and grown in the same manner as the seeds. Later the green sprays, falling over the sides of the globe, make a most acceptable centrepiece for the table. This useful beauty is an asset to the provident grower.

If further recommendation of this scheme is needed, try selecting small, clear glass receptacles, such as finger bowls found at the ten-cent store, and fill these with sprays of cress, and there will be, as a result, one of the finest of foundations for our early spring flowers, such as the violets, claytonias (spring beauties), and hepaticas, or of the

small bulb flowers, like scillas, snowdrops or crocus.

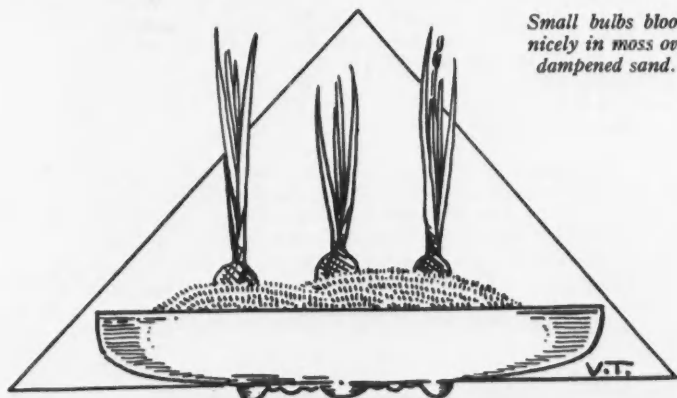
The busiest woman, with little effort, may have many very delightful effects from this simple plan, as well as have cress for use when required, without the aid of the green-grocer.

There are cresses for growing in moist soil. For the garden the upland cress is valuable. It has black, mustard-like seeds which germinate quickly. Perhaps the most decorative for garnish is the "extra curled" variety, which has somewhat flattish seeds of a reddish color, that germinate in three or four days. It is better to have successive sowings, since the tendency of these cresses is to run to seed quickly. Window-boxes indoors have been successfully utilized for growing these, and if it is remembered that the more frequently cress is cut the faster it grows, the queen of the culinary department will add cress to her pot of chives and box of parsley in the kitchen window.

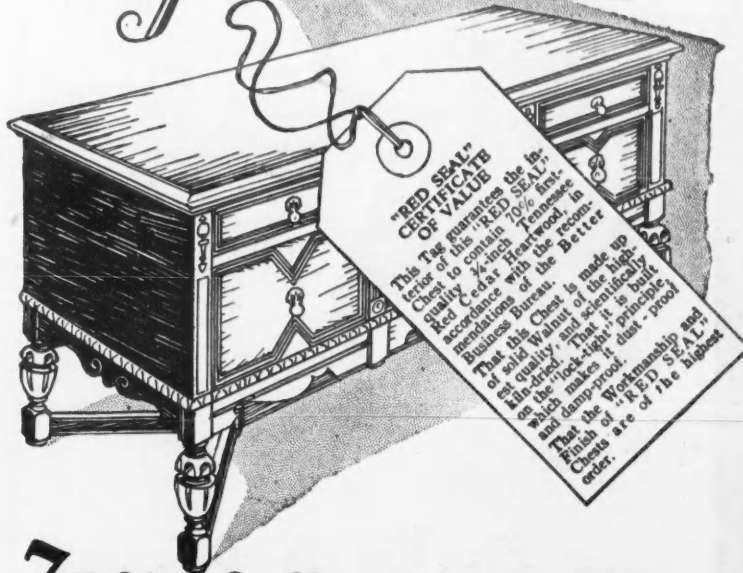
For the woman who, with limited quarters, sighs for "the soft mute comfort of the green things growing" there is yet another plan, as easy of attainment as the cress-growing operation.

Skin from an old log or rock in some swampy place the moss which is to be found covering it, and use this to fill some low, flat dish. If some partridge-berry plants can be found while afield, gather a few and insert these in the moss for an added pleasure. These plants, known as "snake plum" and "eye berry" will bloom and fruit all winter, and show berries all the year round. They can be frozen and thawed with little ill effect; will grow in either sun or shade, and require little care more than an occasional watering. The moss is laid to fit the dish, and if a layer of sand is placed beneath it, the moisture is retained longer and the sprinklings will only be when it is necessary. Small bulbs can be placed in this and will bloom nicely. One enterprising lady, when her moss indicated a thinning of the green, sprinkled over it the seed from her bird's cage, and claimed "an improved effect" to her greenerie.

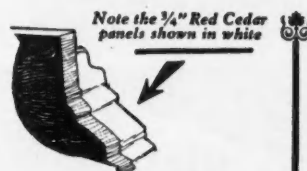
Small bulbs bloom nicely in moss over dampened sand.



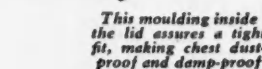
CERTIFICATE of VALUE



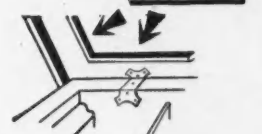
70% of first quality 3/4 inch Tennessee Red Cedar Heartwood



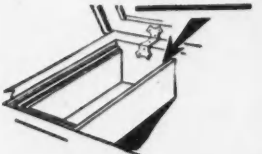
Note the 3/4" Red Cedar panels shown in white



This moulding inside the lid assures a tight fit, making chest dust-proof and damp-proof



This tray has proved very convenient as a container for small articles



The lock-tight corner construction makes for greater rigidity and strength

EVER willing, indeed eager to adopt new suggestions, giving the Canadian public increased value and service in "Red Seal" Cedar Chests, the makers are pleased to announce that they have adopted the specifications of the Bureau of Standards and Better Business Bureau for Cedar Chests.

Experts, after patient investigation, have proven that when 3/4-inch red cedar is used in at least 70% of Chest construction, it holds enough aromatic red cedar oil to repel moth-millers and kill the undeveloped moth worm.

Now every Cedar Chest carrying the "Red Seal" Certificate of Value is guaranteed to be built in strict accordance with the above recommendations. These are in addition to the qualities of construction and finish, and exclusiveness of design you naturally expect from any Chest carrying the "Red Seal" Brand.

Look for it—it is your protection. Dealers all over Canada sell "Red Seal" Cedar Chests.

The Honderich Furniture Company,
Limited
Milverton Ontario

RED SEAL Cedar Chests

RH-85



A FORTUNE in HEALTH

for
every child



THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself.

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly. He has his own bottle in the nursery.

"Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. See if he doesn't thrive on this new schedule (children themselves much prefer living by regular routine).

"A bottle of Nujol costs you no more than pink ribbons on the baby's bonnet. And

it's worth lots more to him. Try it. Certainly it could do no harm—for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it."

If you're like other modern young mothers, you'll want to buy the large hospital size can of Nujol. And keep it right on the nursery table, along with the soap and cotton and other bath paraphernalia.

Here's another thing. Nurses are advising mothers to give their babies an oil rub with Nujol after the daily bath, instead of using powder. Just saturate some cotton with Nujol and rub it gently all over your baby's body. It keeps him from getting chapped and chafed. And leaves his skin as soft and smooth as velvet.

Use it when you change his clothes. When you bring him in from outdoors. Whenever his skin has been exposed to irritation.

Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. It is the best oil for external use because it never becomes rancid or makes clothes greasy. Sold in sealed packages only.

ginger. I was not surprised to learn that this particular business woman preferred her own quick meals to any that could be obtained in the ordinary restaurant.

When it comes to fruit salads, the canned goods shelf may be inexhaustible. There should be kept there always, cans of peaches, pears, cherries, pineapple and apricots in addition to jams and the more tropical fruits. With these and fresh oranges and grape-fruit, salads that are a delight to the eye and palate can be prepared. The drained-off juice, sweetened slightly and increased by lemon juice may be used as a drink, for sherbet, or made into jelly with the addition of gelatine.

In fruit and vegetables particularly, canned goods have eliminated any distinction between seasons in food, and have made it possible for the housewife to provide an all-the-year-round wholesome diet for her family. Peas, beans, tomatoes, beets, carrots, corn, and the like are by this means presented to us, at moderate cost, in a tender form, without waste or expense in cooking, in seasons when they cannot be obtained fresh.

Some canned soups have a use quite apart from that for which they were originally intended. They serve equally well as sauces, or for aspic and meat or vegetable jellies. Also many left-overs, not appetizing in themselves, can be made delectable when combined with a can of tomato or other soup and served on toast for a luncheon dish.

With Christmas in the offing the "light" housekeeper turns to easy solution of the mince meat and Christmas pudding problem. Here again she may turn to the canned pantry. Potted mince meat and canned Christmas puddings are staples of the season.

Why not go on a voyage of discovery in canning? Your grocer will help you to record the sizes and grades of canned foods that are usually available and will indicate which trade marks are guarantees of dependability. It needs special knowledge to buy canned products advantageously, and a little time spent in making an intensive study of how to buy and use foods manufactured outside the home should result in increased health for your family and greater efficiency in your household.



Let Your Next Shampoo Lighten Your Hair



Blondex at any drug or dept. store today.

BLOND hair darkens year by year, becomes dull and faded, too. But Blondex, a special shampoo for blondes only, safely and gradually restores the natural golden sheen to light hair—keeps it bright, gleaming. You will be amazed at the new beauty of your hair even after the first shampoo. Not a dye. Contains no harmful chemicals. Millions use it. Get

St. Mildred's College

36 Walmer Road, Toronto
Church of England Residential and
Day School for Girls
(Established over 35 years)

KINDERGARTEN

TO

MATRICULATION

Boarders Received from Six Years
of Age and Up

(Care of little children a specialty)

Special Arrangements for Day Boarders

For Prospectus, apply to the
Sister in Charge

The Promise of Beauty

Continued from page 32

branches all over the country. Having in mind the needs of those living beyond the beaten track who might have difficulty in obtaining the requirements for their beauty culture, Home Treatment Boxes have been prepared at moderate prices. These boxes would be charming gifts for Christmas, for they contain everything needful for the toilet, from cleansing cream to powder and rouge.

IT MAY have been the agonies of self-denial suffered by thousands of women in an effort to be more widely, that induced a chemist to devise some way of losing flesh that would be harmless and that would at the same time, not involve an unending conquest of will over inclination. In any case, he has invented a bath preparation that when thoroughly mixed with hot water, makes a heavy foam and sets up a sort of electric action on the skin. If used regularly, the latter causes the gradual disappearance of fat. This treatment for the snugly-girdled reduces flesh at the rate of about twelve pounds a month if three of the baths be taken weekly. I am told that the great benefit of these baths is that the weight lost does not return, and that in addition, the health is benefited. This treatment sounds like a perfect godsend to the unfashionably fat. It should not, of course, entirely replace care in diet and regular

exercise, but should supplement them, and make it possible for the seeker after slenderness to be occasionally, at least, less austere at the table. It would be a delicate matter to proffer a box of this diminishing powder to a friend, but one might give it to a hefty member of one's own family as a present from Santa Claus!

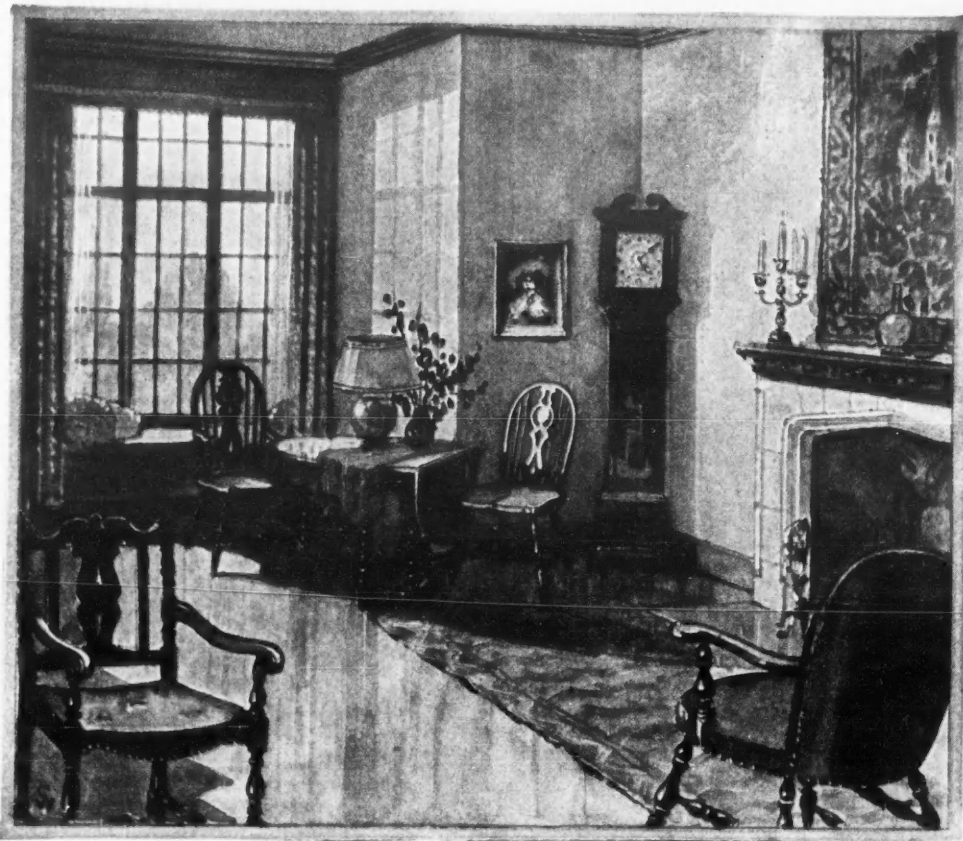
Carefully chosen aids to beauty as Christmas gifts will be interesting and satisfying purchases. Such gifts will help to keep youth in the hearts as well as in the bodies of the recipients, because of the promise that they suggest. It is the looking forward hopefully that keeps the face vivid and the body poised—the conviction that there is something good to be experienced just around the corner, the firm belief that the future holds something for us that is worth having. An English poet tells us that eyes that look back become dim and old because they are looking upon things upon which the dust is already falling. This idea probably inspired Longfellow when he wrote "The young heart hot and restless and the old subdued and slow." There is no fun in being subdued and slow, and it is because age has no visible advantages to offer that we all want to be young, to keep youth in our hearts, and if possible, in our faces and figures. The New Year is waiting for us on the doorstep now, and I am sure that it has something for each of us in its keeping that is worth possessing, if we will look for it hopefully.

**A Lovely Skin
In One Week's Time**

Try Campana's Italian Balm for seven days... see how it whitens your skin... imparts a healthy glow... prevents chapped fingers... redness... roughness. Use it for the hands, face and neck. Men use it on the brush when shaving. At all druggists.

Send 5c for generous size sample bottle. Campana Corporation Limited, Toronto.

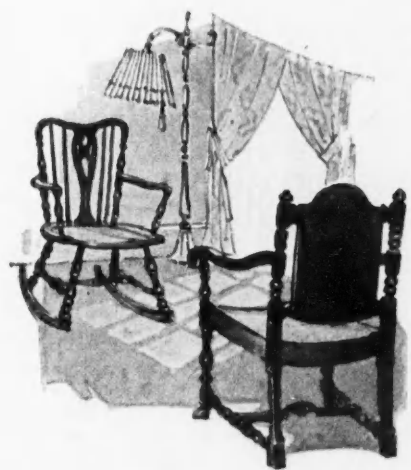
**Campana's
ITALIAN BALM**



...where charm goes hand in hand with comfort

In bright window nook, where sunlight casts its patterns on the floor or drawn close to open grate where fire-light dances, Owen Sound Windsors and Occasionals find a place. Their quaint charm intrigue the imagination—their roomy depths invite ease and comfort.

Many designs in Owen Sound Windsors and Occasionals await your choice. Let your furniture dealer show them to you or let us have your request for the beautifully illustrated booklet.



Owen Sound Windsors **Owen Sound Occasionals**

*At your dealer's look for the familiar Owen Sound tag.
It is affixed to every genuine Owen Sound
Windsor or Occasional.*

OWEN SOUND CHAIR CO., LIMITED
OWEN SOUND . ONTARIO



No. 16 Armchair

Thomas Chippendale inspired this chair—but Armstrong craftsmen have translated every line and detail to perfection. Made in Mahogany with side chair to match.

Large Furniture Only
SKILFULLY DESIGNED—HONESTLY BUILT—REASONABLY PRICED



W.J. ARMSTRONG LIMITED 1357-9 OXFORD ST. GUELPH, ONT.
WRITE DIRECT IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU

It used to be unladylike

THE modern woman refuses to be old. In this frank, enlightened age, she protects the precious qualities that have so much to do with her charm, and her happiness. It used to be unfeminine... unladylike... to understand those intimate details of the toilette which make a marriage successful and happy. But not today.

That is why the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant asked a woman physician to prepare a booklet setting forth the facts about feminine hygiene. Just clip the coupon below—the booklet will be sent to you free. When you read it, you will see why



the simple directions it contains are kept for constant reference by thousands of women.

But in the meantime, take no dangerous chances. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today from your druggist. Complete directions come with every bottle.

"Lysol" is the registered trade mark of Lysol (Canada) Ltd., distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd., Toronto.

Lehn & Fink Radio Program—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday evening at 8, eastern time; 7 p.m., central time.



This coupon brings you
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth."
LYSOL (Canada) Limited, Dept. 62
9 Davies Ave., Toronto (8) Canada

Lysol
Disinfectant

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ Prov. _____

What the Woman Citizen Should Know



A National Viewpoint on Politics Needed

THAT Honorable R. B. Bennett urges the women of Canada to recognize their responsibilities as a voting unit. "It is particularly important that the women of Canada should realize their responsibility since they constitute fifty per cent. of the vote in this country," said the Conservative chief, speaking recently in Montreal. He urged the need of thinking politically in terms of Canada as a whole, and not from a local point of view.

A Plea for Greater Protection for the Non-British Immigrant Woman

THAT an appeal on behalf of the non-British immigrant woman has recently been made in Winnipeg. Our tendency to encourage the British settler has perhaps blinded us to our duties in respect to assistance for the type of immigrant most helpless in a strange country, according to Mrs. W. J. Lindal, recently speaking before a gathering of Liberal women in Winnipeg. Mrs. Lindal stated that from the start of the journey to Canada the British woman is looked after. A conductress to administer to the needs of the Britisher is supplied on board all the boats and on her arrival each woman and her children, if she has any, is conducted to a free hostel and her needs administered to. Women coming to fill domestic jobs are found situations at once and are kept in touch with by the authorities. The foreign woman has none of these attentions. Coming to a strange country, speaking a strange language, she is left to shift for herself as best she can and more often than not is soon lost track of.

Women's Church Committee of the League of Nations Declare on Military Training

THAT at a recent mass meeting of the Women's Church Committee of the League of Nations, held in Toronto, Miss Alice Chown, chairman, made the following rationalistic statement concerning agitation against military training: "The League of Nations is not a pacifist but an opportunist society and cannot go ahead of public opinion. I agree thoroughly that there are dangers in military training. If we once get peace and disarmament military training will drop as a glove from a hand. As a matter of policy it is wiser for us to get behind the causes of war and give information about them, than to arouse prejudices by hasty action."

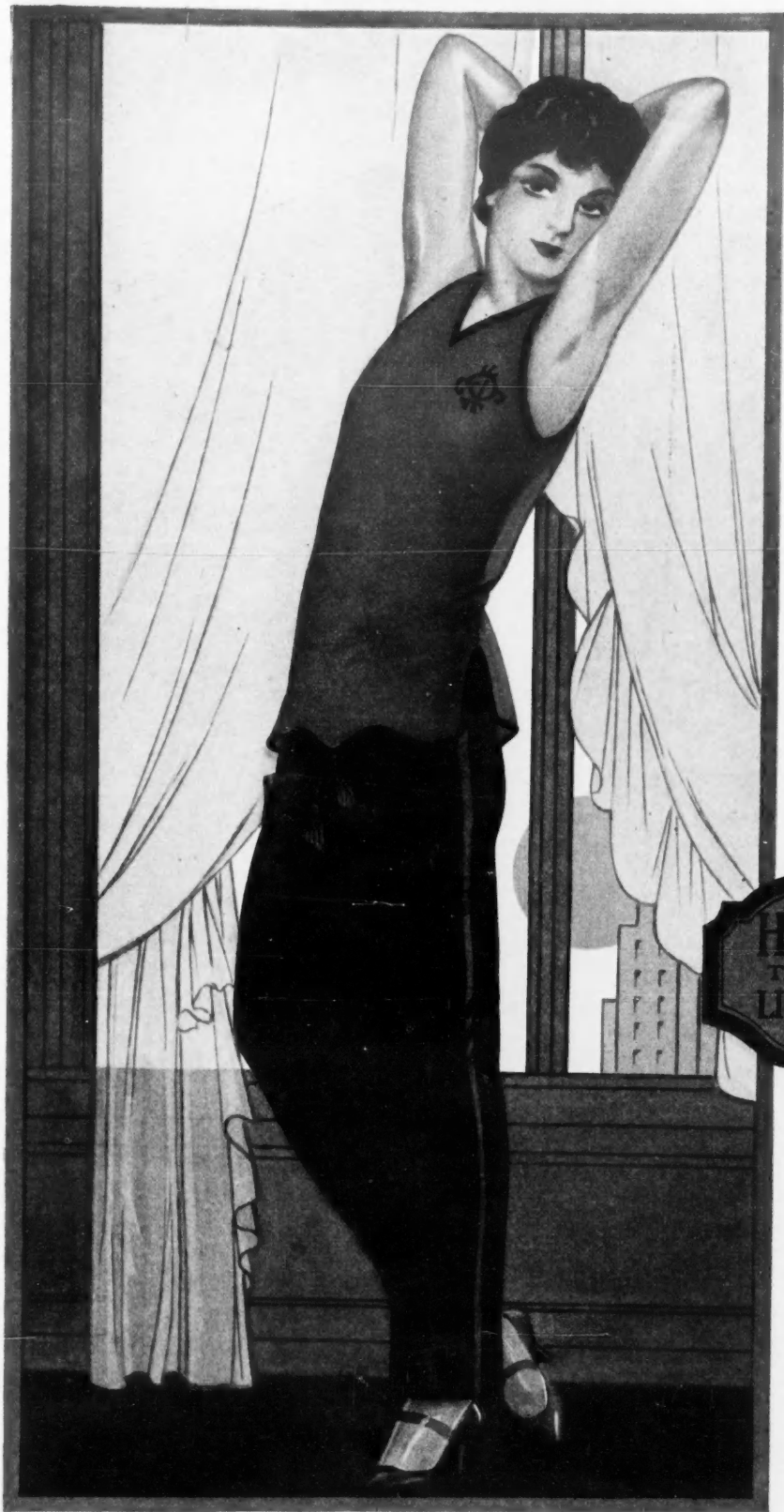
Canadian Alliance Stands Behind Supporter's Action on Woman's Suffrage Bill

THAT the Canadian Alliance for Women's Votes in Quebec is well satisfied with its Conservative standard bearer in the Legislature, Mr. Wm. Tremblay of Maisonneuve. In answer to a recent criticism by Irenée Vautrin, M.L.A. for St. James. This body upheld the Conservative member in his action of moving the sending of the Woman's Suffrage bill to committee rather than urging a second reading. Mr. Vautrin, among other Liberals, refused to present the bill, though professing himself in favor of women's suffrage.

Question—E.L., Winnipeg—Are there any women in the position of mayor in Canada? If not, is this due to our laws or to lack of desire on the part of women in public life here? I notice several women have occupied such office in England and the United States.

Answer—There is no legal disability holding back women from public office in Canada. Judge Helen Gregory McGill sums up

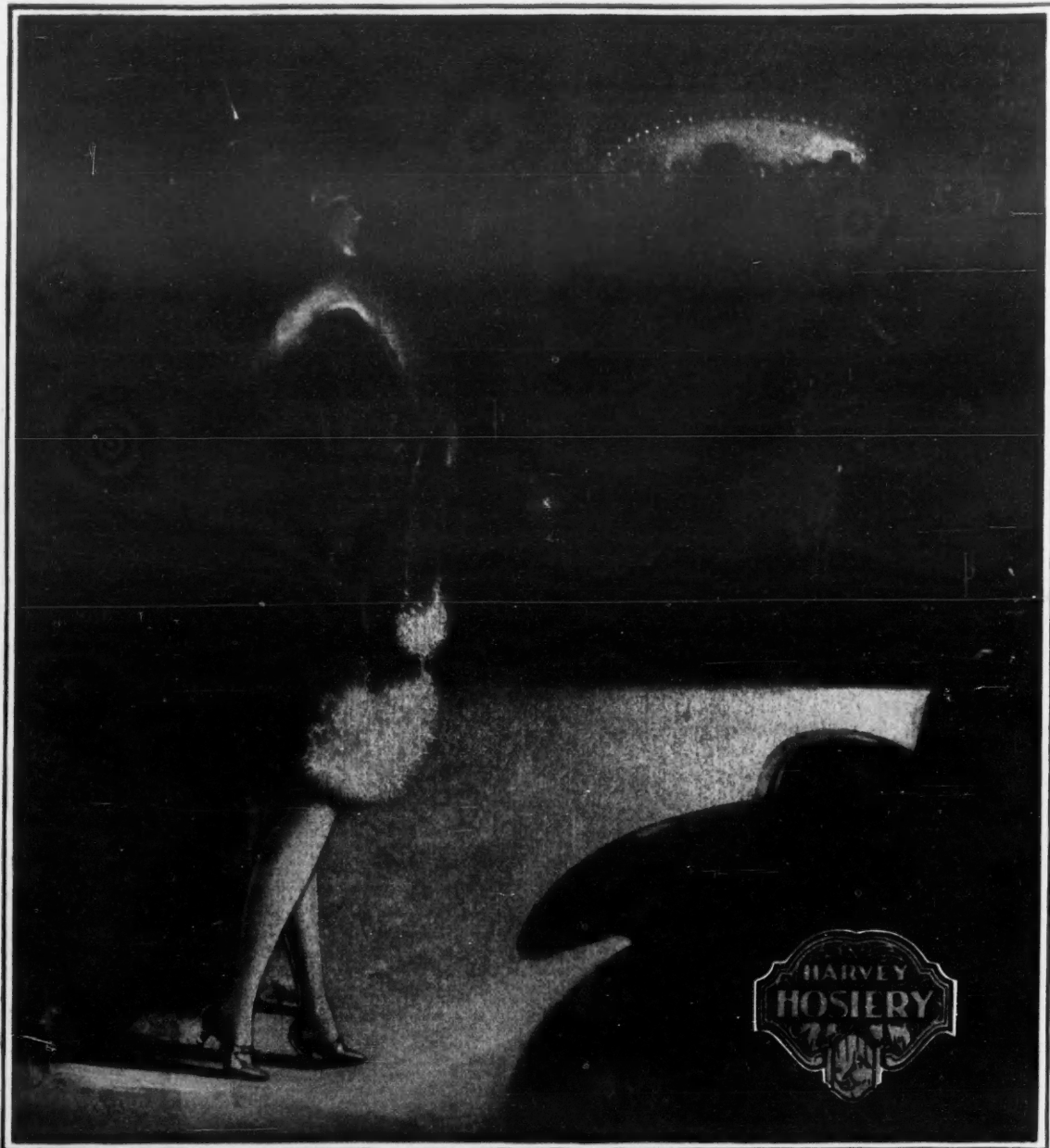
Continued on page 45



Make IDEAL GIFTS

For pyjamas, gowns, step-ins, slips—all those intimate garments that women love to give to, and receive from, other women—durable, dainty, silken things, tailored to the mode, order by name, HARVEY.

HARVEY KNITTING CO. LIMITED, WOODSTOCK, ONT.



Creations by **HARVEY**



The name HARVEY on a gift is at once an evidence of the purchaser's good taste, and a compliment as well as a remembrance to the recipient.

Harvey Hosiery of Pure Silk, sheer, medium, or service weights; in fishnet, plain, or smartly clocked; with square or pointed splicings, slender heel, is to be had in all the new, attractive shades that enhance alike the correctness of dinner gown, dancing frock or street costume.

HOSIERS LIMITED
WOODSTOCK • ONTARIO

the question very well in her recent article in *The Chatelaine*, "Are Women Wanted in Public Life?" She says in part:

"In every city or municipality there are always enough male candidates to fill the offices of mayor, reeve, aldermen or councillors, and it is rare that there are not at least two male contestants for each seat. If then, we have so little confidence in ourselves, it is hardly reasonable to expect men to put faith in us. It is logical for them to point out that women themselves should be the best judges of what they want in the way of public offices and capable of choosing suitable women to fill the same. Not that I think thereupon men are immediately going to hand over the office or position or salary or award without protest. That would be expecting too much of human nature.

"What shall we do about it? Shall we give it serious consideration, or shall we continue to regard politics and business as mysteries far beyond our feeble ken; forget that they affect every phase of life, and look upon them as remote and unvital? Or shall we admit that as our real difficulty lies in ourselves, so the remedy lies with us, and that politics are the business of nations made up of men and women.

"Instead of sitting in meetings, and lamenting that we have 'no suitable women,' let us make up our minds that there are women of courage, understanding and ability to learn, who would bring honor to the causes they advocate, wisdom to the questions to be solved, and courage to interpret and administer our laws.

"Women need the confidence and support of women, and of men also. But we cannot have either so long as we ourselves are doubtful and unconvinced. Both sexes should share the work divide the responsibility, contribute each his own peculiar and characteristic wisdom and experience to the service of the nation. More patient and far-seeing in some matters, more willing to forego present advantage for future weal, the vision of women is needed, balancing the readiness of men to provide for immediate need, and to seize the greatest advantage at the critical moment."

Then consider this letter which has just appeared in the *Vancouver Province*, in answer to Judge McGill:—

"Sir—In a recent number of the *Chatelaine*, Judge Helen Gregory McGill asked and partly answered the question: 'Are Women Wanted in Public Life?'

"I hold that women are not as yet wanted in public life, because, if they were, they would be occupying the seats of the mighty right now. True, some few, like Judge MacGill, hold public positions, but these are merely in the nature of a concession to women's organizations. No clear need of women in public life has so far developed and, until it does, women will not occupy the seats of the mighty or draw the accompanying salaries.

"Women know better than men that they do not have the ability to step into public life and deliver the goods. Men have inherent qualities for ruling possessed by the male of every species and it cannot be expected that because woman got the franchise in recent years, she should *ipso facto* become fit to govern or to occupy positions of importance. This takes time. Probably in a hundred years or so women will be able to occupy the more important positions of government and business just as well as men, after she slowly and painfully has acquired the necessary experience.

"Except for a few concessions to women's organizations, women in general are only employed for one reason, viz., their ability to live on less money due to less responsibility. To preserve the race, men must be able to marry, and therefore must receive a wage large enough to feed, clothe and reproduce his kind. No such need exists in the case of a woman in industry or public life. An odd one has someone else to support, but the great majority only support themselves. Hence the lower wage.

"Only the other day a woman, a highly-placed executive, said to me: 'I thank God that my superior officer is a man.' There you have it. Women do not possess women's confidence.

"Of course there are outstanding women like Judge MacGill, and these invariably will be drafted into public life in some degree, but in the main I think women will have to be satisfied to remain in the home. And that, after all, is their sphere. Some of our advanced women who are so anxious to get into public life should remember the old adage: 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.' And it is a matter of some concern that not nearly enough of our women are rocking a cradle, thus robbing themselves of the fullness of life and the blessings of motherhood.

"Of course, I know plenty of arguments can be advanced by women against my contention that they should be chiefly concerned in Nature's occupation for women, but the fact remains that there is no other way of preserving the race.

"And after she is through raising her family, do we want her at once in public life? I hope not, for there should be grandchildren to rock.—X.Y.Z."

LS

Livingston and Scott

TORONTO · LONDON
NEW YORK · PARIS

Present

THE
MODE
OF THE
HOUR



Look for the
Signature Label

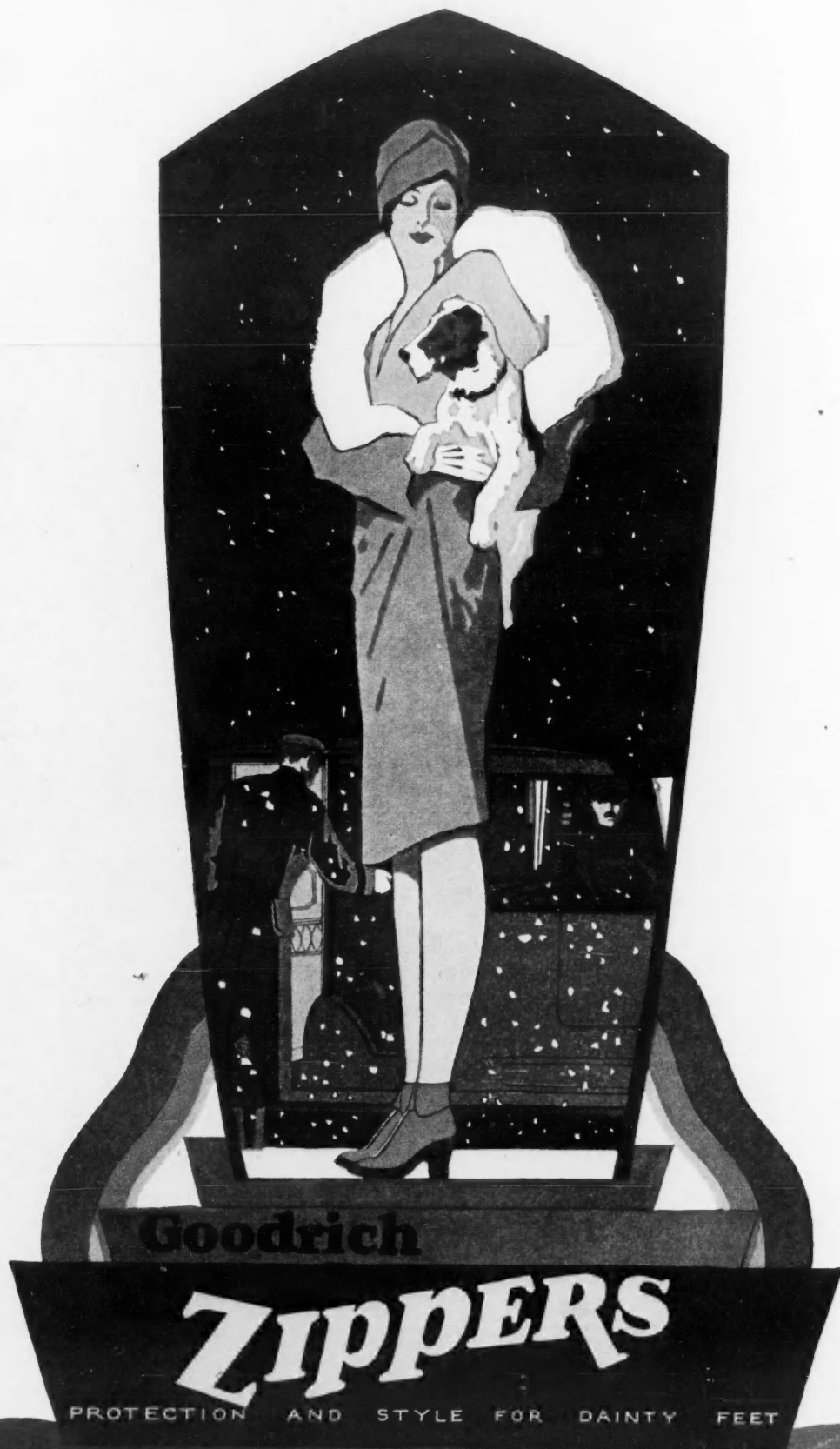


LIVINGSTON and Scott dresses speak the language of the Art Moderne in Sportswear for Brisk Autumn and Winter Days. The two-piece dress No. 5691 illustrated, has a distinct touch of youth in its smart lines and details, namely the ring, tie, and the fine leather belt. The simplicity of the box-pleated skirt adds charm, while giving added fullness.

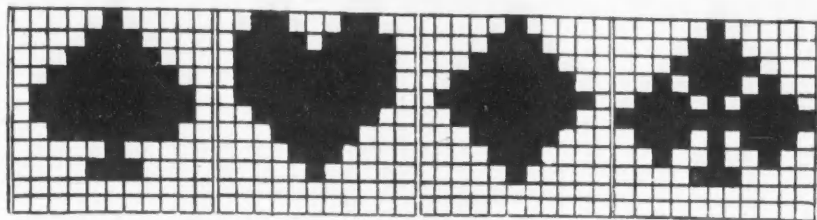
Such models are in great demand, being made up in one of the new lightweight woolen fabrics—very fashionable.

Livingston and Scott's Sportswear is sold at the better Ready-to-Wear and Specialty Shops in all parts of Canada.

THE PERENNIAL VOGUE



There is only one Zipper Boot . . . it is made by the Canadian Goodrich Company Limited, Kitchener, Ontario



Pattern number one is an alternating cross-stitch design. This pattern in red and black is set off by a rolled and whipped hem in the same colors.

Cinderella of the Workbasket

Some Delightful Bridge Covers from Humble Beginnings

WOULD you laugh if someone told you that things which are very useful, decidedly ornamental and easily salable could be made out of ordinary used flour bags? It does sound rather like the old-fashioned business of the silk purse and the sow's ear, but if you once saw the lovely bridge table covers that I have seen your scoffing would turn to marvelling and envy.

These lovely articles, wholly the result of imagination and ingenuity, presented a picture that satisfied the eye in every way. Their creamy tinted background showed off to splendid advantage the colors used in working out the designs, turkey red and black. The care with which hems were rolled; and the picturesqueness and originality in the designs all revealed the artist. Gone was the stiff unbleached bag. Instead, an idea, soap and water and embroidery patterns had produced something altogether pleasing to the eye at a cost almost too trifling to speak of.

This is the way to go about the making of these bridge table covers that are literally Cinderellas of the workbasket, so unpromising do they appear in the beginning and so beautiful in the end:—

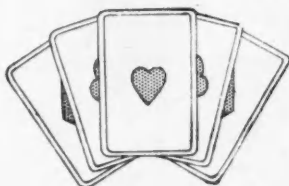
Gather up all the empty flour bags you have in the house. Those which hold one hundred pounds of flour are the best size. Carefully ravel out all the stitching that holds them together. Then, using plenty of soap and warm water, wash them until no more dressing remains in them and you can get no more of the colored stamping out. Next, dissolve some soap powder and put it into a boiler of cold water. Into this place the flour bags and allow them to boil until all trace of the printed advertising is gone. Then rinse well and hang out to dry.

When the pieces are thoroughly dry, it will be found that, unlike ordinary unbleached cotton, they have acquired a faint blush. This comes from the reds with which they were stamped boiling evenly through them, and is an unusual tint which adds much to their attractiveness.

Cut a thirty-inch square from each (drawing a thread to ensure a straight edge) and then prepare to decorate the table covers.

Pattern number one is made as follows: On two sides, at intervals of three inches, work in a length of fairly coarse working cotton in Turkey Red (using the drawn-in-

method). Then, using the heart, spade, diamond and club motifs, apply one in each of the four corners and two at each centre edge in the squares made by the drawn-in threads. Work in cross-stitch using red for hearts and diamonds and black for clubs and spades, being careful to take all the top stitches in the same direction to ensure perfect results. Roll and baste a tiny hem all around and whip it one way with black working cotton and the other way with red. Finish cloth by attaching two nine-inch tapes at each corner to tie to the legs of the card table.



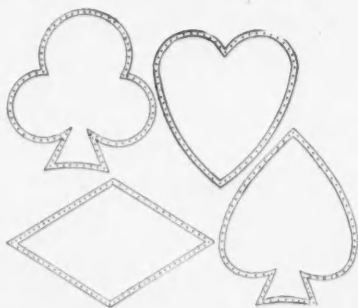
Pattern number three is a very simple piece of outline work, with the centre card symbols in satin stitch.

Pattern number two is made as follows:—

On one side of material, twelve inches from the corner, draw in a length of red cotton. Quarter inch from red line draw in a length of black. Quarter inch from black line draw in another length of red. Measure five inches and again draw in the three lengths, quarter inch apart. Repeat on other side of cloth. Three inches from the outer edge, in the long, narrow spaces formed by the red and black lines, apply the large spade, heart, club and diamond motifs and work in the correct colors by outlining both edges of the spade and club with black, and filling the narrow borders with red French knots, and both edges of the diamond and heart with red, and filling the narrow borders with black French knots. Finish the edges the same as on the first cloth and attach tapes.

Pattern number three is made as follows: Four inches from the edge draw in a length of red working cotton on each of the four sides. Then apply the hand-of-cards design diagonally in the corners, and outline both outer and inner edges of the cards in black, and work the tiny symbols in the centre in the correct colors, red and black, in satin stitch. Finish the edges the same as on the first cloth and attach tapes.

The worker with nimble fingers and brain will very probably be able to devise still other patterns and evolve still other beautiful and striking cloths from this lowly and apt to be over-looked material. At the very least, she will have a piece of work which, when well and carefully done, bears a resemblance to the much sought-after and carefully cherished peasant embroideries of other lands and, whether she intends to use them to grace her next bridge party or to sell in order to help piece out the too-slim family income, she will have got a great deal of pleasure out of their making.



Pattern number two. Outline stitch and French knots bring out this design.

Actual size patterns will be mailed on receipt of 10c. Address Handicraft Dept., The Chatelaine, 133 University Ave., Toronto.

Moore-Bell Jiffy Sets
for Bridge or Tea
THEY FOLD UP WHEN NOT IN USE

A Bridge, Breakfast or Tea Set in Colors to Harmonize with your Home

Truly this "Jiffy" Bridge or Breakfast set would delight the heart of any hostess—and it's the last word in smartness!

With table tops and seats of chairs upholstered in figured washable cretonne, these sets add a delightful note to any room and may be had in a wide range of colors to blend or contrast with any color scheme. They can be set up at a moment's notice and disposed of as quickly—hence their name.

Ask your dealer to show you the Moore-Bell Jiffy Sets—a delightful surprise is in store for you.

MOORE-BELL LIMITED
84 King Street Stratford, Ontario

FREE—An interesting illustrated booklet entitled "Jiffy Set Bridge Hints." Write for it to-day.

Then the Doctor recommended this

One woman, who had long suffered from a severe case of eczema, writes: "For many months I was constantly bothered. I tried four or five different remedies without success. Then my doctor recommended Resinol."

Almost instantly the discomfort stopped." Try Resinol yourself. The Ointment at night! Wash off with Resinol Soap in the morning! Resinol Soap, too, for general toilet use. Also as a shampoo. At all druggists.

Resinol

Sample of each free. Write Resinol, Dept. 19, Baltimore, Md.



Always Keep Cuticura Preparations On Hand

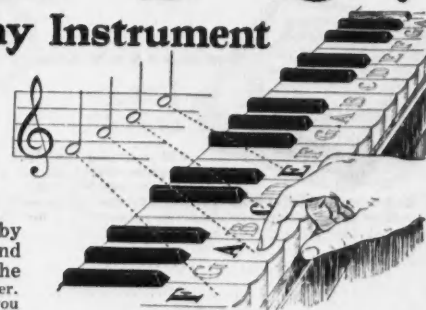
The Soap, because of its absolute purity and emollient properties, is unsurpassed for every-day use. Assisted by Cuticura Ointment it does much to keep the skin and scalp healthy. Cuticura Shaving Stick makes shaving easy for tender-faced men. Cuticura Talcum is the ideal toilet powder.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Steakhouse, Ltd., Montreal." Price, Soap 50c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 50c.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

Easy as A-B-C !

You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!



ANYONE can easily learn music by this remarkable new method. And the cost is only a fraction of the old slow way. You don't need a private teacher. You study entirely at home. Almost before you realize it you are playing real tunes and melodies, both popular and classic, to please your friends, amuse yourself, and make money. This wonderful new method of reading and playing music is as simple as reading a book. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals—complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need. You can select your own time to study or practice. And the cost averages only a few cents a day, including the music. If you play, you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Mandolin Saxophone
Piano 'Cello
Organ Ukulele
Violin Cornet
Banjo Trombone
or any other instrument

Free Book Tells All

Our free booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home"—contains an offer that makes the course available at a very low price. Also a Free Demonstration

Lesson which shows how delightfully quick and easy this wonderfully simple method is. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. If you really want to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 15512 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
15512 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have you
..... Instr. ?
Name
Address
City Prov.



Make those little Corners Cozy with *Torfeaco* Cushions

—and Beautify the Home

CUSHIONS have always been associated with the idea of comfort and coziness.

Torfeaco Cushions and Forms filled with Down or pure Kapok, are unusually cozy and comfortable, and are guaranteed to wear well and give lasting satisfaction. But they enjoy additional features, especially that of decoration.

There is a large variety of exquisitely colorful combinations and variations of shade to choose from. The shapes too are very out-of-the-ordinary; they are novel without being extreme.

The materials used are mostly beautifully patterned silks, cretonnes and chintzes. You would do well to make sure you buy Torfeaco Cushions. Look for the label—it is your guarantee of satisfaction.

Torfeaco Cushions
Comforters, Bed Spreads and
Bed Pillows

The Toronto Feather and Down
Company, Limited

Toronto, 3 Ontario

Makers of Comforters, Bed Pillows and
Cushions since 1894. RT-42

What the Woman Citizen Should Know



Question—G.L., Winnipeg—A number of women seem anxious to know if any further steps have been taken to define the legal status of women. Query is in relation to interpretation of B.N.A. Act with regard to place in State and Church.

*Answer—*Two statements on this question were unfortunately omitted because of space limitations, from a recent issue. They read as follows:

"Two announcements regarding the admission of women to the Canadian Senate have recently followed one another so closely as to almost synchronize and both are significant. The first—by a day—comes from Ottawa and is to the effect that the King Government will carry out its promise and at next session of parliament will "take steps" to have the British North America Act so amended as to remove the disabilities under which women suffer who may aspire to appointments to the Upper House. The second is that the women who were responsible for the reference to the Supreme Court last April, of the disputed clause in Section 24 of the British North America Act, regarding 'qualified persons' for the Senate, have now authorized their counsel, the Hon. N. W. Rowell, who so ably argued their case before that body to go to the highest court in the British Empire. They ask the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council for leave to appeal the interpretation by the Supreme Court of Canada of the word 'persons' in this section.

The appellants were the government of Alberta and five Alberta women. These were the Hon. Irene Parlby, of Alix, the first woman in the British Empire to hold the office of cabinet minister; Mrs. L. McKinney of Claresholm, the first woman to be elected to the Alberta legislature; Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Calgary, internationally known as a writer, feminist and lecturer, who represented the City of Edmonton in the Alberta house; Mrs. O. C. Edwards, of Macleod, veteran convener on laws in the National Council of Women, and Magistrate Emily Murphy, author, journalist and judge whose experience on the bench in the last decade have convinced her that women are badly needed in the Senate, and who has consistently led this movement for a number of years.

ease pain—
guard
against
infection



Is your liver lazy?



FIFTEEN TO THIRTY drops
of Siegel's Syrup in a glass of
water will give your liver
pep and rid you of that tired,
listless feeling. Safe and Sure.

TRY IT!

take
SEIGEL'S SYRUP
STOMACH and LIVER TONIC





No Need to Sacrifice Wear for Style

Mercury Hosiery brings both . . comes up smiling through constant wash and wear.

Mercury Hosiery is fascinating . . in the soft, lovely way it clings to every contour . . in its beautiful shades . . in its shimmering texture.

And it resists wear because it is designed to resist wear.



Chic . . decidedly . . and comfort . . twin gifts, these, of this dainty, faultless set of Mercury Lingerie.

Every hosiery and underwear need can be supplied in the famous Mercury line.

There's the double toe and the ladderless double garter panel, for instance . . both exclusive Mercury features that add amazingly to the stocking's life.

In all the smart shops you'll see this lovely hosiery in just the colour you want.

Mercury

HOSIERY AND LINGERIE OF QUALITY

MERCURY MILLS, LIMITED

HAMILTON, ONTARIO



"Beauty from Within"

YOU may have had occasion to use a chocolate or chewing gum laxative heretofore. NOW you have an opportunity to try the very best in these forms. TRU-LAX, the pleasant laxative, may be obtained either in chewing gum or chocolate form. It contains a safe, mild, thorough-acting ingredient scientifically prepared in a new manner, which doctors constantly prescribe for proper elimination. TRU-LAX gently cleanses the intestines and rouses sluggish systems into activity. It clears and freshens your skin, and brings you that true youthful "Beauty from Within" that every woman craves. And Children love TRU-LAX too because of its pleasant, sweet taste. It acts so gently that it is perfectly suited to them.

For a Mild Laxative
TRU-LAX, the chocolate laxative, is especially good for children. They love it! 15c and 30c sizes.

For Quicker Results
TRU-LAX, the mint flavored chewing laxative for grown ups and children. Very pleasant taste. 30c and 55c.



FREE OFFER!

Fill out and take this coupon to your neighborhood druggist, and he will give you FREE one 15c or 20c package of TRU-LAX, the pleasant family laxative, either in chocolate or chewing form if you purchase one additional 15c (Chocolate) or 20c (Chewing) package.

Name

Address City

Name of druggist Address

Attention Retail Druggists—

You are authorized to give 1 package of TRU-LAX to any purchaser of a package of TRU-LAX upon presentation of this coupon, which will be redeemed by us.

If your druggist cannot supply you with TRU-LAX, write to

TRU-LAX MFG. CO.
45 St. Alexander Street
Montreal, Quebec, Canada



Sure as Sunrise

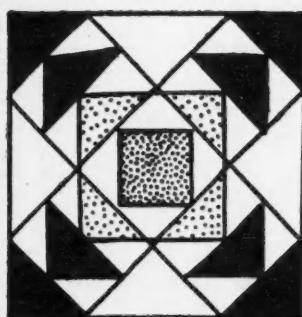


The Chatelaine's Patchwork

The Rambler--an Old-Time Favorite

THIS is the Rambler, one of our old-fashioned patchwork series which give exact cutting patterns for a number of favorite quilts. This one piece a block about 12½ inches square. It is clever as a patchwork pillow or set together with alternating white blocks, the roses giving spots of color, and the triangle leaves rambling in

formal pattern diagonally across the quilt. To piece, sew four small white triangles on the center square of rose. Then piece the four other squares of a pink and a green and four small white triangles. Complete by making the diagonal centre strip and two large corner triangles into the finished square.



Rambler

1 Center Square
Rose Color.

20 White

4 Pink
8 Green

4 White

TRU-LAX
THE PLEASANT LAXATIVE

The Chatelaine's Correspondence

Mrs. McClung and Dr. Thomas on
Ordination of Women

MAY I, as a member of the Committee on the Ordination of Women at the General Council of the United Church, protest the figures given by Dr. Thomas in his article, "Women in the Pulpit" which appears in the October number of your magazine.

"The returns from the presbyteries showed that seventy-six out of the ninety-two who reported, favored the principle of full ordination for women; thirty-three of these stated that they were in favor of full ordination at once on the same conditions as govern the ordination of men, but the other forty-six (influenced no doubt by the remit itself which counselled delay), believed it to be too soon after union for such a change. Only twelve were opposed (not thirty-four as stated by Dr. Thomas) and even

one of these recommended that Miss Lydia Gruchy be ordained by special license. Twenty-three did not report at all.

"It must be remembered that the presbyteries were not asked what they thought of the full ordination of women. They were told that the Committee believed the time was not ripe. Instead of a straight, clear question, the presbyteries were sent a forty-one page document which raked the past and explored the future. It gave the presbyteries a peep into the Canons of Hippolytus, and the Ignatian Epistles. It mentioned Pentadia, Silvina, Sabiniana, Olympias and Philip's four daughters, (excellent ladies, no doubt, but quite dead), yet not once did it ask the brethren what they thought should be done in the matter of ordination for Miss Lydia Gruchy, who has qualified in every way for the ministry of the United Church of Canada, and who is now in charge of a circuit in Saskatchewan doing excellent service, and for whom two years ago the Saskatchewan Conference requested ordination.

"It would be interesting to know what the return of the presbyteries would have been if the question had been put fairly. I imagine the presbyteries would have been quite ready to consider this one real definite question, and there would have been no lack of high and serious thinking. Members of presbyteries have many matters to consider; the afternoon soon goes—and when it comes to five-thirty, and the pleasant rattle of dishes and aroma of coffee comes up from the basement where the Ladies Aid are getting their supper ready, I can readily understand the action of the twenty-three presbyteries who refused to be intrigued with the teachings of Tertullian or the findings of the Council of Nimes A.D. 394.

However, I am not saying the forty-one page document did not serve its purpose; but that it did not entirely shelve the question we may venture to hope, and the unanimous vote of the Council in favor of the principle of full ordination, encourages us to believe that the Church will not always lag behind."

Nellie L. McClung.

YOUR enquiry with Mrs. McClung's letter has been forwarded to me and I am glad to make clear the situation. Mrs. McClung's statement is, to say the least, unfair and misleading, and is based on a complete misunderstanding of the actual case.

"The General Council of 1926 found itself confronted with a proposal which, according to legal advisers, involved a change in the

constitution of the church. Should that change be effected by the appropriate legislative action? This question was referred to the presbyteries and a commission was appointed to ensure intelligent discussion by providing a statement of the case in its historical and constitutional bearings. The Commission reported to the effect that apart from the abstract question, the proposed constitutional change was at this moment inadvisable and inopportune, for reasons set forth.

But the Commission definitely advised that the way be left open for such change when the Spirit guides the church as a whole into approval of the change. Meanwhile the commission advised certain intermediate steps to meet the particular case which had given rise to the whole reference.

"The presbyteries voted as stated in my despatch. The figures are the official ones laid before the council and accepted by it. Mrs. McClung, however insists that the commission, instead of discussing the legal and constitutional matter referred to them should have put an abstract question of opinion to the presbyteries. How many were in the abstract in favor of certain things? But legislation does not proceed that way. The question was whether a certain law should be adopted by this General Council. Opinions may differ as to the worth or worthlessness of utterances dealing with abstract propositions, and the church does not deal in such matters. My figures cannot be challenged as a correct report of the action of the church.

"Mrs. McClung wishes to go behind the reply on proposed action to discover the attitude of presbyteries on the abstract opinion. This is quite impossible. Who can say how far the presbyteries, while refusing to ordain woman now, were fully convinced that such ordination is wise? Who can say how far this was evasion or polite soft-soaping of the other party? The fact remains that they were *opposed to action*. This is the only question. The Commission also reported in favor of the abstract equality of men and women but this was not the issue.

"The returns were referred by the General Council to a strong and representative committee of which Mrs. McClung was a member. Her statement that she protests 'as a member of that committee' is, to say the least, unfair. She writes merely as an individual. All that she says to you she said in that committee and failed to receive any support or approval save from one who held extreme views like her own.

"It was admitted by all that the interpretation of Presbytery replies was extremely difficult. Mrs. McClung wished to classify them in two groups—those who in some form or other expressed any words in favor of the *abstract idea* of women's ordination, and those who were opposed in the abstract. The committee almost unanimously refused to do anything of the sort, as this was not our concern; and no one can know just what the presbyteries meant in that regard. The figures, which Mrs. McClung submits to you were presented to the Council's committee and utterly rejected by them.

"On the abstract idea there was little or no conflict; but as to the advisability at this time of amending the constitution of the church there was overwhelming adverse opinion. Indeed the Commission's proposal of preliminary action which would have opened the door of the ministry to women gradually was decisively rejected. Mrs.



Introducing
the New trial flacon
of
Le Dandy
(PRONOUNCE "LER DAN-DEE")
PERFUME

also
COMPACT
POWDER

Retail Prices
Perfume \$2.00
Compact \$1.00

parfums d'orsay
17, Rue de la Paix Paris
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR CANADA
J.B. RENAUD & CIE., INC. - QUEBEC

His One Egg Basket

"I'm putting my money into Life Insurance, as that's the one thing I know is safe. When I buy insurance, not only do I know where I am at, but if I die my family knows where they are at."

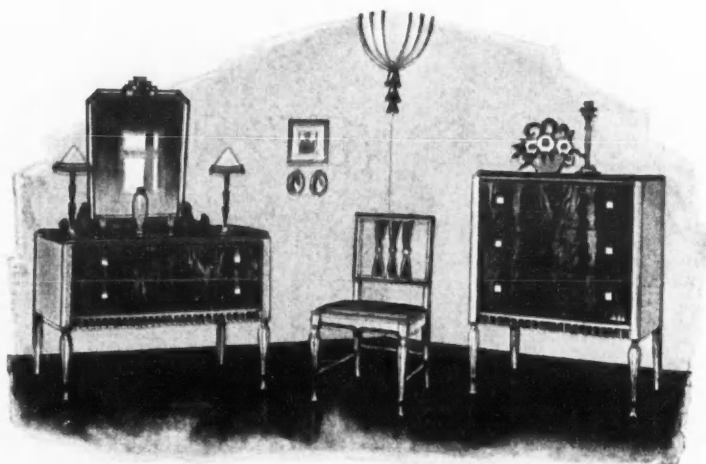
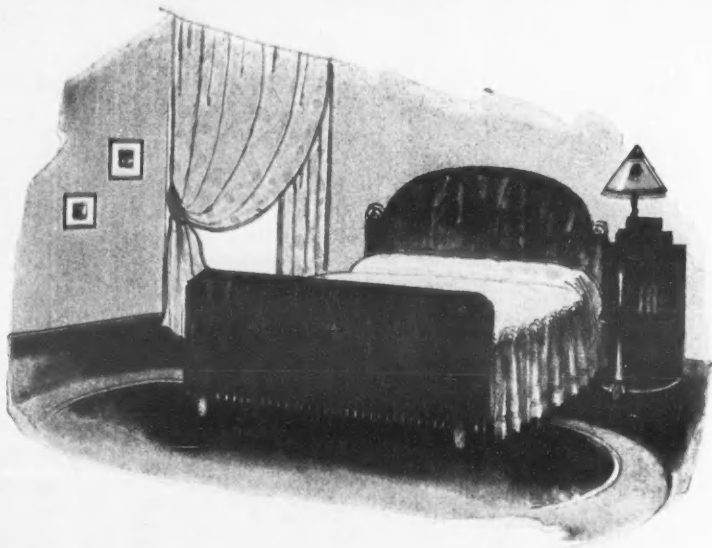
Will Rogers.

That restful, rooted faith is held by every one of the millions whose affairs are in the keeping of Life Insurance. Do you know where you are at?

82



Great-West
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG



NORAMICS

Designed in and for an age which recognizes a world wherein the skyscraper looms aloft, architects plan small floor spaces, the airplane soars and the swift rush of things and events all influence our thought and action. Truly in their planning all precedent of design is left behind for the needs of today and tomorrow. The true North American expression of this modern trend is found in Noramics, welcomed in all Canadian homes.

* * * * *

It is often found that they may be placed in present surroundings and greatly enhance the effect of all other furnishings and furniture. Again, complete re-arrangement of the room may prove desirable. In either case, NORAMICS are handsome pieces of furniture.



Write for interesting literature on Noramics. If you will ask your dealer to show them to you, you may identify the genuine by the Noramic tag affixed to each suite.

The North American Furniture Co., Limited
OWEN SOUND, ONTARIO



Gifts that Prolong the Joy of Christmas

NOMA Decorative Lighting Outfits

A choice of fifty most attractive sets for every source of domestic current. Mechanically, electrically and artistically a revelation in decorative lighting that adds gayety and charm to every occasion. From \$2.25 to \$27.50 with wide variety of fancy, interchangeable globes and figures.



FREE

A set of 25 Tested Recipe Cards together with any descriptive literature you may desire, will be sent with our compliments. Write Dept. A 2, Canadian Westinghouse Co., Hamilton, Ont.

What pleasure—what thrills—when Santa hands down from the sparkling Christmas Tree a gift that betrays by its usefulness and beauty, the depth of your affection.

Something that by its permanence and excellence expresses better than words the big wish of happiness and pleasure you would bestow all the days—all the months—all the years.

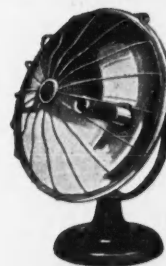
Could your heart suppress the flutter of joy, of appreciation, of love, did Santa hand you a Westinghouse Gift? Could it be finer though he searched all the nooks and crannies of the whole wide world? No—the gift itself proves careful choice—the name proves loving selection—it speaks for all a heart might hold.

In wide variety, Westinghouse Electrical Gifts offer a splendid solution of gift selection. Old folks particularly will cherish the warming pad or cozy glow. What homemaker could help but be grateful for a turnover toaster, coffee percolator, electric iron or Electric Range? Where is the boy who wouldn't be proud of an electric soldering iron, or the miss who wouldn't make the greatest possible use of an electric curler or marcel iron? And all the family—a radio—Radio at its Best, Batteryless and capable of rendering the utmost pleasure that radio entertainment can give.

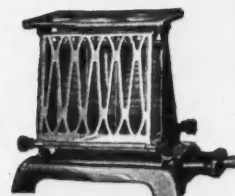
And for the gayety, the safety, the joy of Christmas in every heart, the decorations themselves decked in light and color by means of a Noma Decorative Lighting Outfit—useful for every festive occasion—supplied with Westinghouse Mazda Lamps which more than fulfill your expectation of quality and long life.



Westinghouse
Electric Iron



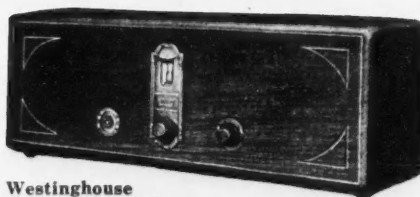
Westinghouse
Cozy Glow Heater



Westinghouse
Turn-Over Toaster



Westinghouse
Automatic Warming Pad



Westinghouse
Batteryless Radio

Westinghouse

{ Most reliable Hardware, Radio and Electrical Stores will gladly show you these Westinghouse gifts that prolong the joy of Christmas. }



CAMEO VELLUM

As the years roll by, customs change — fashions too, but human sentiment never. As long as there are friends there will be letter writing, and the more valued the friendship the more careful will be the choice of letter paper.

Most Stationers sell Cameo Vellum

Barber-Ellis
Limited

Makers of fine Stationery since 1876

Toronto Montreal
Brantford Winnipeg
Calgary Edmonton
Vancouver Regina

A Thoughtful Remembrance
BARBER-ELLIS, Gift Stationery

Ski this Winter

Enjoy snowtime's
most thrilling
sport on

NORTHLAND SKIS

Beginners, experts,
and world's cham-
pions prefer them. Woods,
design, and workmanship
of the best. Only North-
lands have the deerhead
trademark. "How to Ski"
booklet sent free.



NORTHLAND SKI MFG. CO.
210 Merriam Park St. Paul, Minn.



No cooking — no seasoning
required. Spreads as easily
as butter. Deliciously
appetizing and nour-
ishing. Get it at
your grocer's.

McClung's letter, therefore, is like the explanations which are given after a General Election; rarely can anyone say exactly what the returns indicate. But the returns leave no doubt as to the action desired—to sustain or reject a government. So in this case, there is no doubt, whatever, that the mind of the church is decisively against the proposed change in the constitution at the present time. And this is the only matter before the church.

"Mrs. McClung in most unworthy terms sneers at the action of the commission in discharging its obligation to set forth the history of the question. But when a historic corporate body like the Christian church is asked to change its age-long policy on some vital matter, every responsible person will wish to know what is the experience of the church, and not merely what is its present

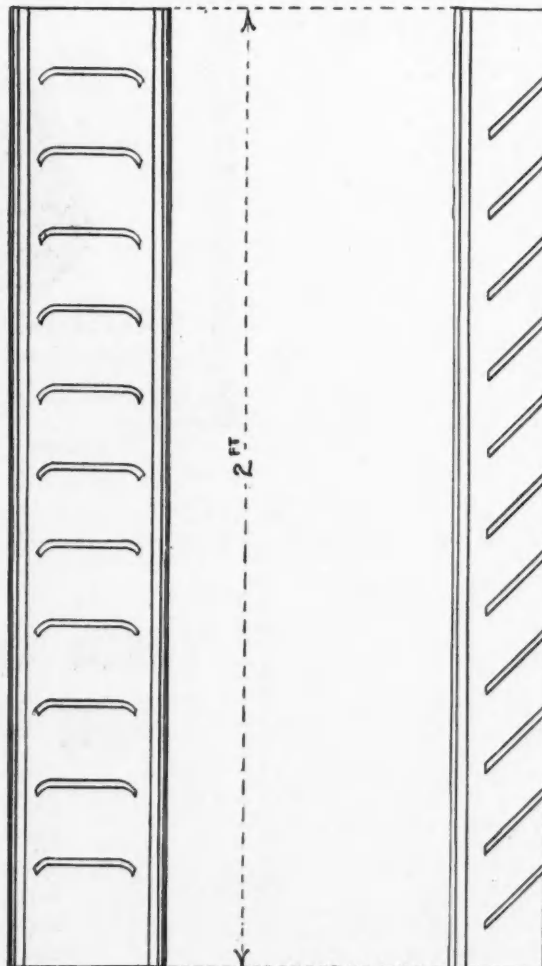
mood. Constitutional changes should ever be discussed apart from the domination of the present mood. To sneer at a historical statement in such a case indicates total inability to discuss a serious matter seriously.

"I think that this will make clear to you that I correctly reported the matter, and that Mrs. McClung's protest is without any foundation in the facts of the situation. You will feel perfectly free to send her a copy of this letter as I have a high regard for her and deeply regret that her speech at the Council definitely turned leading men, previously in favor of ordination, to grave second thought. That speech was the strongest argument against ordaining women."

Yours sincerely,
Ernest Thomas.

A Rack for Your Christmas Cards This Year

An ingenious and simple solution of the arrangement
of the greeting card array



FRONT

SIDE



CROSS-
SECTION

This clever Christmas Card rack is fully described in the article "Something New for the Christmas Tree" on page 77. This rack is made of ordinary moulding, with slots cut for the cards, much like a letter rack. Three or four cards are put in each slot making a little fan, and the moulding is entirely hidden. These racks may be used year after year, if brightened with an occasional coat of paint.



A product of
CANADIAN PLAYING CARD COMPANY,
Limited
MONTREAL



WOW! I Say, Fellows,

if it is a prize offered by the
Young Canada Boosters' Club, it
is sure to please.

The boy who wins one of our special premiums wears a smile bigger than a clown's. The Executive of the Club is constantly receiving letters from boys who, as members of the Club, wish to express their delight with the splendid prizes they have won.

There is no reason why you should not get in on this. Any Canadian boy is eligible for membership in the Young Canada Boosters' Club. And as a member you can earn a regular income and win many prizes. You are invited to send us your application to-day. Just fill in the coupon and mail it to us.

How about it? Is it a go?

Boy Sales Dept.,
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,
Toronto 2, Ont.

GENTLEMEN:

I would like to join the Young Canada Boosters' Club and make money and win prizes. Please send me complete information and a free start in business.

Name

Address

abounds in repetition; *Chicken Little*; *Three Billy Goats Gruff*; *The Little Red Hen* and *Nonsense Verses* by Edward Lear. These all make acceptable gifts, particularly if they are attractively bound and profusely illustrated.

FROM six to eight, children crave larger experience, and delight in doing things beyond the range of possibility. For this reason they are interested in fairy tales and the primitive "why" stories—tales of forest plain and the forces of nature. Acceptable books are the fairy tales of Ruskin, Andersen, Lang, Grimm, Perrault and Beckstein. The criterion by which to judge fairy tales is the question: Does this story contain an element that will shock a sensitive child or rouse cruel tendencies in a rough and revengeful one? Always keep in mind the fact that our sense of cruelty is not the same as the child's. He derives a sense of power from cruel tales and has little sense of horror. Folk and fairy tales of all kinds are suitable for this age. Books that should please are: Parker's *Skunny Wundy and Other Indian Tales*; Kipling's *Just So Stories and Jungle Book*; Will Bradley's *The Wonder Box*; Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*; Milne's *Now We Are Six* and *Winnie the Pooh*; *The Swiss Family Robinson* and *Selections from Arabian Nights*.

From eight to twelve the interest turns to physical bravery and the barbaric fighting instinct becomes manifest. The school influence is felt and children become voracious readers. This is the age which presents a fine opportunity to introduce literature of action, danger, daring, always guarding against literature that has a spectacular plot but no idealism. There is much good literature to inspire worth-while deeds and to satisfy the craving for adventure.

The following are a few books which appeal at this time: Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*; Howard Pyle's *Robin Hood*; Chrisman's *Shen of the Sea*; Kipling's *Kim*; Mukerje's *Gay Neck*; Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*; Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*; Eleanor Farjeon's *History of Great Men*; Sidney Lanier's *The Boys' Mabinogion* and *The Boys' King Arthur*; E. S. Brooks' *Historical Girls*; A. J. Church's *Homer's Iliad* and *Homer's Odyssey for Little Boys and Girls*.

After the age of twelve, interest again changes to the field of mental and moral bravery. The literature interesting then, is that in which heroes and heroines risk their lives for loyalty to a principle. Idealism is the leading motive. Youths should be given adventure tales tinged with romance and the best of the old and the new love stories to guard against the popular sex novels having a debasing influence. Youths want romantic tales from the epics as contrasted with the adventure tales of earlier years. Such books are: Anna Alice Chapin's *The Story of Parsifal*; *Tales of Richard Coeur de Lion*; Laura Richards' *Life of Florence Night-*

gale; Lowell's *Joan of Arc*; Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*; Dumas' *Three Musketeers*; Hemon's *Maria Chapdelaine* (Blake Translation); Scott's *Ivanhoe*; Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*; Scott's *Lady of the Lake*.

There is one book that has not been mentioned, and that is the Bible. Experts agree that the expurgated version and not retold stories are the best form of the Bible for children. Such are Helen Ward Banks' *The Wonder Book of the Bible*, Sherman and Kent's *The Children's Bible* and E. F. Boulting's *The Beautiful Childhood*.

There are many other books besides those mentioned which are equally good. These will only serve as a guide in making a choice. The main consideration is to give the child at each age literature which is attractive to him at that time.

IN OUR excitement and happy planning at this joyous season, our interest in buying gifts, in preparing for holiday parties and reunions, we are apt to permit the general confusion to upset the regular routine of the children as well as our own. In our desire to have the children share in this happiest of all happy seasons we forget that changes in routine have a very bad effect on children and often wonder why we have restless nights and trying days. The general atmosphere of excitement, the coming and going of unfamiliar people, even trips to the shops, are much bigger events in their lives than in ours and are most disturbing. Stringent rules of diet also are apt to be relaxed, and failure to notice extra consumption of sweets or too much rich food results in impaired digestion.

Children should be given a share in festivities but the programme should be so arranged as to cause the minimum of disturbance in the regular procedure of eating and sleeping. Dr. Smiley Blanton in *Child Guidance* gives a set of rules which every parent would do well to follow:

There should be only one or two trips to shops to see Santa Claus or to make purchases, except to shops in the immediate neighborhood.

There should be no visits to the church for special trees or special celebrations previous to the final Christmas celebration or service.

There should be no parties or ceremonies in the home for the child, other than those of a religious nature connected with Christmas, with the exception of the toys received on Christmas morning.

There should be a minimum number of presents, preferably not more than six. If more are given they should be put away and distributed during the year.

If these rules are followed, the children may have a good time and suffer no ill from Christmas festivity.

A Pound of Prevention—or an Ounce of Cure?

Continued from page 13

form of patriotism passing out. It is contrary to the spirit of the League of Nations which is endeavoring to avoid even the shadows that might cause misunderstanding that might lead to future wars."

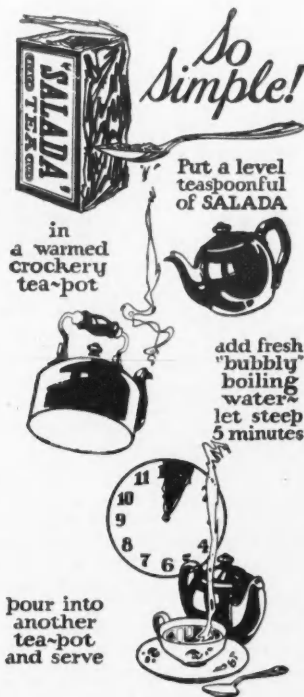
Certainly, the recent agitation over enforcement of the dormant statute in Ontario has proved that China is watching the situation with very keen interest. She has in the past been passive—but following the attempted enforcement in Toronto, the Chinese government cabled Mr. K. H. Chow, Consul-General at Ottawa, to definitely protest against this discrimination. At the present time the Chinese have only two consular representatives for the whole Dominion, the Consul-General in Ottawa and a Vice-Consul in Vancouver. The question of larger representation, particularly in important cities, and the repeal of laws which press unduly upon Chinese citizens and retard their commercial activities, were some of the questions discussed by

delegates at the eighth annual convention of the Chinese Nationalist League held within the past month in Toronto. At that time, Dr. C. C. Wu, Envoy Extraordinary of China at Washington, and Frank Lee, Chinese Trade Commissioner in New York, joined Dr. Chow in conference and discussion. The Chinese, it seems, will from now on be watchful of their own.

But entirely aside from questions of retaliation or international bad feeling, Canada must face this problem fairly and squarely and take some national stand. That must be based, as Judge McGill writes, not on race prejudice or suspicion, but on moral as well as industrial protection, and investigation for women placed in circumstances prejudicial to their welfare. A scattered bit of provincial legislation here and there, discriminating against one race, will do little to remove undesirable conditions in any quarter.

Anne Elizabeth Wilson.

Have you tried this most Delicious Tea?



THE quality of Salada is such that in whatever part of the world it is sold or used, it makes an instantaneous appeal to tea-drinkers and brings them a new delight in tea drinking.

If you do not now use Salada, write your name and address on the margin of this advertisement and mail to Salada Tea Company of Canada Limited, 461 King St. W., Toronto. State the kind of tea you buy and how much you pay for it and we will mail you a 19-cup trial package of Salada for you to test at our expense. We will also send you a copy of our famous booklet on "Cup Reading."

"SALADA" TEA

C.3

Chapping weathers the skin unmercifully

WHEN your skin gets chapped, smooth in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Its healing touch will relieve—immediately. For years, Hinds Cream has been doing that.

But do you realize that Hinds Cream also prevents chapping? Before going outdoors, pat it on as a base for your powder. Then no matter how cutting the wind, how paralyzing the cold, your skin will keep its creamy smoothness.

It's important to take this simple precaution these chapping days. For chapping weathers the skin. And it's weathering that ages—not the years.

Smooth on Hinds Cream—often. At night. In the morning. Every time you wash your face. (Marvelous for hands, too!)

Then your skin will keep its soft youth—indeinitely. For Hinds Cream



Hinds Honey & Almond Cream now 50c in Canada
A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited
Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto



gives simple, sure protection against all weathering. (Let the youngsters use it, too. It'll soothe their chapped skin—and protect it.)

We'll gladly mail you a generous sample bottle to try if you send us the coupon below.

Lehn & Fink Radio Program—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co.—every Thursday at 8:00 p.m., Eastern time; 7:00 p.m., Central time.



A. S. Hinds Co. (Canada) Limited
Dept. 1658, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Can.
Send me a sample bottle of HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM, the protecting cream for the skin.

Name

Address

City

Province

This coupon not good after December, 1929

**When selecting Gifts
you want to be sure
of giving guaranteed
quality Merchandise**

**THE NEW
THERMOS STRONGLAS**
(REGD TRADE MARK)

"Will stand abuse as well as use"



No. 19
Nickel
Plated

**A Motor Outfit
with Stronglas Bottles
Makes an Ideal Gift
at Any Season**

Stronglas Bottles from \$1.50 to \$4.50, size and finish to suit all needs. Kits with Stronglas Bottles \$2.50, Regular Bottles \$1.00 up. Thermos Jug for Home, Guest Room, Club or Office, nickel plate and colors, \$11.50 up. Tray Sets complete \$14.50 up. Colors, Rose, Blue, Bronze, Mahogany, Walnut, etc.



No. 562—Jug, Pint
No. 564—Jug, Quart



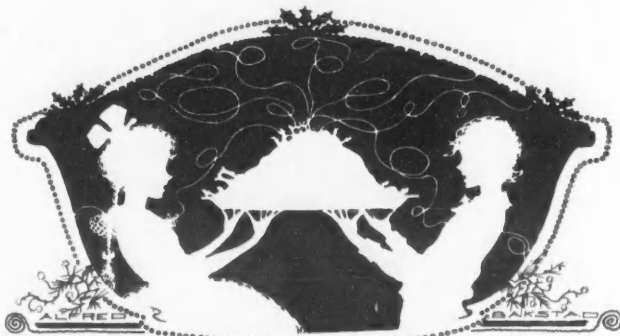
MOTOR OUTFIT
For every car or boat
\$10.00 everywhere.

The Motor Outfit includes 2 Stronglas Quart size Bottles, two food boxes and Picnic Pak. Case is made of Auto Body Steel and finished in Black, Crystalline, Windsor Maroon or Bronze Green.

**SEND
FOR
FULLY
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOG**



At your dealer or
THERMOS BOTTLE CO. LIMITED
1239 West Queen St. Toronto 3, Ont.



Your Children's Christmas

Continued from page 24

made, the jolly old saint should never be used as a policeman to coerce the child. He should be presented for what he is in the old tales, the embodiment of generosity and the spirit of giving, a great example of the truth that there is more lasting pleasure in giving than in receiving.

SINCE Christmas is such a family affair, a time when all relatives foregather, the children should have a real part in the festivities. They love to beat up eggs for the cake, and clean fruit for the pudding, and they can be a real help to busy mothers in many ways. They enjoy making their own list of gifts and going down town to purchase them. Even though daddy gets a fire reel or mother a doll, what does it matter when the children have put thought and savings into a present, which, though eminently suitable from the child's point of view, is decidedly undesirable to the recipient?

This contretemps can be avoided by mentioning at various times, in the presence of the children, what you would like for Christmas. I discovered it last birthday when I wanted a magazine basket very badly. Several times, I said, "I hope someone gives me a magazine basket for my birthday." The result was that the children would not even consider anything else as a possible gift. "Mother wants a magazine basket," was the answer to all suggestions and a magazine basket it was that arrived home in the proud possession of two small boys. This type of guidance can be given quite unobtrusively by saying, "I think Uncle Tom would like a pair of gloves for Christmas." Children are infinitely open to suggestion.

All little boys and girls take great pleasure in making decorations for the Christmas tree. Pop corn balls, paper garlands, silver stars, can all be made by very tiny hands, and one of the greatest joys known to childhood is to help select the tree itself. A tremendous amount of time and thought is expended before the perfect specimen is found.

Last year I tried a new experiment and was much pleased at the enthusiasm with which it was received. We all took part in decorating the tree and making it ready to receive the presents which Santa Claus would leave. This was done in the time generally used for a bed time story and the children loved it.

ALWAYS with Christmas comes the puzzling question of what to give children, and it seems to me that toys and books are the most acceptable gifts. Clothes are useful, but one usually gets clothes anyway, and children, like adults, enjoy unexpected luxuries.

In a former article, "Constructive Toys for Children," I have already discussed the possibilities presented by play materials but a word of warning may not be amiss. At Christmas time many children receive such a large number of toys that they are overpowered by the bewildering number of new things. This is not good for them and so I should like to suggest a plan for using the superfluous toys, which will make them last throughout the year and continue the Christ-

mas spirit long after the day itself is past. Let the children open their gifts, allowing plenty of time to examine each one, then let each child choose three or four favorites. Wrap up the remainder and put them away. They can be brought out one at a time on rainy days or in case of illness with the reminder that they came on Christmas. This not only prolongs the Christmas atmosphere but prevents careless destruction of toys by children surfeited with gifts, and the toys are more completely enjoyed.

A very good plan followed in many homes is to have the children make a list of three or four things which they particularly desire, and the parents see that they get these gifts instead of trying to cover a long list of all the articles that the children think they want. The main fact to keep in mind when purchasing toys is to buy simple, well-made articles, and those which are most adaptable. The toy which lends itself to a variety of uses is the one which will retain its popularity longest. All children like best toys which can be readily manipulated and which can be used in carrying out their imaginative schemes.

As to books for Christmas giving, their number is legion, and the bindings are so attractive it is difficult to choose. We all want our children to acquire a capacity for the enjoyment of good literature and the one sure way to develop the taste is to see that there is plenty of good literature at hand.

There are two main types of literature, the literature of fact and the literature of fiction. In the first class are grouped text books, encyclopaedias and all books that tell how things are done. These books are consulted when we want to extend our actual knowledge and should be given to children when they ask for them or when the need for them is felt. All children should be taught how to use them so that they may seek out knowledge for themselves. The other books are far more numerous. They, too, extend knowledge but in a different way, and are read primarily for pleasure.

The foundations of good taste in reading should be laid by telling and reading stories to children when they are too young to read for themselves. For this reason every parent should read Lucy Sprague Mitchell's *Here and Now Stories* and Cather's *Educating by Story Telling*, so as to get an insight into the type of stories which are generally acceptable to children.

Age is the large factor affecting the choice of books for Christmas giving. In infancy the attention of the child is on himself, the things and persons he knows, and what they do. Up to six years of age he thinks of himself expressed through his own activity. Children want stories of familiar persons and objects in action, short tales, full of repetition, interspersed with many illustrations. Stories of animal and child life which introduce characteristic sounds, are prime favorites. Such a book is *Mother Goose*, which deals with subjects lying close to the heart of the child, is free of monsters, and depicts people such as he meets every day in his own home. Other books are: *Little Black Sambo*, which puts familiar things in an unfamiliar setting; *The Old Woman and Her Pig*, which



JUST A LINE —

to let you know that we are offering a very attractive inducement to those who wish to earn a generous income in their spare time. This is your opportunity to represent The Chatelaine and three other leading Canadian publications. In your own town, where you have scores of friends who will be interested in these magazines, you can earn from \$25.00 to \$100.00 monthly.

Ask about our Endless Chain Plan.

Address

THE CHATELAINE

Local Representatives' Department

153 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.,

for full information regarding this splendid proposition.

Canadians Everywhere Are Taking Pride in The Chatelaine's Great Success

Although only 9 months old
The Chatelaine already has a
NET PAID CIRCULATION
of More Than

60,000

copies each issue, and its News-stand and Single Copy sale is **Ten Times** that of any other women's magazine published in Canada.

To have launched a new Magazine for Canadian women which has, in this short time, attained a Net Paid Circulation of more than 60,000 copies each issue

Net Paid Circulation
THE CHATELAINE
Issue of
OCTOBER, 1928

	Net Paid Circulation
Ontario	26,595
Quebec	7,540
Nova Scotia	2,378
New Brunswick	3,121
Prince Edward Island...	512
Manitoba	4,054
Saskatchewan	3,393
Alberta	6,322
British Columbia	6,296
Yukon	21
British Possessions	335
United States & Foreign	220
Total	60,787

—is an Achievement of which
all Canada is justly proud!



But Evening finds her Lovely as Ever

IN SPITE of the ugly cold that threatened this morning to cancel her engagement—and thanks to the healing vapors that brought such quick relief.

A bad head-cold is not only troublesome and unlovely; it is also dangerous. For many a case of catarrh or sinus trouble develops from a simple cold that has been allowed to "take its course."

Every cold should be treated direct and instantly—with Vicks VapoRub, the modern vaporizing salve. For head-colds, just melt a little in a bowl of hot water and inhale its penetrating vapors.

Direct—Pleasant—Effective

WITH every breath, Vicks medicated vapors are inhaled direct to the inflamed air-passages in the nose and throat, loosening the phlegm, clearing the head, and easing the difficult breathing.

It also helps to insert a little Vicks up each nostril and snuff well back.

For chest-colds, coughs, or sore throats, Vicks is just rubbed on the throat and chest at bedtime. It is then the warmth of the body that releases the medicated vapors—and, at the same time, this double-action salve acts through the skin like a poultice.

Ideal for Children's Colds

THIS simple, external treatment is especially popular with mothers of small children, because it cannot upset delicate little stomachs, as too much "dosing" with internal medicine is so apt to do. Vicks can be used freely and often, even on the youngest child.

For free sample, write to Vick Chemical Company, No. 2 Melver Street, Greensboro, North Carolina, U. S. A.

VICKS

VAPORUB

For All the Colds of All the Family

own interests were concerned, but masking it all with honeyed sweetness. It shocked him to see her in this light, yet here was the awful perversity of human nature—he wanted her, even though he despised her.

"I guess you're kind o' lonesome," Mrs. Quince said one evening, squeezing her thick body through the partly opened door of his sitting-room. She stood there, her eyes darting about the room; then came forward to wipe some imaginary speck of dust away with the corner of her apron. "I remembers well when old Quince used to go off on his fortnightly spree, I'd most die of lonesomeness. That's marriage for you. You don't want them when they's with you; and yet when they's away, you most die for need of them. I don't hold with a man living alone. It's different for a woman. But men—they are such senseless creatures. I'm sure, sir, beg pardon, I were thinking on old Quince."

Mrs. Quince brought his breakfast to his rooms on a tray, and he had his other meals at a small restaurant at the corner. He went through his days mechanically, trying to arouse himself to a keener interest in his work, which he found uncongenial. Sheila wrote from the ship and appeared radiantly happy, and already interested in another man. A hurriedly scribbled postscript told him how fearfully lonely she was without him, and how "she longed, oh longed to be back again with her dear old tortoise."

"I wouldn't care a bit about flirting with other men, if I didn't know you were there in the background," she wrote, and he laughed with a touch of sardonic humor and tossed the letter into a drawer. He was glad she was enjoying herself at any rate. It wasn't her fault that his business had gone to pieces. There was really no reason why she shouldn't have gone; and yet something hard and cold in the back of his mind told him he was only making an effort to feel that way. The truth was that bitterly he resented the fact of her leaving him just now.

Mrs. Quince slipped through the door of his sitting-room one evening, quite forgetting to make the usual excuse of dusting his books. She was in a flutter of excitement. "Miss Cochrane's back from her visit," she announced breathlessly, "back this afternoon. I've been telling her how lonesome you are."

Hugh looked up from his book and could not suppress a smile at Mrs. Quince's appearance. She looked as though she had been caught by a cyclone and had barely escaped with her clothes. Her apron was always dragging off, or she would be hurriedly adjusting her skirt and waist which appeared to have difficulties in keeping together. When her hands were idle, she was very self-conscious about them, attempting to hide them behind her back or beneath her apron. Just now, she was struggling to tug down her shrunken sleeves which left her red wrists bare.

"She's the loveliest lady," she went on, "and clever. My word. I could show you some of the pieces she writes for the papers. I've wept pails over them."

Hugh's eyes wavered back to his book but it was impossible to cut short Mrs. Quince's communicativeness without offending her. He made an effort to arrest her flow of conversation. "Mrs. Quince, do you think I could have my breakfast earlier in the mornings?"

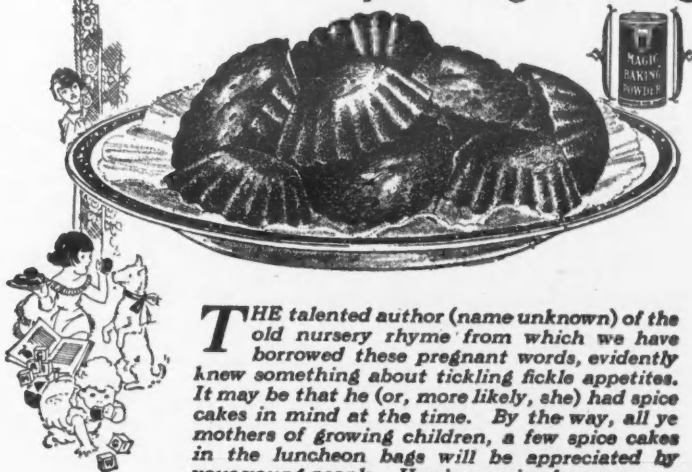
"Why, sure you can, Mr. Oswald. I were just thinking to myself it would be kind o' nice if you and Miss Cochrane could get acquainted. But I'll be going," she said, in a slightly flustered tone, backing out of the room as Hugh made no response to this suggestion.

It was some days later that Hugh, coming in one evening, found Mrs. Quince talking to a tall, slim girl in the front hall. Mrs. Quince promptly introduced them to one another in her most magnificent manner, a gratified smile on her broad, kindly face. "Miss Cochrane has the front room upstairs," she explained again, as though giving away the girl's social standing.

Nan Cochrane smiled, and Hugh had a fleeting impression of blue eyes and dark hair under a close hat. Mrs. Quince's fluency prevented either of them from speaking.

(To be Continued)

"Sugar and Spice 'N Everything Nice"



THE talented author (name unknown) of the old nursery rhyme from which we have borrowed these pregnant words, evidently knew something about tickling fickle appetites. It may be that he (or, more likely, she) had spice cakes in mind at the time. By the way, all ye mothers of growing children, a few spice cakes in the luncheon bags will be appreciated by your young people. Here's a recipe for you:

1 cup butter 2 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1 cup brown sugar 1 teaspoon each of extract of nut-
1 pint flour meg, cinnamon and ginger
1 teaspoon each of 1 cup milk
caraway and coriander seeds.

Sift flour, sugar and baking powder together, rub in the butter and add milk, seeds and extracts. Mix into smooth batter; bake in patty tins for 10 or 12 minutes.

"Bake your own" with
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
for greater satisfaction and economy

GIVE—

The Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

for CHRISTMAS!

The
Cost
is
Modest

1 Gift Order for One Year — \$1.00

3 Gift Orders for One Year — \$2.00

(One of which may be your own renewal.)

Additional Gift Orders — 75c. Each

(If your gift should be for a present subscriber, it will be entered to extend that subscription, and a Gift Card will go forward just the same.)

Avoid "Rush" Christmas Shopping — Use This Coupon.

THE CHATELAINE.

153 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont.

Please send your Magazine to each of the following, for one year—the first copy to reach them Christmas morning accompanied by my Personal Greetings and Good Wishes on a Gift-Card supplied by you.

I enclose \$..... in payment of this order.

1 Name
Address

2 Name
Address

3 Name
Address

The Gift-Card to carry the Personal Greetings of: Name
Address (Dec. 2)



In every woman's circle

there is one too timid to ask concerning intimate matters of feminine hygiene.

MANY a young woman wonders why others leave her out of their confidences when delicate subjects are discussed. Her own reserve is probably the answer. But behind this reserve is doubt—a fear that her knowledge is incomplete, that it lacks the authority of modern medical opinion. And this doubt is justified. For though physicians recommend feminine hygiene as a healthful practice, the selection of an effective antiseptic has always involved actual danger.

Physicians approve Zonite for feminine hygiene

Physicians discover many cases of permanent injury caused by the use of *poisonous antiseptics*. Imagine the effect when delicate tissues are subjected to the caustic action of bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid. Hardening of the membranes often sets in, producing in time irreparable areas of scar-tissue.

Women need not run these deadly risks. In Zonite they have a true germicide that is non-poisonous and safe on internal tissues. This remarkable antiseptic kills germs quickly, completely. It is actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Discover the whole truth

For all the facts read the new, free booklet on feminine hygiene. Use the coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, insect bites or chapped skin. Also a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form. Large tubes, 50c.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 303
165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(Please print name)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

H a n d s

Continued from page 5

of thing. Aunt Helen says it's uncanny what he knows about a woman's soul. He makes a study of it."

Hugh pushed his chair back from the table. "A queer collection of friends, your Aunt Helen has."

"But, darling, he wasn't queer. Of course he was most frightfully flirtatious. He said that . . ."

She stopped, a soft color spreading over her face. He studied her expression curiously, with a sensation of aloofness. "He said, what?"

"Oh, really nothing. He said a lot of perfectly ridiculous things. He thinks I have a face like a Botticelli. Do you think I have?"

"I'm not an authority on women's looks. I'm afraid. Have you finished?"

"Yes. Let's go out into the garden. I want some air after that stuffy train."

She jumped up from the table, crossed the room to the long French window, and ran down the steps ahead of him into the garden. There was a vapory moon in the sky that was like a dissolving pearl in honey. Everything in the garden was gray or black. The stars were so pale, they seemed as though they were being blown by a wind, flickering, dying out. The slates of the roof of the garage were washed with a thin silvery glaze. The air smelt of lilies of the valley, or something that was too sweet.

"Lovely, isn't it?" Sheila cried, sniffing the air, her head thrown back until he could see all her creamy throat. She dragged him along the path. "Oh, the roses are out! There's a white one. Isn't it simply delicious? I do hope that moss rose will bloom. I told Aunt Helen we had the darlings garden and that I'd die without it. I really believe I should. Oh-oh, the syringa! Look at the syringa, darling. Look at it."

She flitted along the path ahead of him, coming back to hang on his arm. All at once her high spirits drooped. She walked quite soberly beside him along the path. He supposed that she was tired after her trip. Her moods changed with such lightning rapidity he could never keep track of them.

"I've been talking things over with Aunt Helen. She thinks that the very wisest thing for me to do is to go abroad with her for six or seven months. She'll pay all my traveling expenses. I thought it would be ridiculous to refuse and I knew you'd want me to go. As she said, a woman is useless when a man's having business troubles. So you see, darling, I wasn't just having a good time, was I? I was planning all the time how I could help you."

He stood still for a moment, and then went slowly on again, down the path that was like a silver ribbon unrolled between the patches of gray grass. It was such a surprise to him that he did not know what to say.

"Why don't you speak?" Sheila inquired curiously, looking questioningly into his face. "Oh, I know. You're always so funny about things. I suppose you hate to take so much from Aunt Helen. But goodness, she has so much. I told her you were like that, and she said she'd write to you herself and tell you not to be a big goose. She really said I would be doing her the greatest favor . . ."

She still continued to search his face while he did not answer. "Perhaps you might even rent the house if business is really so bad," she suggested.

"I've sold the house."

"Sold it," she wailed, stopping abruptly, and staring at him in horror. "Oh, Hugh, you've never sold our dear little house. Oh, what a perfectly dreadful thing to have done without saying a word to me. Dear, why oh, why did you do such a thing?"

He felt chilled by all the absurd emphasis she was putting into her words. It made him want to express himself in the bluntest language. She was treating him as though he had done something criminal in her absence, while if she had been willing to lend him the money instead of squandering it on this trip, he might have found it possible to

keep the house on for a while at any rate. And now, another trip in prospect! He felt an immense growing indifference to everything.

"Why didn't you rent it?"

"I had to have ready money."

"But, darling, surely you could have got it in some other way—borrowed it or something like that. It's dreadful to have sold the house. Our garden with terrible strangers in it—my room—it's agonizing. And I bought yards and yards of lovely new material for new curtains and chair covers."

He said nothing, wondering how he could feel so indifferent.

"Then I'll have to go with Aunt Helen. There's nothing else for me to do."

"I suppose I shall have to live somewhere," he said, without looking at her. He felt cold, cold inside. It made his voice sound as though there were ice in it.

"Oh, but a man can live so comfortably when he's alone. There are clubs and places. But where on earth could I go?"

"I couldn't afford to live at the club. I'm going inside, Sheila. Are you coming?"

She wouldn't let go his arm. She held him there, pressing her face against his sleeve. "Darling, you don't suppose it won't be terrible for me? I can't bear to think of it. But we can't help it, can we? Oh, isn't life too awful?"

"Let me go, Sheila. I have some letters to write."

"I believe you're really annoyed with me about something. You don't want me to go, is that it? But what else can I do?" she cried, flinging her arms wide in a theatrical gesture.

"Write to your Aunt in the morning and tell her you'll go."

Sheila sighed and pulled a spray off a bush of lilac and held the bloom against her lips. "I don't understand you at all. I thought it was going to make things so easy for you. I thought you'd be delighted for me to have such a chance to go abroad. And, instead, you seem so queer."

"I said to write and say you'd go," he said, conscious of the ice in his tone and not able to remedy it. He turned from her and went up the steps. He heard a soft sigh as she followed him into the house.

SHEILA sailed the following week and Hugh found lodgings with a Mrs. Quince in a high red brick house on a street that wore the melancholy aspect of decayed splendor. She was a short broad woman with grayish hair dragged back from a wide face, and eyes that were black jet beads. She explained to Hugh that she had two other boarders besides himself.

"You'll never notice Mr. Giles, sir. Sometimes I almost forgets he's here. Then there's Miss Cochrane, of course. She has the front room upstairs."

Hugh felt extremely low-spirited moving into the ugly rooms, though they were fairly comfortable. Living this way he would be able to send more money to Sheila, for he detested the idea that she should take anything but her bare traveling expenses from her aunt. Anyway, this place would suit him as well as any other. The rooms were clean, and Mrs. Quince appeared anxious to make him feel at home. She almost overpowered him with attentions.

Sheila's departure had left him without ambition. Six months seemed to him like six years. He found himself thinking back over the years of their marriage, and seeing how in all that time Sheila had never once considered anyone except herself.

Now that she was no longer here to throw the glamor of her personality and charm over him, he found himself recalling incidents, remembering episodes; and in each case, Sheila had taken freely, refusing to give. Bright, alluring, holding out empty hands to be filled; taking from those who did not even desire to give, but would give, must give, because she expected it. She was a greedy child, with none of the sensitiveness of childhood; hard and callous where her



Makes Good Cooking Better!

There's the concentrated goodness of prime, lean beef in OXO. No wonder it gives soups and gravies such added flavour and enlivens casseroles and left-overs so delightfully!

Try it for that last professional touch that makes good cooking better. And find, like mothers all over the world, how healthful and nourishing OXO is for little ones—and grown-ups, too!



In tins of 4 and 10 cubes

The Goodness of Beef



A MIGHTY JOLLY CHRISTMAS

for
Every Canadian Boy

who is a member of The Young Canada Boosters' Club. These are the lucky fellows! They will have money and prizes for Christmas earned while being of service to the people of their own neighborhood.

Will You be in on This?

Boy Sales Dept.,
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE,
Toronto 2, Ont.

GENTLEMEN:

I would like to join the Young Canada Boosters Club and make money and win prizes. Please send me complete information and a free start in business.

Name

Address

Your Free Sample of

PERTUSSIN
THE SAFE RELIABLE
COUGH REMEDY

is ready for you

A big sample bottle of this reliable cough remedy is yours for the asking.

No need to spend a cent of money trying out PERTUSSIN. Try it at our expense. We know PERTUSSIN is good. We know its record as a safe and effective remedy for Coughs, for Bronchitis — even for Whooping Cough. The fact that physicians have been prescribing PERTUSSIN for more than 20 years for people of all ages is your assurance that PERTUSSIN is safe and that it will bring you real relief.

You can buy Pertussin at your druggists, of course, but we want you to try it, to prove it first. The sample bottle will show you that PERTUSSIN does loosen phlegm, that it does soothe irritated tissues.

The bottle will be sent at once if you'll just mail us this coupon, filled in as shown.

Pertussin Limited,
182 Atlantic Ave., Montreal.

Send that free sample of Pertussin to

Name

Address

"It is believed that the angels lodge there, for a very little while, on their way from Bethlehem," the Poet said. "They are the Christmas angels, you know, with silver snow on their wings and little cedar fronds in their hair. It is warm and dim and sweet, and if you listen very carefully, you can hear the stirring of their wings."

"Oh!" said Melvina Ruby, "I'm glad I'm going."

"Kin I go?" piped Hermie from the sofa.

"No, you can't," said Melvina Ruby, hastily. Then she stopped and glanced sideways at the Poet. He was such an amazing person that it was just within the bounds of possibility that Hermie and Rachel and even Grandma Swartz might be included in the invitation.

The Poet considered. "We'll ask the Princess," he said. "I hope you have a wedding garment," he added politely.

"I'm getting on," interrupted Melvina Ruby. She was unfastening the tinsel very carefully. "We'll put the tree here by the throne, won't we?" she suggested.

The Poet thought this advisable.

"Look here," he said, "I'll cut out and get the surprises, and you and Hermie can fix up the tree and put this tinsel stuff on it."

Melvina Ruby was delighted. She waited until the Poet had donned his rather shabby overcoat and found his rather shabby hat and gloves.

When he was half-way down the stairs Melvina Ruby called over the bannisters: "I hope you have lots of babies," she cried encouragingly.

"I love babies," the Poet called back.

Left alone with Hermie who really didn't count, Melvina Ruby literally "flew" about her duties. The tree was quite close to the chair that was a throne, and she draped the tinsel gracefully through its branches. She let Hermie hold the parcels of bells and stars while she fastened them, one by one, on the tree. Then there were the candles to be set in a row on the sliding mantel, and the rest of the tinsel to loop in shining ribbons along the book-shelves. They were still puffing from their exertions when the Poet returned, with the surprises all done up in the oddest-shaped parcels.

"Presents, Hermie Boy!" he said, but he wouldn't let them have even a peek.

But one of the queer bundles proved to be a holly wreath with a fine red bow, and this they hung in the window between the moonbeam curtains, where it made a brave showing.

"I've got something for Hermie and Rachel and Grandma Swartz," whispered the Poet.

"And for the Princess?" asked Melvina Ruby in a whisper.

"And for the Princess and for you," came the Poet's answer.

"Heck, I wish Hermie wasn't here, and we could do 'em all up," said Melvina Ruby wistfully.

"If Grandma Swartz," began the Poet delicately, and then, just as though he had been a real magician, they heard a stamping of feet three flights down, and a calling of "Hermie, Hermie!"

"It is my grandma," said Hermie and he slid reluctantly to the floor.

"We'll go down," said the Poet, "and make the acquaintance of Grandma Swartz."

Grandma Swartz leaned on her stick and watched them come. The way she leaned, she might have been the witch in the fairy-tale, only her face was so wide and kind. Her eyes twinkled right in behind her nose, and her wig under the draped shawl was dyed smooth and black.

She smiled at Melvina Ruby. "She iss a queer one," she said to the Poet. "She live beside us, and then she live no more beside us, and now she is back."

"She changes into a laurel bush between times," answered the Poet; but Grandma Swartz shook her head. "She iss a queer one," she repeated.

"Grandma Swartz!" cried Melvina Ruby rather loudly. She always spoke loudly to old people. "He's invited you and me and Rachel and Hermie to a party to-morrow, not Christmas dinner but Christmas breakfast, he says, and you'll see the lovely lady he's going to marry."

SPIDER WEB

Creating a furor in Paris where authorities believe it the loveliest fabric in the world for

**Dinner Frocks, Afternoon Gowns
and Sport Suits**

Sold by Leading Departmental Stores and
Specialty Shops in the larger centres.

If unable to obtain Spider Web from your
store, write to the producer of the fabric—

NISBET & AULD, Limited
34 Wellington Street West, Toronto



Don't have GREY HAIR

The scientific development
of INECTO-Rapid presents
a safe, sure re-colorative,
easily applied.

Safely, easily you can reclaim the original shade and lustre of your hair with INECTO-Rapid—the perfect re-colorative adopted by the leading hairdressers of Europe and America.

INECTO-Rapid may be used with perfect safety and absolute certainty of results on any healthy scalp. It contains no harmful zinc, copper, lead or mineral bases of any description. Supplied to match every shade and texture of hair.

A Canadian hair coloring made for Canadian people by Canadians.

Leading drug stores, hair goods stores and department stores can supply you, or write to

THE W. T. PEMBER STORES LTD.,
129 Yonge Street, Toronto
Distributors to the Hair Goods Trade



Holeproof Hosiery



Here is a stocking that Paris finds so smart, the stocking worn by well-dressed women in fashion centres the world over. Holeproof No. 3000 EX. Delightfully fine, yet delightfully serviceable, for it is semi-service weight. Ask to see Holeproof No. 3000 EX at \$1.95.

Colors By

Lucile of Paris



And you have the choice of 29 chic colors created right in Paris by Lucile, famous Parisienne couturiere. Do make it a point to see this new stocking soon. You will want some of the newest colors to complement your wardrobe and complete its beauty.

Various styles may be had in Holeproof Hosiery from \$1.00 to \$2.95.

**Holeproof Hosiery Co.
of Canada Limited**
London, Ontario



All on a Christmas Morning

Continued from page 7

look at from the street but was as fine as could be, once you had crossed the threshold. The rooms were small but there was an amazing amount of space which, the Poet explained, was because everything in them folded away into everything else. Melvina Ruby shrieked with delight when the mantelpiece swung round and made a neat little bow as a compact little dressing-table, and she collapsed completely when a bed came sliding out of a two-by-four cupboard, pillows and all. The sofa itself was more or less of a make-believe, converted into something else by the touch of a button, while the back of the sideboard looked into the kitchen and proved itself to be an excellent sort of cupboard. But the kitchen was only a pantry masquerading as a kitchenette.

"Say, I think it's just grand," exclaimed Melvina Ruby when she had tried the shining taps in the bathroom, and tested the gas-stove in the make-believe kitchen with a practised hand. There was a blue and white oilcloth in neat little squares, which was really better than marble, as the Poet pointed out, because of the cold; and shining yellow curtains and three yellow jugs hung in a row.

And books! Melvina Ruby had never seen so many of them. The walls of the little living-room, which the Poet told her was really the throne room, were literally covered with books. They rose in a mass of blurred colors from floor to ceiling, wherever there wasn't a folding bed or an unfolding something else.

"And this," said the Poet, "is the throne." It was a carved, high-backed chair whose feet rested on the floor like a lion's paws, and it had a cushion of faded tapestry. Melvina Ruby thought it a pity that the cushion was not of some brighter color, but when the Poet explained to her what the dimmed lines of silver and bronze and blue meant, she liked it better.

"The Princess will sit here by the window, where the curtains, you will have noticed, are of spun moonbeams," said the Poet.

Melvina Ruby smiled up at him. She was getting used to his nonsense. "And where will you sit?" she asked.

"I shall be on the lesser chair beside the throne and you shall sit on the stool there, and Hermie can sit on a cushion on the floor—if there is any cushion to sit on." And here the Poet looked a little perplexed

because he had just discovered that all this time Hermie had not been sitting at all. But Melvina Ruby hoisted him dexterously to the sofa that was not a sofa at all, and took off her coat in a business-like fashion.

"Where shall we begin?" she suggested. "There's the tree, of course," said the Poet. He looked at his watch. "I shall have to go out and buy the surprises," he said in a loud whisper. "It wouldn't be Christmas at all without surprises; and at five o'clock, when I have brought the surprises here, I shall go to fetch the Princess down from her tower on this day of days."

"Ain't she going back, not never?" asked Melvina Ruby anxiously.

"Please God, no!" said the Poet, almost as though he were saying grace.

"And you won't go back to your tower, neither, and you'll live here happy ever after?" exclaimed Melvina Ruby joyously. "Oh, I shall go back," said the Poet, bravely enough. "You see, it's my job. *Noblesse oblige*, you know, Daphne."

But Melvina Ruby didn't know. "You ain't going back there on Christmas Eve," she piped shrilly. "Why, you'll be late in getting the Princess and then there won't be a wedding at all."

"I shall only stay until the turn of the night," smiled the Poet. "I shall be out of the tower in time to hear the birthday bells."

"Well, I wouldn't go a step; catch me!" said Melvina Ruby emphatically.

"But if it's your job and you're supposed to do it, and people expect you to do it; well, you do, that's all," explained the Poet. "It's like going around the world to bring back the golden-throated nightingale to the Princess. If she expects you to bring it back, you do bring it back."

"Gee, nobody could hurt you if you didn't," Melvina Ruby countered.

"But I could hurt myself, and that is the very worst hurt in the world," the Poet said. The abstract, however, was beyond Melvina Ruby. She came back to essentials.

"Are you going to marry the Princess?" she asked.

The Poet struck an attitude. "Such is my honorable intention," he declared, "just after daybreak on a Christmas morning, in fact, on this Christmas morning." He looked at her thoughtfully. "Were you ever in church at dawn on Christmas day?" he asked.

Melvina Ruby shook her head.

How to Obtain Vogue Patterns

Vogue Patterns may now be obtained in all of the leading Canadian cities. They may be purchased in the shops listed below, where one may secure expert fashion advice about personal clothes problems, and see the colored sketches of all the new models.

How to Order by Mail. Vogue patterns may be ordered by mail from any of the distributors listed below, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

In Ordering, state the full pattern number of the pattern you select. When ordering skirts give both the waist and hip measure; when ordering misses' or children's designs state age.

How to Send Money. No provision is made for charge accounts or C.O.D. delivery. When ordering, please enclose cheque, money order or stamps. Remittances should be made out to the store or office from which you order.

List of Distributors

ALBERTA

Calgary
Hudson's Bay Company

Edmonton
Hudson's Bay Company

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver
Hudson's Bay Company

Victoria
Hudson's Bay Company

ONTARIO

Galt
W. W. Wilkinson, Ltd.

Hamilton
Finch Brothers, Ltd., 29 King Street West
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.

London
Smallman & Ingram, Ltd., 149-157 Dundas Street

Ottawa
Murphy-Gamble, Ltd., Sparks Street

St. Catharines
The Canadian Department Stores, Limited, 17 St. Paul Street

Toronto
The Robert Simpson Company, Ltd.
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.

MANITOBA

Winnipeg
Hudson's Bay Company
The T. Eaton Company, Ltd.

NEW BRUNSWICK

Moncton
J. D. Creaghan Company, Ltd.

Saint John
Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Ltd., 27 King Street

QUEBEC

Montreal
Henry Morgan & Company

Quebec
Myrand & Pouliot, Limitée, 205-215 St. Joseph Street

SASKATCHEWAN

Saskatoon
Hudson's Bay Company

Vogue Patterns are obtainable in Great Britain at the offices of Vogue, Aldwych House, Aldwych, W.C. 2; at Harrods and Shoolbred's, and at thirty agencies in the Provinces, Scotland, and Ireland. On the Continent, Vogue Patterns are for sale in most of the large cities. A list of these Agencies may be found in the European edition of the Vogue Pattern Book, for sale at the principal kiosks and bookstalls.



That Delicious Confection— The Torte

Sometimes a pudding, sometimes a cake, it has many varieties and flavors

By JANE HEMMINGWAY

IT IS really surprising that the torte is not better known in this country for it is so popular in Europe that you would have thought that tourists would have insisted on adding it to their menus when they returned to their native dining table and so have popularized it here. Anyone who has a pet recipe for this delightful dessert knows how good it is. My family say it is a cross between a cake, a pudding and a pie, and that describes it as well as anything could.

My idea of a torte used to be a rather moist German cake made with sugar, lots of eggs and crumbs of some sort substituted for flour. I had no idea how many different kinds there were until I began making them and collecting recipes. Sometimes they are quite firm and crisp and resemble a cake and are served in slices. I have one recipe that is baked in a deep dish and is so soft that it is served as a pudding, garnished with whipped cream, and eaten with a spoon. And there are torten that are baked in a pastry shell, quite like a pie.

A German friend sent me this recipe from her own country. It is the most simply made foundation that I know. Beat the yolks of eight eggs well and add a half a cupful of granulated sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Fold in carefully, ten ounces of flour and bake in three layers. Fill with whipped cream flavored with maraschino, cover the top with the cream and decorate with maraschino cherries.

The torten, as I have said are sometimes baked in a loaf. But I think those baked in layers are the most popular. One restaurant in Paris serves a torte in a high pyramid. The three layers are baked in pans, each one a little small than the other, and put together with the largest as the foundation.

Torten may be filled with apricot jam, raspberry jam, mocha cream, chocolate cream or any of the rich layer cake fillings that you may prefer. And they may be iced as any cake is iced. Sometimes the layers are spread thinly with jam before the filling is put on. A most unusual filling as well as a most delicious one is made by mashing ripe bananas with a silver fork, adding lemon juice, granulated sugar to taste and chopped pecans. Spread between the layers and serve with whipped cream or a plain boiled icing.

WE EVERYDAY housewives have simplified the old world directions for making a torte very much. One of the

favorites in my family is made with bread crumbs. Soak a cupful of fresh crumbs in two tablespoonfuls of pineapple juice and the juice of one lemon for an hour. Any fruit juice you have on hand may be substituted for the pineapple, but always use the lemon juice with it for it seems to bring out the fruit flavor. Beat the yolks of five eggs very light. Then add a cupful of sugar, a cupful of finely chopped almonds, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder and the beaten whites of the eggs. Bake in two layer cake pans. Chopped walnuts, candied fruits, dates, pecans or pulverized filberts with the tiniest pinch of cinnamon and cloves, may be used to vary this recipe instead of the almonds.

The following graham cracker torte is not as elaborate or as expensive as the preceding recipes. To make it, cream together a half cupful of butter and two-thirds of a cupful of sugar. Add to it the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, two-thirds of a pound of graham crackers rolled fine, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in one deep layer cake pan and serve grapes and cream with it. Use fresh sweet grapes. Remove from the stems and wash. Dredge with powdered sugar and mix well. Just before serving cover with whipped cream.

The first time I ever ate this torte was at a luncheon bridge. It was served on a plate with vanilla ice cream, instead of cake, but it was every bit as soft as the ice cream. It calls for two eggs well beaten, a cupful of sugar, a cupful of chopped nuts, another of chopped dates, a heaping tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in a pudding dish in a slow oven.

Some tortes are baked in a puff paste. Line a mold with rich pie crust or a puff paste and fill with the following mixture: To one cupful of crushed pineapple, drained from the juice, add a cupful of powdered sugar and a quarter of a pound of chopped almonds. Into this fold a meringue made of the whites of two eggs and a half a cupful of powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Or the mold may be lined with cookie dough rolled thin, using your favorite chocolate or sugar cookie recipe. Spread with jam and fill with a filling made of two eggs well beaten, a cupful of sugar, the juice of one lemon and a cupful of finely chopped nut meats.



**EXQUISITE
TASTE**
where it matters most

LAVENDER Line is never extreme. It expresses in chic, smart lines that youthful simplicity that women of taste demand.

Lavender Line is a frank attempt to create a range of lovely underwear skilfully tailored, faultlessly made, that will first appeal in beauty to the eye of every woman, and, lastly, to her purse.

Every garment is made from the famous Lavender Line fabric which is renowned for its silky loveliness and its wear-resisting qualities. It washes again and again, never loses shape, and always to the last retains its lustrous freshness.

Once a woman wears Lavender Line, she rarely changes to any other make. The nearest Lavender Line store will show you why.



**WOODS Lavender
Line**

WOODS UNDERWEAR CO., LIMITED
70 CRAWFORD ST., TORONTO





Face
powder
that clings.....
and clings.....
and clings.....

THE base of Lanolin, the most expensive, soothing ingredient used in the finest tissue creams, makes Kissproof the most adhesive of all powders.

It clings to your skin giving it a new tone—a soft transparent depth—a clearness which will enrapture you.

Kissproof is the softest, most delicately feminine of all Face Powders. As fine as star dust, it melts into your skin making an instant improvement in your complexion, with no sign of how it has been secured.

Get this new type powder. All the best stores have it. The price is but \$1.00.

KISSPROOF, INC.
489 St. Paul St. W., Montreal

Paris New York Chicago

Kissproof



Grandma Swartz made a stiff little bow. "He iss very good," she said in her careful English. "We shall come by time."

The Poet looked a little embarrassed. He had meant to ask the Princess first. But the Princess, for all that she was a royal lady, was a good sport. He knew she wouldn't mind.

"There'll be presents because it's Jesus' birthday—and you're a Jew, but he says you can have presents just the same," Melvina Ruby was explaining. She stood on the steps with the Poet to wave farewell to Grandma Swartz and Hermie who were walking slowly up the unlovely street.

The Poet, as was to be expected, knew next to nothing of the ways of Homes for Indigent Orphans. The idea had not occurred to him how Melvina Ruby was going to attend an early morning wedding on Christmas Day. But it had occurred as a considerable problem to Melvina Ruby.

Her plans were laid. When she woke, the ribbon of moonlight was gone from the floor and the room was in twilight. She did not know the time, but she was in a tremor of fear lest she be late. She slipped noiselessly from the bed and bundled on her clothes. She dared not go to the cupboard at the end of the hall where the "best" clothes were kept. With a little sigh for the gray jersey with the scarlet collar which was the most splendid and least becoming garment she had ever owned, she slid into the sombre browns of her "every days." Shoes in hand, as is ever the way of conspirators, she crept along the passage to the little door where the fire-escape was. It was never locked but it squeaked wildly. Below, Mrs. Murchison continued to sleep the sleep of the God-fearing and the weary.

The iron rungs of the ladder were like glass, glistening with the silver coating of the frost. As Melvina Ruby took the leap to safety, the city clocks struck six. She was in time. Faster and faster along the empty street she raced. The church was a long way from the Harriet Tretheway. There were stars, still, though the moon was gone, and in the air was a wonderful half-glimmer that was partly starlight and partly the falling silver of the frost and, just a little, the first wings of the dawn trembling across the sky. In some of the houses there were lights burning already upstairs—houses with children in them, these would be.

From the high windows of the church, the colors fell in bars of purple and crimson across the frosted pavement. The great central door stood open, and there were the same jewel colors inside. Melvina Ruby stood still on the threshold and blinked. Then she heard a sibilant whisper at her side and turned to look, horrified, into the eyes of Grandma Swartz.

"We have come by time," said Grandma Swartz, complacently.

"But you weren't to come here," Melvina Ruby said in despair. She stared at Hermie and Rachel. Their faces had been very lately washed and shone like the morning.

"The lady and gentleman have gone in and they told us to come too," added Rachel loudly. "Aint you going?"

"You bet I'm going," said Melvina Ruby courageously, though her knees shook. "I'm the bridesmaid."

THE church was nearly empty. In the big spaces there seemed only a few people kneeling here and there. There was a wonderful smell of something spicy and familiar. Melvina Ruby remembered. The Five and Ten! Cedar! It hung in rich, dark garlands around the painted windows, and there was a great mass of greenery at the front, with one splendid star high above. Dazed and trembling, Melvina Ruby went forward, one of that strange quartette.

They found the Poet and the Princess kneeling side by side in a great pew, and they went as softly as they could into the seat behind. Grandma Swartz had bugles on her best coat. They made a curious, loud tinkle in the sweet, dreamy silence of the church. Hermie's feet, in their new, square-toed shoes, made a clatter against the seat. Then there was quiet again. The

people in the church were waiting for something.

Melvina Ruby knelt down because the Poet and the Princess were kneeling. They turned to smile at her, so she knew they were not saying their prayers. Grandma Swartz did not kneel down, because she was a Jew as Melvina Ruby supposed. She had learned a little about Jews in Sunday-school, and a great deal in day-school. When the real prayers started, Grandma Swartz stood straight up and put Hermie's hat firmly on his head.

But Melvina Ruby did not notice. She realized suddenly that there was something wrong: that there couldn't be a wedding after all. The Poet had said "a wedding garment," but the Princess had no veil. Only a little dark hat that came down close to meet the dark fur on her coat, with a line of flushed cheek and a fluff of shining hair between. But she had no veil!

Two great tears welled up in Melvina Ruby's eyes and dropped to her mittened hands, which were clasped painfully on the pew back. Two more followed and presently they were racing down her cheeks so fast that some of them, all salty as they were, popped into her mouth. But the Princess and the Poet knelt on, quite quietly, looking toward the high silver star above the cedar.

Out of a blur of tears, Melvina Ruby heard sounds. The deep warm roll of music; and then a voice speaking—a strong quiet voice. She bowed her head, very humbly, for she knew that it must be God.

People moved from their places and went boldly up the wide steps toward the star. The Princess and the Poet went too. But Melvina Ruby and Rachel and Hermie and Grandma Swartz did not go. And presently there was music again, soft and slow, like a silver river of sound. And then another sound, someone singing from the shadows with a voice that lifted like a lark's.

"O Lamb of God," sang the voice. And Melvina Ruby remembered the picture in one of the Sunday books at the Home—the Shepherd with the kind eyes, and the little lamb in his arms—the little, tired lamb.

She did not know when the stir of the leaving congregation came. Grandma Swartz pulled at her coat. "It iss over," she said. "It iss over, Melvina Ruby. Where shall we be?"

But the Princess leaned back to her. "Come, Daphne," she said.

And Melvina Ruby followed, up the aisle again, toward the star. Only this time they stopped at the wall of cedar, and there was the man with the voice. So it was not God after all, but only this man in a long white robe, with a glimmer of scarlet.

"Dearly beloved," said the man with the white and scarlet robe.

After it was over, Melvina Ruby signed her name with great care in a big crimson-backed book. The lights were paler and the jewels were fading from the high window. The tall man with the voice shook hands with the Princess and the Poet, and deeply and beautifully wished them happiness. Then he shook hands with Melvina Ruby.

And so they were out in the street again, with Grandma Swartz and Rachel and Hermie, and the stars were quite gone and there was a lovely pale gold over everything from the rising sun. And all the bells in all the towers were calling, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" across the frosty gold.

"Oh!" said Melvina Ruby, "are you really married?" And the Poet laughed and wrung her hands so hard that it hurt, but the Princess kissed her and said never a word. And she kissed Grandma Swartz and Rachel and Hermie.



"Now!" said the Poet, "for the honeymoon!" He drew the Princess' hand through his arm. "To the castle!" cried the Poet loudly. "Lead on, Daphne!"

And so they came to the Poet's house on a Christmas morning.

"It's a funny wedding-party, Beloved," said the Poet to the Princess.

"It's the loveliest wedding-party in the world," the Princess said.

In the castle the tree looked very fine indeed. Melvina Ruby dashed upstairs, three steps at a time, to make sure the Bayberry candles were lighted. She stood back for the Princess and the Poet, but the stairs were hard for Grandma Swartz and for Hermie who were much the same in figure. So in the end, the Poet came marching in with Grandma Swartz on his arm, and the Princess followed with Hermie and Rachel, holding a hand of each.

What a tree that was! The sort of magic tree from which every person gets the thing that most in the world he wants. The sort of tree that is sure to conceal among its little green branches a pair of shining patent leather slippers for Melvina Ruby and a shawl for Grandma Swartz, and gifts for Rachel and gifts for Hermie. There was a book for the Poet from the Princess, which Melvina Ruby thought rather a pity, seeing that he had so many, and a thin little silver chain with a shining cross on it, for the Princess from the Poet. Which was a lovely gift because everyone knew it was more expensive than he could afford. And Melvina Ruby's gifts were there, too, a necktie, lovely Christmassy red and green, for the Poet, and a silken handkerchief with holly in the corner, for the Princess.

"It's Jesus' birthday, and that's why we're giving you all these lovely presents," Melvina Ruby told Grandma Swartz. "She's a Jew," she added in explanation, to the Princess, "and they don't believe in Jesus."

"Oh, but they will," said the Princess softly, and touched Grandma Swartz's hand. "And so to breakfast," cried the Poet. The ante-room was all a merry jumble of Christmas papers and scarlet ribbons.

"I'll get breakfast, because I know what it's to be," shouted Melvina Ruby.

"I'll set the table," said the Princess, "because it's my new home." Which of course it was.

Such a scurry! Hermie got so excited that he scurried round and round the room as fast as his little legs could carry him. Grandma Swartz was to make the coffee. She laid away her new shawl and tied on a big white apron. The Poet and Rachel drew up the chairs, the throne for the Princess with the tinsel shining across the back.

There came a lovely smell of things frying and toasting in the kitchen. Melvina Ruby bustled in and out with the dishes. The church bells went on ringing like mad. Somebody down the street called out "A Merry Christmas," and the echoes went Merry Christmassing all around the block.

"If Jesus hadn't been born in Bethlehem on this Christmas day, there wouldn't be a Christmas party at all, Hermie Swartz," Melvina Ruby said. She spoke sternly because she was not sure that Hermie appreciated his advantages.

"If Jesus hadn't been born in Bethlehem, there would be nothing good nor beautiful in the world," said the Poet, gravely.

"No churches and no weddings like ours," said the Princess, smiling at him.

"No place in all the world for little children," said the Poet, smiling back.

Melvina Ruby jumped. She was in the kitchen making the last trip, for the feast was spread.

"Cracky Bill!" said Melvina Ruby. Her small face was pale. She had just remembered the orphans. Did the Poet mean "and no Christmas dinner for orphan children?"

Melvina Ruby lowered the gas in the tiny range in the tiny kitchen. She retrieved her coat and hat from the hook behind the door.

Noblesse oblige! said her conscience approvingly, as she tiptoed down the stairs.

"Aint it hell?" said Melvina Ruby herself.

Nurse. "I've got a bit put away. Business is business. I'll give it you to make it up to you. You can look on it as a Christmas present. Oh, Alec, I've often thought how I'd like to send you one, but couldn't, as you left no address. Only this evening I was looking through the catalogue . . . gents' silk handkerchiefs, warranted unfadeable."

"That was kind of you, Nurse. I'm glad you've not forgotten me, though I have sunk in the world."

"I don't forget my friends. Every year I think what I'd send them if I could afford it. I was planning for silk handkerchiefs this year, for you and Master Dick."

She bustled off to the night nursery, turning at the door to shake an admonishing finger at him. "Now, you won't steal anything while I'm away, will you?"

"Not a damn thing," said the man by the fire.

She brought him a little packet of notes. "There you are. Take them. I don't think you'd have got much more if you'd cleared the silver chest downstairs, no I don't. The half of it is plate these days."

He weighed the little packet in his hand. "Well, I'll take it. You're a good sort, that you are."

She looked at him over her glasses. He was a nasty-looking fellow, bearded and grimy, and when she got near him she realized he smelt strongly of drink.

"Tell me, Nurse. Don't you ever regret having stuck here, and not quit when you had the chance?"

"Why, I'd do just the same over again. Master Dick wouldn't eat nor rest for anyone but me. I couldn't leave him to die."

"Don't appear it would have been much loss if you had!" he said, darkly. "Not from what you've told me."

"You'll kindly not speak of the young gentleman like that in my presence," said Nurse, rather cock-a-hoop now because she had got the upper hand of him. "There was a deal of good in Master Dick. Him and me was always friends."

"And now you say he comes along and gets money out of them? Well, he's lucky,"

said the man, with a laugh. "That's an easy way to get it."

"He hasn't been now for twenty years . . ." said Nurse.

The clock struck half past eleven. "They won't be back till after twelve. Maybe you'd like a bite of supper," said Nurse.

She gave him bread and cheese and beer in the kitchen, sitting opposite him as he ate, with her knitting. He broke off lumps with his knife and stuffed them into his mouth.

"Tch, tch!" murmured Nurse, from long habit particular about table manners."

"Well, what then?" He paused, a lump of cheese on his knife on the way to his mouth. "Not on your knife, please. Never put your knife in your mouth. And cut the bread into smaller pieces."

"Oh, all right." He stuffed his mouth full, then picked up his mug of beer.

"Tch, tch!" said old Nurse, catching at his arm.

"Well, what now?" He seemed to be enjoying himself.

"Not with your mouth full, please!" She took her hand away. "But, there, it's no business of mine, to be sure; only habits are hard to break, and I had such a time correcting Master Dick in the old days. He was a bad eater."

"That must sure have been a wonder kid," said the man, and he laughed.

When the meal was over, she tidied up and would have shown him out of the back door. But he said:-

"I'll go as I came, by the plum tree. Then I shan't meet the quality on the drive."

He stood beside the window, looking at her. Then suddenly he kissed her.

"For old time's sake," he said, "and don't you worry about me. I don't burgle often. And if you want to know, it wasn't the old electro I was after this evening."

"Then what?" asked old Nurse.

"Never you mind," he said, and kissed her again.

Old Nurse stood there feeling quite coy and bold, and just a little creepy, too. All that beard of his . . . What a thing to do



Making It Easy to Choose Gifts for Smokers

(KEEP THIS ADVERTISEMENT)

THERE is no need to worry about gifts for your friends who smoke. At the nearest tobacconist you will find Tucketts famous brands of Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos in attractive Christmas wrappings ready for you. The uniform high quality of Tucketts brands makes them appreciated by all smokers. Be sure they are Tucketts—then go ahead.

CIGARS—Highest Standard of Quality



TUCKETTS PREFERRED

Tucketts Preferred Palmas . . . 3 for 50c
Tucketts Preferred Coronas . . . 3 for 50c
Perfectos . . . 15c Panetelas 2 for 25c
Invincibles . . . 15c Conchas . . . 10c
Cheaper by the box — Put up in Christmas packages of 10 and 25 cigars

The name TUCKETT on a cigar is a guarantee of finest quality. Your friends will enjoy their freshness, the superior aroma — they are the ideal Christmas gift for smokers.

TUCKETTS MARGUERITE
Individually Foil Wrapped . . . 10c
Cheaper by the box — Put up in Christmas packages of 10 and 25 cigars
PREFERRED and MARGUERITE
Christmas packages of 10, contain 2 convenient pocket packs of 5 cigars each

CIGARETTES—All Favorite Brands

Cigarettes are always popular as Christmas gifts. Choose one of the popular brands listed below — all in Christmas wrappings.



HERBERT TAREYTON
Christmas packed tins of 50 . . . \$0.85
Christmas packed tins of 100's (2-50) . . . 1.70
PHILIP MORRIS VIRGINIA OVALS
Plain or Cork Tips
Box of 50 . . . 85c

MELACHRINO
Melachrino Plain (No. 8), Cork (No. 9)
Christmas packed tins of 50 . . . \$1.25
Christmas packed tins of 100 . . . 2.50
JOHNNIE WALKER
Box of 50 . . . 80c

BUCKINGHAM
Christmas packed carton . . . \$1.00
Tins of 5060

TOBACCOS—The Pipe Smoker Will Enjoy



A pipe smoker likes nothing better than a present of good tobacco. You cannot go amiss in selecting one of the pipe tobaccos listed below. An especially fine gift at moderate cost is the Humidor Jar of Tareyton.

HERBERT TAREYTON
Humidor Glass Jar . . . \$3.00
"Home Tin" . . . 1.50
OLD SQUIRE
Glass Jar . . . \$1.25
T & B MYRTLE CUT
"Home Tin" . . . 90c

BUCKINGHAM
"Home Tin" (fine cut for making cigarettes) . . . 80c
"Home Tin" fine cut for making
All above packed in attractive Christmas Wrappings

TUCKETTS

CIGARS, CIGARETTES and TOBACCOS

Gay Christmas wrappings. At all dealers



TIME

By Dorothy Gostwick Roberts

O, loved one, where does this time thing go?
Where does it go? While our bodies glow,
Hours are gone in a golden moment.
Kiss not my hair with your head dream-bent,
Kiss not my breast, for a day is spent
At birth of the dawn. The year is gone
As you touch my throat with an April flower.
O, loved one, life slips by as an hour.
Soon against you I'll start in surprise,
Looking up swiftly into your eyes,
"O loved one, when did the years go by?
The years have gone, and it's time to die!"

The Value of BOVRIL to Women



WOMEN who are easily tired need Bovril to prevent them from getting "run down"! Bovril is especially valuable in replenishing a woman's reserves of energy. It acts so quickly. You feel the benefit of Bovril—its warm, stimulating action upon the wearied system—as soon as you have swallowed it.

And if you keep up your Bovril daily you will soon find your strength become equal to the work and worries of everyday life. For Bovril builds up health and fitness by sound nutrition. Bovril is the best of the beef—its vitalizing and energising properties in concentrated digestible form.

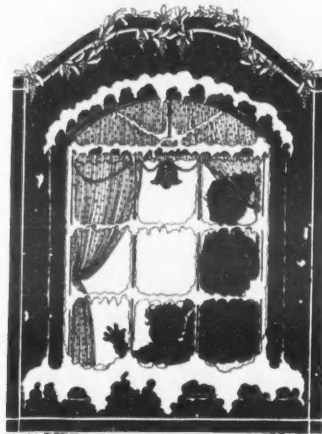
BOVRIL prevents that Sinking Feeling

Sales Agents: Harold F. Ritchie Co. Ltd., Toronto

29-13

Give
The Chatelaine
A Magazine for Canadian Women
for Christmas

See Page 79 for Special Gift Subscription Prices.



"Love Never Faileth"

Continued from page 11

himself a cigarette out of some tobacco and little pieces of paper. Then he picked up the copper match-box, looked at it closely, and struck himself a light. After which he put the match box into his pocket.

"No, you don't," said old Nurse, firmly, taking it from him. "Not that, my man. It's of no value to you, and I set store by that." "Oh, well . . ." he replaced it in its corner and looked at her. "You needn't be frightened of me," he said presently. "I won't eat you up."

"That's not what I'm frightened of." "Then what is it? You looked scared to death."

"You've come, I reckon, after the silver." "I suppose it's customary."

"And I don't see I can prevent you taking what you've a mind to . . ."

"I could hold you in the air with one hand while I helped myself with the other; then send you hurtling out of the window to join the stars. If so I wanted to . . ."

"And do you know what they'll say when they get back—the family?"

He did not seem to know.

"They'll say that comes of leaving someone that's too old to keep house, and that it will be an excuse for something I'm sure has been in the air for a long time, though maybe I'm just a suspicious old woman . . ."

She sniffed, and lacking a convenient hankie, used her apron.

The man turned and examined the mantles-shelf with some curiosity. He looked at the three photographs, and at the little text in the black frame, which said:—

LOVE NEVER FAILETH

"Bin here some time, I suppose."

"Over forty years."

"Fancy that! I'd have thought you'd have had a chance to better yourself when you were younger."

"If you mean marry, I did have a chance once, and a very good one. The salt of the earth he was, and he would have provided for me for life."

"Mug's game to let that slip."

She looked at the photographs on the mantles-shelf, and said:

"Master Dick was sick. He would have died if I had gone away when Alec sailed for Australia and wanted me to. The child would not eat nor rest for anyone but me."

The man scanned the three pictures callously, his eyes resting for a while on Dick's. "So you chucked a beau for that," he said, amused. "A grim-looking kid, too."

"There was a deal of good in Master Dick, though he did come to some terrible times, poor boy. He never had a chance. They were a deal too hard with him when he grew up, after spoiling him something cruel as a child. They've taken his picture out of its frame downstairs, and no one mentions him here now. But I wouldn't let anyone lay a finger on mine," said old Nurse. "You see that little frame? He made that for me. And the copper match-box. He ought to have

done well . . . So clever with his fingers . . ."

"Huh," said the man, "lots of folk ought to do well who never seem to pull it off. And all you've got out of this precious crib, is a chanst of the sack late in the day?"

"It's money troubles. I know there would not be a suggestion of such a thing otherwise. But times are hard. And maybe it's all in my mind. Old folk get queer notions."

"If you go and take away the silver and stuff with me in the house, I daresay that will just finish it. There isn't anything worth having, signs-by. Lots that looks like silver is only plate. You wouldn't want to ruin a poor old woman, on Christmas Eve."

"You're putting it over me. Go on, now! They wouldn't treat you anything but handsome, and you with them all these years."

"Oh, the things folk have to do when there isn't enough money!" said old Nurse, sadly. "You've no conception."

"Haven't I?" said the man grimly.

"Oh, I expect you've done some queer things in your day."

"Mucky," said the man. "Leastways I expect you'd think so."

"Perhaps you never had a real chance," said old Nurse. He leaned toward her suddenly.

"Don't you know me?" he said.

She stared at him, and stared at him, her knitting fallen to the floor. She had grown short-sighted of late years, and that, together with all his beard, seemed to put him a very long way from her. But she gasped, and said, feebly: "Alec . . . It couldn't be Alec?"

He laughed uproariously. "Then you wouldn't have known me?"

She said, "My poor Alec, what have you come to? You were such a smart, well set-up fellow."

"Time and tide wait for no man."

"Did you know where it was you were coming to-night?"

"Of course I did. How else would I have known the way in so well! But I never thought you'd still be here. I never thought you'd not get another chance."

"I was never much to look at," said Nurse, simply. "But now, for old time's sake, you'll leave the place alone, Alec. You won't steal from the hand that once fed you?"

"I don't see you have much need to stick up for them. They don't seem to have treated you any too handsome."

"Oh, such troubles we've had!" said old Nurse. She told him the tragic story of Master Dick, and how they had had to give him so much money from time to time that the family hardly had any left for themselves.

"But it's not that in particular I'm thinking of at the moment. It's just that I would not for worlds have such a thing happen when I've been left in charge. You can see what they'd say."

"Well, I'll chuck it then—for old time's sake."

"Then you shan't lose by it," said old



New!
"POT OF GOLD"
 a Treasure Chest of
 Moirs XXX Chocolates
 Strawberries in liqueur,
 Honey Nougat, Ginger,
 Kumquats, Pineapple
 Cubes, Stuffed Dates,
 Maraschino Cherries,
 Burnt Almonds—you
 will find all these and
 sixteen other varieties
 in "Pot of Gold."
 What better or more pleasing
 Christmas gift could be
 wished for?
 \$1.25 per lb.
 Slightly higher in Western
 Canada

CANADA'S

Moirs
 HALIFAX CANADA
XXX
CHOCOLATES

Chocolates—ever
 popular token of
 Christmas remem-
 brance—are more
 than ever the ideal
 gift if they're Moirs.

A variety of pack-
 ages, each filled with
 Moirs' famous XXX
 chocolates, have
 been prepared for
 you this Christmas.
 At all good stores.

CANDY



JUST OUT!

Matched Bridge Sets

for parties, clubs, gifts and prizes

The smartest things for all gala Bridge games are these colorful matched sets, including two mated packs of beautiful Congress Playing Cards, four tally cards and a score pad; all of harmonious design in full color with gold edges. Single table sets packed in a decorative gold-stamped telescope case; or three sets in a special package for large parties, gifts or prizes. Many new designs, including the modernistic. At your dealer's . . . or write us if he hasn't these new sets in stock.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. B-2, Windsor, Canada

Co-sponsor with Auction Bridge Magazine, New York City, of

BRIDGE by RADIO

Easy Lessons in Auction Bridge, 120 pages, complete instructions, and the latest official rules—10c postpaid.



Most modern playing card factory in the world

CONGRESS
and **BICYCLE**
PLAYING CARDS
MADE IN CANADA

go and kiss her like that! But Alec always had been a one, though to be sure he had not turned out anything like he promised in the old days long ago.

SHE went back to the hearthrug, and then, with a little cry, she saw something was missing. He had taken away her copper match-box. Oh, men were deceivers ever!

She ran to the window, and called his name, but silence answered her, and the stars snapping in the frosty air. As she leaned there, far off the clock struck midnight, and the Christmas bells pealed out over the fields, filling the night with their message, flooding the darkness.

"Peace on earth . . . Peace on earth"

What an evening! What an adventure! But she shed tears for her pretty match-box.

When the family returned they found her wide awake and spry as a mouse.

IT MADE no difference. They broke the fell news to her the day after Boxing Day.

"Times are hard, and we really cannot afford to keep you any longer, Nurse. We hate having to do this, but of late, things get more and more expensive. And in confidence I will tell you that Master has had another letter from Dick. He has to meet him in London to-morrow. And that will mean a lot more money going out . . ."

Old Nurse said: "Yes, M'am."

She was too dazed to think.

Mrs. Partridge went downstairs.

"The old lady took it well. Thank goodness, that is settled. We must give her a nice silver tea-pot as a memento. She will like that. You might go to that wholesale place in the city when you are up to-morrow."

"I wish to heaven that interview was over," said Mr. Partridge. "It was clearly understood last time he came that he would get nothing more from us."

"Then be firm, firm from the start. Let him see you mean to stand no nonsense," said Mrs. Partridge. "And at all costs, don't let him come here—not to see me. I—I couldn't bear it."

MR. PARTRIDGE was taken aback when he saw his son. They had not met for twenty years, but even that did not seem long enough to have transformed the boy he had known into this bearded and disreputable stranger—this person who certainly smelt of drink.

Mr. Partridge was at a loss. The man said, jovially: "Hello, Dad."

"Once and for all we have made it quite clear that by your conduct you have cut yourself off from your family for ever. We have no intention of doing anything further for you, and I fail, therefore, to see the use of this visit," said Mr. Partridge, being firm from the start. He thought: "A nice thing, if this fellow appeared at the Court, and it got about he was my son."

The man looked at him levelly, with bloodshot eyes. "That's all you've got to say to me this festive season?"

"Absolutely all! The arrangement was you were to remain out of the country."

"I'm going back out of the country all right. What beats me is how anyone wants to remain in this country if they can get into any other country," said the man. "And if that's all you have to say to me, I'll be off and have a word with the lawyer."

"You'll do no good by going to the lawyer. He has instructions not to give you another penny."

Mr. Partridge took out his case and helped himself to a cigarette. But when he came to light it he hadn't a match.

"Allow me; politeness is cheap," said the man. He produced a copper match-box upon the lid of which a few flowers had been roughly scratched, and handed Mr. Partridge a light. And Mr. Partridge, seeing him thus nearer still, said, incensed:—

"I do not believe you are my son!"

The man said nothing, picked up his hat and left the room.

The more Mr. Partridge thought it over, the more convinced he was that there had been a plot afoot to impose on him. "I'll stake my life, that wasn't Dick. It was someone trying it on," he said to his wife.

"I'll ring up the lawyer and tell him my suspicions. The fellow said he was going 'round there.'"

"You didn't give him anything?" asked Mrs. Partridge.

"He didn't actually ask me for anything," Mr. Partridge was forced to own. For the first time that circumstance struck him as funny.

OLD Nurse was packing her treasures. Only five more days and she would be away. All her life had been spent in those two rooms, the nursery and the night nursery, and now she heard wild rumors afoot that they were going to be turned into a library. She could not believe that. If the family were so short of money that they could not keep her, it was inconceivable they would start building a library!

She thought of Janet's prim house in Cheltenham, and the frosty letter Janet had sent her in reply to hers announcing her impending arrival. She slipped the three photographs into her bag, and took down the text:—

LOVE NEVER FAILETH

Sadly she wrapped it in a piece of tissue paper and laid it away. If only she had not to go to Janet, it would be less awful. If only she had enough money to rent the little cottage next the Post Office that had lately fallen vacant, and live in peace where she was respected and known! Would Janet give her a little shelf of her own for her treasures, she wondered? Knowing Janet, she feared not.

Then the housemaid brought her a letter. Old Nurse could not make head or tail of it, because it seemed to be a letter written to someone else, although it was addressed to her, and her name came into it frequently. In the end she took it down to the Master. He had some trouble in making her understand it, for she did not know what an annuity was. A very handsome annuity, this—eight hundred pounds a year.

"For me?" gasped old Nurse. She had to sit down, for the room was whirling round. "From Master Dick—I saw him in town the other day, so changed that I took him for an impostor. But he gave me no reason to suppose he had made a fortune. In fact, I expected he had come to ask me for money. It appears he owns a gold mine—one or more. I think he might have told me." Mr. Partridge looked flustered and annoyed.

"Well, that's the gist of it. You can read it for yourself. You'll have eight hundred a year. Proportionately you will now be a great deal better off than we are. You will be able to keep a carriage," said Mr. Partridge.

Old Nurse took the letter upstairs with her. She sat down in her rocking-chair on the black wool hearthrug, and read it over and over. It was a copy of a letter written to the lawyer and sent to her to read.

"Nurse Sarah Camplin is to have an annuity from me, commencing at once, for the duration of her life, of eight hundred pounds a year. Will you please get this fixed at once? I've struck oil and made my pile. She is the only friend I have, and it won't spoil her. And you might tell her, when you communicate with her, that she is right. Love Never Faileth."

THEY were all hers now, her lovely dreams. The little cottage next the post office, among the people she knew, and the milanese silk stockings for Miss Lucy; those little handkerchiefs trimmed with lace, a pipe for the Master, and something for the maids. All a bit late for Christmas, but they would understand, they wouldn't mind!

And there were two boxes of gents' silk handkerchiefs, guaranteed fadeless, colors assorted. She could get Master Dick's address from the lawyer, now.

"There was always a lot of good in Master Dick," said old Nurse, "for all he took my match-box, and passed himself off as my Alec. And who knows, if Master Dick can get home all that way across the sea, some day my Alec may really come his own self, and then I shall have a Christmas presents ready for him, whatever the season."



PATRICIAN BEAUTY SNOW

(Face Mask)

THANKS to the advances made in modern chemistry, it is now possible for every woman to be ravishingly beautiful. Patrician Beauty Snow is applied to the face and neck and left to stay on from 10 to 15 minutes. The ingredients of which this new mask is composed promote the circulation of the blood and bring it to the surface, leaving the skin clean, white and with the healthy glow of youth.

May be obtained in Canada at N. Y. Hairdressing Parlor, 1417 Drummond St., Montreal.

Ask for booklet of Patrician Preparations—"They are different."

Patrician Laboratories Ltd.
251 E. Fordham Rd. New York

try chocolate Spanish cream

...a dainty dessert for five to seven persons. Here is the recipe:—

1 envelope Cox's Gelatine; 1 cup cold water; 1 square sweet chocolate, grated; 2 cups hot milk; 1 cup sugar; 2 eggs, separated; 1 teaspoon vanilla extract.

Mix Gelatine with water. Melt chocolate in milk over the fire, add Gelatine and when dissolved, pour over the beaten yolks of eggs, add sugar, return to the fire and stir until it begins to thicken. Take from the fire, add vanilla, pour into a bowl to cool, add whites of eggs stiffly beaten; beat ten minutes and pour into a wet mold, or into individual molds. Turn out when firm and serve with cream.

If desired, cocoa may be substituted for the chocolate.

Free Book of recipes, apply The Cox Gelatine Co., Limited, P.O. Box 73, Dept. J.

6-28



Cox's
Instant Powdered
GELATINE
Made in Scotland



The Sugar Fairy

(Continued from page 14)

in the big, busy kitchen. Most of the day she spent scouring the pots, until she was sooty from top to toe, or stirring the thick batter with a heavy spoon, until her back ached and ached. One day she was nearly drowned while washing out the mixing bowl, and another day, when Timothy Tart sent her into the oven to see if it was hot enough for the baking of a cake, she was nearly roasted alive. When she heard Timothy Tart's harsh voice driving away the hungry little children, she looked back sadly on the time when she was free to help the poor and make the good children happy.

Poor little fairy! She was so tired when night came that she could not dance at all, though she was made only to dance and be happy, with her gauzy wings and light toes and pretty face.

And now you know why it was that Timothy Tart's cakes could win the heart of every child in the town, though the pastry-cook himself was the crustiest man in the kingdom.

COME out of your hiding place, little wretch, or I'll ferret you out, and pinch you, as I did yesterday and the day before that!" cried Timothy Tart.

Suddenly he spied a beautiful pink sugar fairy lying on the table. "Ah," he exclaimed, catching it up between his thumb and finger, "so you have shown some industry after all, wretched imp! I don't know where you are, but I do know that this is a master-piece for the royal cake."

Even Timothy Tart could not help but see loveliness in this candy doll. He set it in the very centre of the very top layer of the cake, and, standing back, surveyed it with satisfaction. It stood on one pink toe, and its wings were spread. It was beautiful enough to delight the heart of the most disagreeable and greedy little princess in the world.

"Well, well," chuckled Timothy Tart, "I have no doubt but that this cake will win so much approval from the princess that I shall be made Pastry-cook to the King and Court. He rubbed his hands together gleefully.

IT WAS Christmas Day. The church bells were pealing and big soft sticky bits of snow were falling lazily and windlessly upon street and roof and tree. The palace was gay with colored lights, and cheery tunes, and jesting, and feasting. But the princess royal sat pouting in her apartment. She had been out of bed an hour already, and had grown very tired of her hundred and ten bright new toys. She had pulled the golden wig off her big doll, and had lost the red shoes off her little doll, and now she sulked because she hadn't been given a doll with black curls and another doll with blue shoes. She had gobbled all her barley-sugar animals, and now she was cross because they had not been barley-sugar soldiers.

She was just wondering why her Christmas tree was so scrawny and her candles so pale, when the door opened and in came two footmen carrying between them a large parcel in holly-paper wrappings.

"What's that?" asked the princess.

"It is the Christmas gift of His Majesty the King to Your Royal Highness," said the footman in plum-color and the footman in green, both bowing.

"Then unwrap it!" ordered the princess, who was growing quite curious.

The footmen promptly obeyed the royal command.

There stood the cake baked by Timothy Tart and covered with pretty figures of icing by his slave, the fairy.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the princess, skipping about on her little satin-slipped feet. "A cake! Such a cake! Look at the sugar fairy on the top! How good it must taste!" And she stood on tip toe and stretched out her plump pink arm to seize the fairy in her fingers, already sticky from barley candy.

"Surely, Your Highness, you will not gobble up the most beautiful figure on the most wonderful cake in the world the very moment you set eyes on it!" exclaimed the royal nurse, who was envied by every other nurse in the kingdom, though her charge was the naughtiest little girl in the land. "Besides, Your Highness, you have already eaten so much barley sugar candy that I am sure you will be ill. Be a good princess and just look at the pretty sugar fairy."

But the princess stamped her foot and cried, "I'm the Princess Royal and you are nobody at all, so there! I'll report you to my father, the king!"

The nurse was quite frightened by the threat, and she hurriedly began to tidy the princess' toys.

So the princess seized the sugar fairy, and thrust it head first into her little red mouth. Then a strange thing happened.

The princess began to jump up and down on her satin toes, shrieking the while. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Something has stung my tongue! It must be this horrid sugar fairy. I shall not stand for such a thing!" She stamped and she bellowed. "I'll punish this wicked sugar fairy! I'll break it into the tiniest bits."

She ran to the window and flung the sugar fairy as far as she could. "There!" she called after it.

But instead of falling into the court below and crashing and scattering into a hundred crumbs of sugar, it began to flutter up toward the sky. Up, up, up, it traveled, through the soft flakes of snow falling down, down, down. And as it flew higher and higher, scraps of sun began to sparkle between the bits of snow and the sweet crystals of the candy figure began to drip, drip, drip. And in five minutes there was no longer a pink sugar fairy, but in its place was a living fairy, with blue wings like gossamer.

"Oh how good it is to be free!" cried the fairy. "How glad I am that I tumbled into grumpy old Timothy Tart's pink icing just as I was about to make the candy doll for the top of the royal Christmas cake! How glad I am that I stung the tongue of the naughty little princess! How glad I am that I shall see all my fairy comrades again!" And away she flew in the sun above the snow, happily singing, to fairy-land.

Colds

and 3 things to do for them

INHALATION: In a teacup full of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.



If you use these treatments tonight, your cold will be better in the morning. Know the 3 stages of your cold. Then apply the common-sense Mentholatum treatment for each stage.

In the **FIRST STAGE** your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

In the **SECOND STAGE** your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the **THIRD STAGE** the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.



FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to get rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon to Dept. C, Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont. The book is free—you will also receive sample of Cough Drops and trial box of Mentholatum. Simply enclose 10c in cover mailing costs. (Print name clearly).

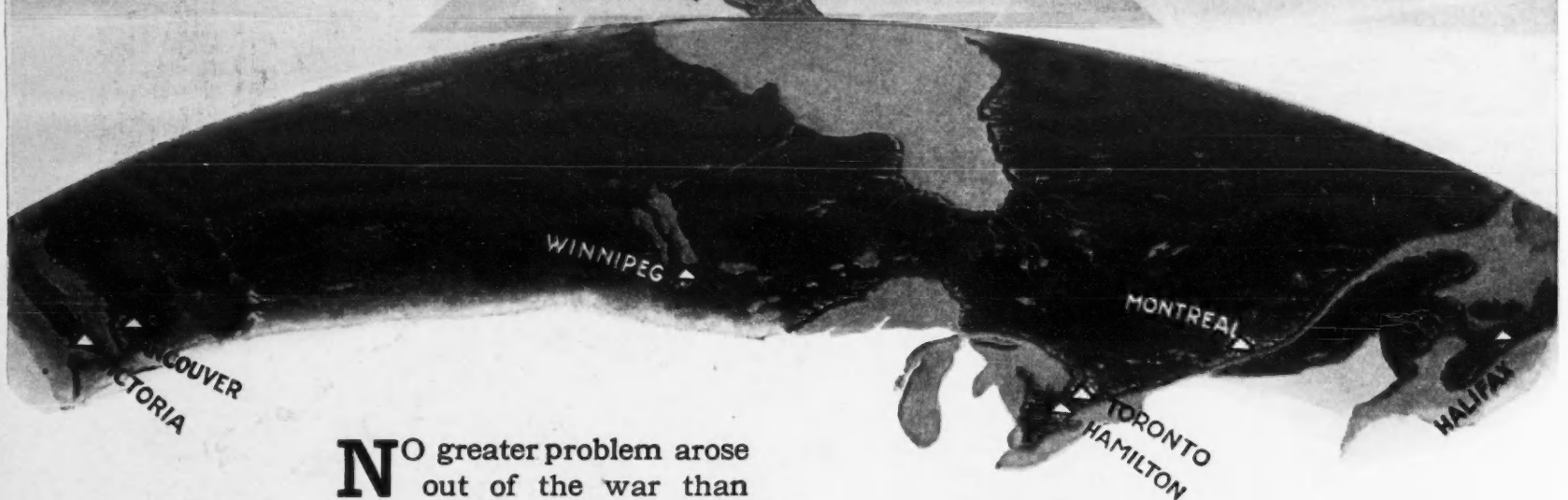
Name

Address

Mentholatum
Shaving Cream
is wonderful

Land of Hope and Glory

DISABLED SOLDIERS



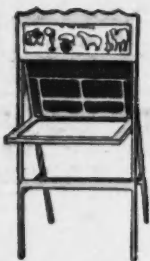
NO greater problem arose out of the war than the salvage of those men whose bodies and minds bore the scars of battle. Industry overnight absorbed a hundred thousand men—agriculture reclaimed its great quota—but across Canada the problem cases arose.

There could be no "Old Soldiers Home" in this fair Dominion—but here were men unable to work steadily in factory or shop—men whose disabilities did not tie them to the hospital cot—men who seemed

left out—with no place to go—partial pensioners—idle hands. Vetcraft Shops have gone into your homes—found articles there

imported from other countries—have improved them and offered them to you at a fair market price. The unemployable returned soldier is today happy at his work—proud of the product of his bench. You too will be proud to have Vetcraft Shops handiwork in your home.

The merchants of Canada, your local furniture store and toy shop, stock the products of the Vetcraft Shops. Will you remember to ask for Vetcraft next time you buy kitchenware, juvenile furniture, toys that last. Just ask to see Vetcraft.



BLACKBOARD
Twelve Sizes

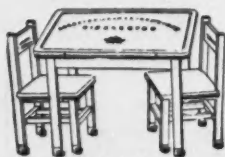
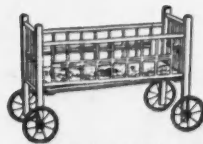


TABLE
One of ten styles and sizes



DOLL CARRIAGE



DOLL BASSINETTE
One of five styles



SWAN SHOO-FLY
Seven other patterns

TABLES
CARTS
DOLLS BEDS
KIDDIE CARS
FERNERIES

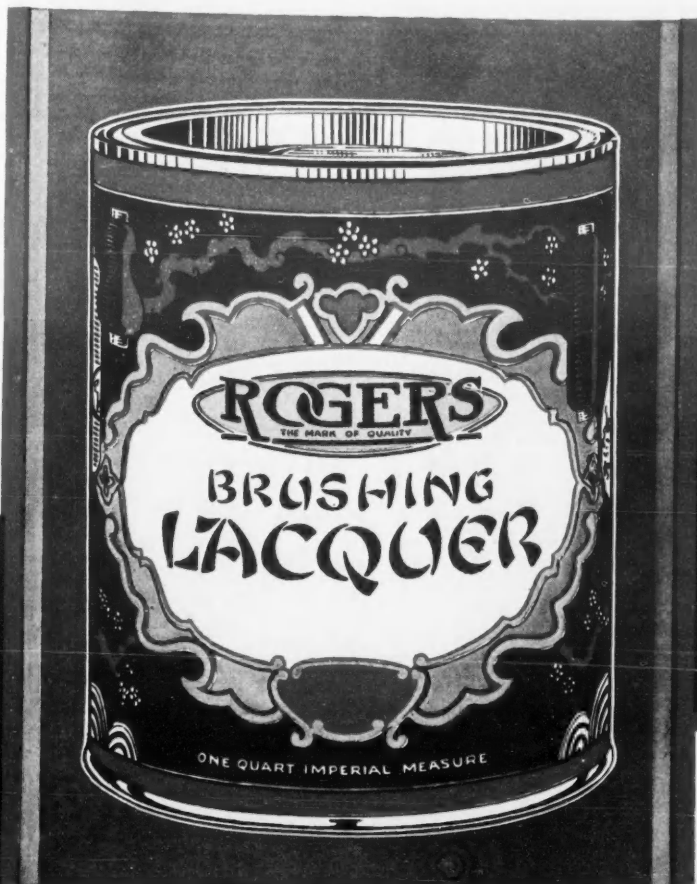


VETCRAFT SHOPS



WHEELBARROWS
BEDS
PLAY SLIDES
ROSE ARBORS
BEDSIDE TABLES

HALIFAX MONTREAL HAMILTON TORONTO WINNIPEG VICTORIA VANCOUVER



A Beautiful Gift with **ROGERS**

Fill in the coupon below; present it with 50-cents to your dealer. It authorizes him to present to you a gift from Rogers—a beautiful flower vase (worth more than a dollar at any store) together with a regular 50-cent quarter-pint can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer.

The vase is 7" high, of the finest hardwood, with inset glass tube to hold the water. Give it its first coat of Rogers—your favorite color. See how well Rogers spreads—how quickly it dries—how beautifully glossy and lustrous it looks. It will make a delightful original Christmas Gift for someone.

And some morning when everybody's out, refinish your furniture and bric-a-brac with this perfected Brushing Lacquer. It will be dry when they come home to lunch.

Manufactured under license
by the following companies:

THE CANADA PAINT CO.
INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.
MARTIN-SENOUR & CO.
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.



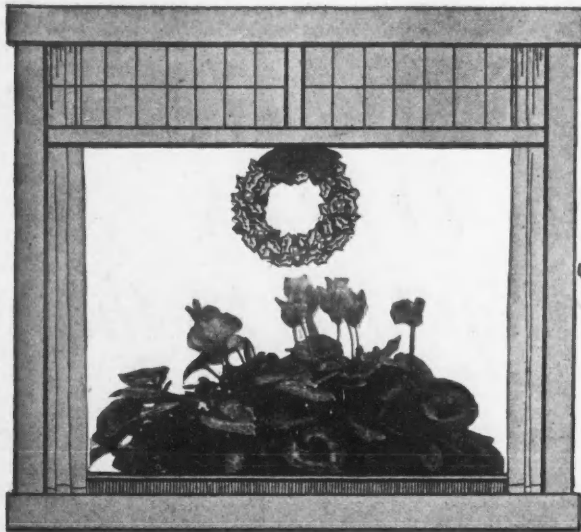
Use Rogers Liquid Polish for cleaning and polishing your automobile and furniture. Quickly, and with remarkably little effort, Rogers Liquid Polish produces a bright, lustrous shine.

This coupon entitles the holder to a 50-cent can of Rogers Brushing Lacquer (any of the colors) and a Flower Vase for an inclusive price of 50 cents.

Name _____

Address _____



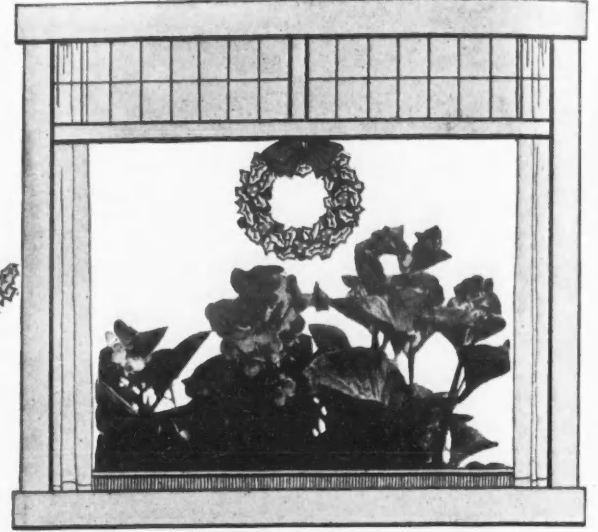


Cyclamen flowers will last in good condition for weeks in a cool room where sunlight will not strike them.

Christmas Plants

And their year-round care—

By ADA L. POTTS



The begonia is a permanent plant, to be enjoyed the year-round. It is fond of frequent root-watering.

WHILE the question of continuous bloom throughout the winter is admittedly something of a problem for many flower lovers, because of the prevailing conditions in the living rooms of our homes, yet there is no home to which some plant may not be adapted, and, while conditions for its growth may not be ideal, yet its culture is not impossible. The solution of the problem lies naturally in giving thought and using common sense.

There are some folk who seem born with the knack of making plants grow even under the most unlikely conditions. They seem to know, by a kind of instinct, precisely what each plant needs, and the plants respond in a manner which appears uncanny to less gifted growers. Those who have not this fairy gift, must simply endeavor to achieve it.

If we only will remember that house plants are forced to live under the most unnatural conditions, and that we could, by exercising thought, make their struggle to survive much less, there would be fewer disappointments. The first consideration is learning how Nature undertakes the task. Take the matter of bulb growing, for example. A thoughtful observer would notice that, in the autumn, top growth is checked, and, because the ground at the surface is colder than lower down, root growth is encouraged. That, with some bulbs, there must be a chrysalis period of from six to eight weeks, and that plants must be given leisure to send up stem and foliage; make their flowers, etc.

All plants do not flourish in the same type of soil, and a little consideration as to the kind of plant one is attempting to grow is advisable. Again, all plants do not require the same amount of water as others, nor as much at one season of the year as at another, nor on dull, wet days as on bright, warm sunny ones.

There can be no more mistaken kindness shown than that which forces every plant to have a daily swallow of water, whether it desires it or not, just because the owner has water in the pitcher, when perhaps only one of the plants is really calling for a drink. The frequent top-waterings, and the standing in receptacles in which water is permitted to accumulate, has been the death of many a willing plant.

Much depends upon the selection of house plants, because those available may be divided into two distinct classes. There are some which should be distinctly considered of "florist type," that is grown by florists for "special season" work, and not guaranteed by them to be for permanent use. Others are of a more permanent character, and hence better suited as house plants. The list of these permits of considerable choice.

Because it seems that it cannot be killed by ordinary neglect, the aspidistra is a common house plant, and experts, when asked to name a variety which any amateur may safely grow, will name first of all this plant. However, many of those grown would be greatly improved if given the weekly "big drink," and an occasional application of fertilizer, with a reasonable amount of light—though not necessarily direct sunlight.

Palms, for decorating halls, are frequently failures because of unwise selection. There are three varieties which florists, if consulted, will recommend for amateurs, and of these perhaps the Kentias will afford the greatest satisfaction. Be sure, if jardinières are used, to see that the pots are raised above any water which might collect in the bottom of them. These plants respond kindly to a treat of bone meal in the potting, and good drainage.

How to take care of the plants we have, might be summed up roughly as follows:

Abutilon (flowering maple)—which by the way, is not a

maple at all, but a cousin of the hollyhock, thrives under much the same treatment as a geranium.

Asparagus Sprengeri (called "asparagus fern")—which is not a fern at all, but belongs to the lily family, is a much-enduring plant if given a good-sized pot and plenty of water while making growth—*Fibrous begonia*—which is the winter-flowering variety needs good drainage, leaf-mould and sand, shade rather than sun, but must have light. In May had better be given a rest by gradually withdrawing water, but never be left dry more than a few days at a time, giving water enough to keep leaves and stems from wilting.

Cactus—the now fashionable plant for decorative purposes, requires good drainage and sandy soil. Cacti love heat. Perhaps the rose-colored epiphyllum is the best for ordinary living rooms. These plants require to be thoughtfully watered as they are a desert plant accustomed to a rainy season when they store up moisture for the drought which follows. The Christmas cactus, (*Euphyllium truncatum*) is a permanent house plant, but some experience difficulty with its culture. One person will insist that it must be kept very dry, while another vows it must be fairly moist. The truth of the matter is that the plant is usually

as the leaves and bracts begin to fall, gradually withhold water until the soil becomes "dust dry," for the plant now needs a rest, and the best way to cause it to become dormant is to lessen the water supply, and put it in a cool (not freezing) place, where it will not wilt entirely until May or June when it may be set outdoors.

Cyclamen flowers will last in good condition for weeks in a cool room where direct sunlight does not strike them. If not allowed to become dry at the root, and if not given more water than they need, they will keep on blooming until it is warm enough to put most plants out-of-doors. Do not allow bright sunshine to strike the plants at any time during their existence, except during very dull winter days when they will enjoy what sun they can get.

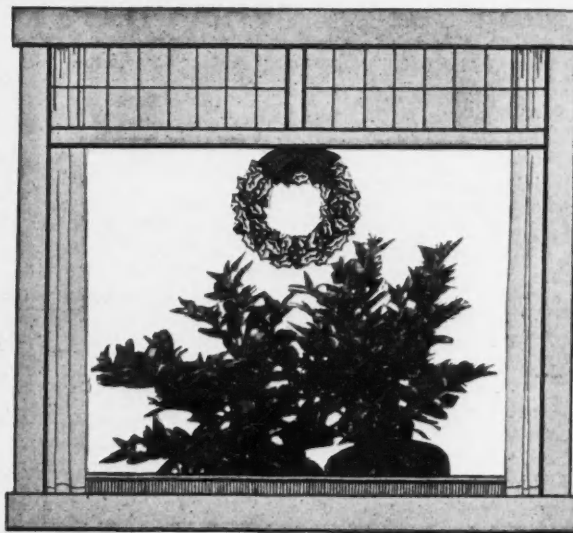
A plant which is grown for its bright berries, is the Jerusalem cherry (*Solanum capsicastrum*). It is unfortunately beloved by the red spider. The evidence of this pest's presence is the discoloration of the leaves, and the remedy seems to be a washing of the leaves. However, since prevention is better than cure, the cleansing of the leaves should be a habit. Avoid direct sunshine while the plant has its berries, or the dropping of these may be hastened thereby. After the berries or "cherries" have dropped, gradually withhold water until the growth matures somewhat. The shoots should be pruned back to within an inch or so of the main stem. When all danger of frost has passed, put the plant outdoors, until time to repot and prepare for indoor duty again.

The azalea is sometimes not the joy its recipient at Christmastide expects it to be. It requires an abundance of water all the time, and especially if in a warm atmosphere. As the flowers fade, remove them, with their little stem, clear down to the leaves. This prevents any possibility of seed-forming. As soon as the flowers are gone, the plant begins to make new shoots, for it is on these the flower buds for next year's blooming are made, and to accomplish this the plant must be kept warm and moist. After danger of frost outside, it is better to plunge the pot in the ground, to the rim of the pot and in hot, dry weather, watering at least twice a day may be necessary. About the middle of October bring in, but not into the warmest room in the house. Attend to the plant's wants carefully supplying water overhead and at the roots, and in due time the flowers will again appear.

Recognizing then that some plants had better be considered temporary subjects (cinerarias and some of the primulas) plants of the more permanent character would include, besides those already named, the rubber plant (*Ficus elastica*), which so many are afraid to nip back when becoming unwieldy; the Norfolk Island pine (*Araucaria excelsa*); *Begonia gracilis alba*; Boston fern, and geraniums. If these latter have been pinched back and not allowed to bloom during the summer but make wood for winter blooming, they are very satisfactory winter plants.

Other plants blooming from December into spring are: *Allium Mooly* (flowering onion), blooms from December to April; *Freezias* bloom from December to April; *Easter Lily* (*Lilium Harrisii*), blooms from December to April; *Oxalis* blooms from December to April; hyacinths (Roman), bloom freely from November to April; Chinese sacred lily, (*Narcissus orientalis*), blooms from November to April; daffodils bloom from December to April; Single tulips bloom from December to April.

There is the Musk plant (*Mimulus moschatus*) which formerly was grown indoors, but is now rarely seen. The stone crop (*Sedum caeruleum*) can be grown in all dry rooms where broader leaved plants do not (Continued on page 72)



A plant which is grown for its bright berries, is the Jerusalem cherry. It may be potted outdoors when frost is past.

grafted upon the broad-leaved pereskia, a plant which requires more water and is able to withstand more than the Christmas Cactus, were it upon its own roots. If the Cactus is ungrafted, water must be very carefully considered, or rotting will follow.

AT CHRISTMAS time flower-growers have plants bestowed upon them, and among these is often the red-leaved poinsettia. The problem of how to keep this plant healthy is a special one. The poinsettia will get along with less water than many other plants. While its leafage is not great, the stems are plentifully charged with a milky sap. While not to be over-watered, yet it must never be allowed to suffer for want of water. The condition of soil may lean toward dryness rather than saturation. As soon

mallows, and any other little things you may have and the Christmas treat, is complete.

Christmas Donations

EVERYONE who has asked for donations for Christmas trees for children, has been astonished at the generosity and kindness which is abroad in the land at this time of the year. One has only to ask in order to receive. Store managers, factories, wholesale houses, as well as private individuals seem eager to do all in their power to help in the work.

This particular club, having many connections in Toronto had an amazing amount donated, so much, in fact, that there was a satisfactory amount left over to pass on to other less fortunate "trees." But the point to remember is, don't be afraid to ask for donations!

Rather a difficult problem is presented when friends offer to give a certain number of toys. In one case a kindly woman, bought eleven large and golden-haired dolls and gave them to a Christmas tree which had twenty little girls present. Tears and turmoil were the only results, and the evening was practically spoiled, by the wailing petitions from the youngsters who had not received one of the lovely dolls. It is far better to have the donation in money so that one can divide it systematically among the children's gifts.

The Festival Itself

SOME Christmas trees are given in the afternoon when the children are gathered, given their presents, with cocoa and sandwiches, and despatched home. Others are held in the evening, but the late hours and excitement combined are not in the best interests of the children. This club invited the children for six o'clock, and served a chicken dinner to the sixty little girls, with the tree to follow, and a Punch and Judy show to crown the evening's happiness.

The dining-room table brought gasps of astonishment from the children as they were led to their places.

It was centred with a gilt sleigh, on which a Santa Claus sat and drove his eight reindeer. At each end, a jolly gnome set the children laughing and helped to banish any self-consciousness. Bands of cotton batten, sprinkled with artificial snow, and edged with ropes of cedar, tiny figures of Santa Claus, sprigs of holly, and small rabbits, decorated the table, which had been covered with white tissue paper tablecloths. Candles were not used, as it was feared that fire might be caused.

At each place was a large red "all-day-sucker" with "Merry Christmas" inscribed on its face in white icing, a gay table napkin, and a scarlet cracker.

The dinner was simple, but beautifully cooked. Chicken, hot mashed potatoes, green peas, ice cream in fanciful moulds and animal biscuits. Milk was served to all the children.

After supper, Santa Claus bounded into the room, and gave the stockings to the happy children, and the dolls which had been arranged on a large chesterfield, each with the name of its new mother, pinned to its dress. When all the gifts had been distributed, Santa left the party, to return later as manager of the Punch and Judy show. But so great was the excitement that it was found practically impossible to quiet the children enough to listen to the entertainment.

A programme is really unnecessary. The thrill of the "tree" is more than enough for one evening, and once each child possesses her gifts, the great longing with them all is to run home and show mother!

Checking the children's clothes presents a troublesome problem unless it is efficiently handled. It has been found best to appoint two or three girls to collect the clothes from each child, pin her name to them, and fold carefully away. Keep all the children sitting down, and then call out the names, one by one. This is the only way to prevent a scramble.

When your "tree" is over, it is a happy thought to enquire whether some organization would not be more than grateful to

receive it and celebrate its own Christmas festival with it. In this case, the club found a poor Children's Shelter, who declared that the tree was the direct answer to prayer. Without it they would have had no celebration, as they could not afford the tree, or the decoration.

It is important to keep something in reserve. At every Christmas tree, unexpected children or mothers arrive, but one can meet every contingency if some crisp dollar bills, or shining new half-dollars are in readiness, extra oranges, nuts and candy.

The Private Christmas Tree

BUT suppose you're wanting to give a Christmas tree all by yourself, or with the help of a few friends, what is the best way to plan it?

The story of an actual success that has evolved into a triumph from a very small beginning, is one of the most interesting methods of gleanings information. Thus there will be much of value, for those who would like to give their own Christmas Tree Festival in the success which has met the annual "tree," of a well-known young Toronto sculptress.

Several years ago, her studio was situated close to one of the poorer sections of town, from which she drew the small models for her child subjects. One year, on an impulse, she decided to give a Christmas tree for her models, nine of them, and asked her friends to contribute anything they had in the way of toys or candy. That early tree cost just ten cents! It was small, and decorated with remnants of the family trees in years past. Her friends, as always is the case when the blithe spirit of Christmas is abroad, contributed lavishly, and her first party was a tremendous success.

Last Christmas over fifty children were invited, and the whole party was handled alone by the sculptress and her friends.

She found that by the second Christmas, all the personal donations in the way of toys were given, and so started in fear and trembling to canvass some of the factories and wholesale houses. Generosity met her everywhere, and with the funds which her personal friends gave her, she has always had enough.

When she first started the idea of a Christmas tree, many of the mothers came to her, and asked that no money be given to the children, nor anything which might be turned into money. All they asked for was that the children should have something to remember!

Something to remember! A bit of glamor, an evening of laughter and fun to be thought over, and remembered in the winter to follow.

She invited her own models, and asked the postman for the names of children in the district who he thought would have little pleasure. Invitations were written to each of them on some of the gaily decorated children's paper, and forwarded.

It is far better to have no formal entertainment, for the moment you start to entertain a group of children, they become self-conscious. Let them entertain themselves—and you. Start them singing; there's nothing they love better. Ask them each to recite or sing a song they know. At first they may be shy and backward, but once you find a bold soul who will "speak his piece" the others will be eager to follow.

When you have no money to buy more or less uniform toys for all the kiddies, encourage them to take their stockings home unopened and save yourself from discussions as to the relative merits of their gifts. Keep them happy with oranges, nuts, and Christmas fun, and pack them off home as early as possible, with their stockings only half explored.

Cocoa is ideal to serve at a Christmas tree, and the iced animal biscuits never lose their fascination. It has been found that the poorer the children, the more spicy, and highly-flavored they like their food. The Toronto sculptress made chicken sandwiches for her first "tree"; but they found scant appreciation and were apparently too tasteless. Lots of icing, and brightly colored decorations on the cakes appeal to them more than delicacy of cooking.

NURSING MOTHERS



Breast fed is best fed

NATURAL feeding means so much to a baby's health and happiness. Doctors the world over encourage mothers to breast-feed their children. It is nature's way and artificial feeding can never take its place.

But special and extra nourishment is needed to ensure adequate maternal milk. Take Ovaltine, the delicious tonic food beverage before and during the nursing period.

Ovaltine, prepared from ripe barley malt, fresh eggs and creamy milk, is just the type of concentrated nourishment needed. Easily digested, quickly absorbed, it furnishes a plentiful supply of rich milk in a perfectly natural way. Ask your doctor.

Drink Ovaltine for health—the year 'round. 60c, 75c, \$1.25, and special family size, \$4.50, at all druggists. It is economical to buy the larger sized tins.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

ENABLES MOTHERS TO BREAST-FEED THEIR BABIES

Made in England by
A. WANDER LIMITED

Send the coupon for a generous trial tin of Ovaltine

A. WANDER LIMITED,
455 King St. West, Toronto.
Please send sample of Ovaltine. 10 cents is enclosed for packing and postage.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... Prov.....

Baby Loves His KIDDIE-BATH

BABY coos with joy when it is time for a dip in his Kiddie-Bath, because he likes to splash and play in the roomy tub that is so comfortable and yielding to his tender skin. And then, with everything so handy for Mother or Nurse, he can be quickly dried and dressed on the attached dressing table without danger of catching cold.

Kiddie-Bath is designed and constructed for the absolute comfort and protection of Baby, as well as a wonderful convenience for the Mother. The tub is of rubberized drill, fitted with valve for draining. Table is of heavy drill. Equipped with fancy chintz pockets at back, soap tray, front pockets and towel rail.

When not in use, Kiddie-Bath folds up compactly and is easily portable. Frame is finished in Ivory, Pink, Blue or White Enamel. Kiddie-Bath is also obtainable without table.



See Kiddie Bath at any better furniture or department store throughout Canada, or write for pamphlet.

**LEA-TRIMBLE
MFG. CO.**

Makers of Kiddie-Koop and other Nursery Equipment

289-291 Sumach St., Toronto 2



Makes Life Sweeter

Children's stomachs sour, and need an anti-acid. Keep their systems sweet with Phillips Milk of Magnesia!

When tongue or breath tells of acid condition, it's time for Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Most men and women have been comforted by this universal sweetener—more mothers should invoke its aid for their children. It is a pleasant

thing to take, yet neutralizes more acid than the harsher things too often employed for the purpose.

Phillips is the genuine, prescripational product physicians endorse for general use. The name Phillips is important; don't buy a less perfect product and expect it to have the same perfect results.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

They Grow On One

A work of art—especially the art of printing—"grows on one."

A beautiful painting, as it becomes more familiar, becomes more dear. It reveals new depths of charm, new facets of beauty.

THE PORTFOLIO OF CANADIAN ART

Containing perfect reproductions of ten outstanding Canadian paintings by ten of Canada's most distinguished artists, is an ideal

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Not only is their sheer beauty an unfailing delight. They create and build up a critical appreciation and informed taste for the best Canadian works of art. They "grow on one."

Each picture is separately enclosed and mounted ready for framing and is accompanied by an appreciation of the life and work of the artist, specially written for the series by Fred Jacob, who was recognized in his lifetime as Canada's foremost art critic.

A number of the limited edition of 495 copies are available at \$15.00 each, postpaid.

Published by

ROUS & MANN
LIMITED
172 SIMCOE STREET, TORONTO

Makers of the Famous Canadian Artists Series Christmas Cards

succeed. Its flowers are lilac and reach a height of from three to six inches.

These plants, with the usual greenery of palms, ferns, farfugiums and others, help to bring the garden indoors until the time when the bulbs come out of their winter sleep outdoors. They give the flower-hungry heart many happy hours, while waiting for the floral procession of the year to begin again.



Christmas Trees and How to be One

Continued from page 28

At the first "tree" actually given for the children, the club asked members to bring young guests from their various districts, and give their names and ages to the secretary in advance. This proved to be an unsuccessful plan, first, because the Christmas tree committee was uncertain until the very last minute just how many children would be coming; and second, because they were scattered in all parts of the city where the members lived, the question of gathering them and taking them home, involved a large taxi bill. In one case it meant motor-ing many miles to take one tiny girl home.

Profiting from these experiences, the club, last year, invited sixty girls from a definite district through the Neighborhood Worker's Association. Gay little cards of invitation were prepared and given to the Association for the girls they selected.

A Christmas tree committee of three was appointed, and a special letter sent to each member asking for donations. In this case the cost of the invitation cards, and the multigraphing of the special letters was donated by one of the members. Two of the committee were responsible for the purchasing and decorating of the tree, and the third for the filling of the stockings. Enthusiastic members of the club were asked to help at special meetings, and the many hands made the proverbial light work.

Filling the Stockings

IN CHOOSING the dolls for a Christmas tree, it is all important that they be of the same type, for bitter is the heart-ache that follows the discovery that one little girl has a doll that will go to sleep, when one's own stares stolidly ahead no matter in what position she is held. Long experience has shown that there is no more jealous little animal than a child at a Christmas tree!

In this club, sixty dolls were purchased wholesale from a factory. Each doll had real hair, shoes, and stockings. These were given out to members of the Club to dress, and to be returned by a definite date. In this connection it is astonishing how the actual dressing of a doll will enthrall the most disgruntled worker. Women who will protest that they can't sew a stitch, and that they haven't a spare moment, and who take dolls under pressure, come back, beaming with pride in their handiwork—asking for more.

Here's an interesting fact to tell those who dress your dolls. Every little girl hungers for a baby doll. It makes no difference how original and captivating a costume may be, it has been shown again and again that it is the baby doll that is greeted with eager arms, and a beseeching "Oh, Teacher! I jest gotta have that doll!"

Special meetings were called to make the red cheese-cloth or stiff net stockings, which were rapidly stitched by machine, and over-sewn in bright wools by the group.

Filling them is one of the happiest tasks, and it has been found that this is a very good "menu" for little girls stockings.

Sample tin of cocoa	1 package of peanuts
1 toy	1 chocolate bar
1 large can y cane	1 bar butterscotch
1 pretty handkerchief	Nuts

Add a gay paper bag in which to carry the doll home, oranges, animal biscuits, marsh-

It Digests so Easily

It is not altogether how much cod-liver oil is taken but how much is efficiently digested or assimilated that assures the body its health-building benefits.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is cod-liver oil so pure and wholesome, so rich in the essential vitamins A and D, so agreeably flavored and so perfectly emulsified, that to millions it is the efficient way to take cod-liver oil.

When you or your child take Scott's Emulsion, you may be sure that it's cod-liver oil the way that pleases and satisfies.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

28-9

Why Fat Had to Go



Fashion Forbade It

A few years ago, Paris forbade fat. All her styles were created for the slender. Then there came a tide of disapproval for obesity, both in men and women. Youth and beauty, health and vigor demanded its reduction.

Then science came in. It found that a great cause of excess fat lay in a defective gland. By thousands of experiments on animals it found that excess fat could be banished by correcting this deficiency.

That is one great reason why excess fat has been disappearing fast. You see that in every circle. Slender figures are the rule. Mothers look like daughters. Not by starving, not by over-work, but by scientific measures.

The greatest factors in this fight on fat are embodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for over 20 years—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others the results. Thus, year by year, the use has grown until it is now enormous.

Try this modern method. No abnormal exercise or diet is required. Correct the cause. Watch the fat go, day by day. Watch the new health and new vigor. Do it because this is the right way and the tried way to end obesity. Don't delay. Many new joys are waiting for you when you get weight down to normal.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

人

HOLLOW
HANDLE
STAINLESS
STEEL STEAK
CARVERS
in lined gift box
Mayfair
Pattern
\$7.50 per set

人

SIX
INDIVIDUAL
SALAD
FORKS
in lined gift box
Princess
Pattern
\$5.50 per set of 6

人

COLD MEAT
FORK
in lined gift box
Triumph Pattern
\$1.50 each

人

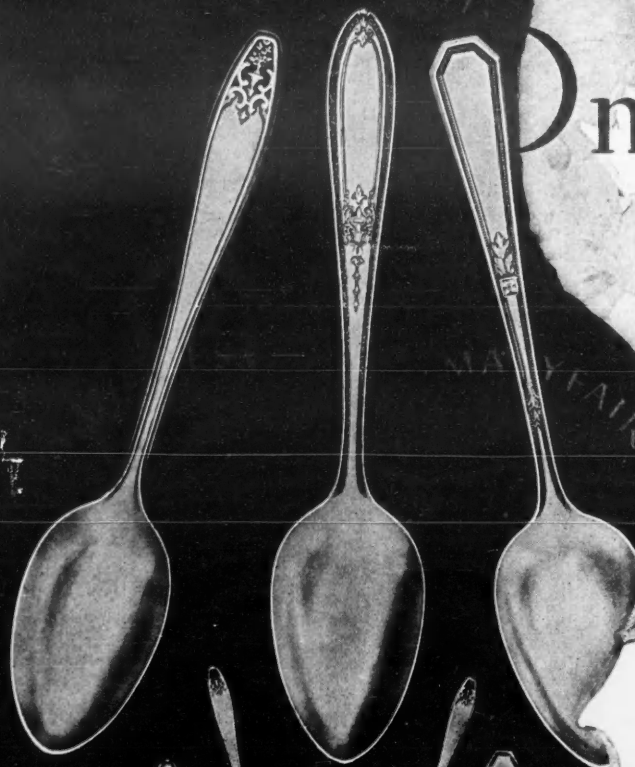
FLAT
SERVER
in lined gift box
Triumph
Pattern
\$3.00 each

人

SIX BUTTER
SPREADERS
in lined gift box
Princess Pattern
\$5.00 per set of 6

人

GRAVY
LADLE
in lined gift box
Mayfair
Pattern
\$1.75 each



26-piece set with tray \$17.50 Triumph Pattern
With H. H. knives, stainless steel blades, \$25.50

WM. ROGERS & SON Silverplate

The plate with the unlimited guarantee of satisfaction

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

One Page Missing

[A CHRISTMAS ADVERTISEMENT
ALONG WHOLLY DIFFERENT LINES]



SHERLOCK HOLMES was amused—interested. "Never had a case quite like it," he mused as he studied the youth sitting opposite him. "You gave your wife forty-two dollars to buy gifts, Mr. Wentworth?"

The young man nodded, "That's all I had."

"Go on!"

"I didn't get home until late. She was out. The things she bought were on the table. Lots of things, Mr. Holmes—too many of 'em! And all silverplate—beautiful silverplate—piece after piece of it. They must have cost twice what I gave her. I tried to figure out how she got them. Doubts kept coming in my mind. I thought I'd go mad! I couldn't stand it any longer, so I came to you. Mr. Holmes—where did she get that extra money?"

The great detective looked at him through half-closed eyes. "Tell me what she purchased," he asked.

"A serving piece for Aunt Julia—a cold meat fork for Aunt Louise—six butter spreaders for Cousin Ella—a steak set for her brother's wife—salad forks for my sister—a gravy ladle for a friend—"

He paused.

"Anything else?"

"Worst of all—a twenty-six piece set for her sister."

Holmes looked at him quizzically. "That magazine you're carrying has something to do with it. Otherwise you wouldn't have brought it. What is it?"

"The Chatelaine. I saw her making notes in it before she went shopping. Tonight I looked to see if I could find them—"

"Yes?"

"Page 75 is missing!"

Holmes picked up his own copy and began to thumb through it.

"The solution is simple," he said. "Mrs. Wentworth bought Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate. You can buy twice as much of this silverplate for forty-two dollars as you imagined possible. Every piece is heavily plated with pure silver, and reinforced with extra silver where the hardest wear comes. Every piece carries an unlimited guarantee of satisfaction."

"How do you know all that?" gasped young Wentworth.

"I'm reading it from the Wm. Rogers & Son advertisement," smiled the great detective. "That's the page Mrs. Wentworth hid from you. That is how she got twice as much silverplate as you thought she could buy. Check up this advertisement and you will see that the things she purchased cost exactly forty-one dollars and seventy-five cents."

Wentworth smiled sheepishly. "I'm going home and tell her what a fool I've been and apologize."

Again the great detective gave evidence of his master mind. "Don't do it," he advised sagely. "Tell her you've been in conference. Merry Christmas!"

To the ladies—When you use this advertisement to aid you in turning your Christmas dollars into twice as many gifts—be sure to tell your husband all about it. And when you go to your dealer's to see the three stunning patterns—Triumph, Mayfair, and the gorgeous new pattern—Princess—remember—

Don't say "Rogers"—
Say "Wm. Rogers & Son!"

To find out just how much Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate any amount of money will buy—from twenty to seventy-five dollars—write for our Portfolio of Silverware Patterns. Address Wm. Rogers & Son, Dept. C-12, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

Marketing Guide for Winter

DECEMBER · JANUARY · FEBRUARY

Compiled by Margaret E. Read, B.A., M.Sc.

MEATS

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Lamb (yearling)	December-January -February	Roasts. Stewed with curried rice. Braised lamb. Chops.
Veal	December-January -February	Roasts. Breaded cutlets. Braised veal with vegetables.
Beef	December-January -February	Roasts with Yorkshire pudding. Irish stew. Mock duck. Meat pie. Corned beef with cabbage. Steaks.
Pork	December-January -February	Boiled or baked ham. Roast fresh pork. Pickled pigs' feet. Headcheese. Baked spare ribs. Chops. Tenderloins may be stuffed, rolled and baked, or broiled.
Venison	December	Roasts. Steaks. Braised.
Liver	December-January -February	Fried with curried rice, or onions. Liver and beefsteak pie. Liver and mushrooms on toast.
Heart	December-January -February	Stuffed and baked or braised with vegetables.
Tongue	December-January -February	Boiled with scalloped tomatoes. Cold boiled, sliced, breaded and fried.
Beef Brains	December-January -February	Creamed on toast or in patty shells.
Kidney	December-January -February	Broiled kidneys on toast.
Tripe	December-January -February	Boiled in milk. Dipped in batter and deep fat fried.

FISH

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Cod	December-January -February	Fresh cod may be boiled or broiled. Salt cod may be freshened and broiled or used in codfish cakes with poached eggs.
Haddock	December-January -February	Broiled or stuffed and baked.
Flounder	December-January -February	Filleted, breaded and sautéed. Broiled.
Sole	December-January -February	Filleted, breaded and sautéed.
Smelts	December-January -February	Deep fat fried. Breaded and sautéed. Or they may be baked or broiled.
Herring	December-January -February	Fresh, herring may be pan broiled, sautéed or baked. Kipperd herring may be soaked ten minutes in boiling water. Then skin, wipe dry, and broil. Dot with butter and serve hot.
Lake Trout	December-January -February	Baked or breaded and fried.
Sea Trout	December-January -February	Fried, broiled or baked.
Whitefish	December-January -February	Baked, broiled or fried.
Bas	December-January -February	Fried.
Maskinonge	December-January -February	Fried.
Dore	December-January -February	Baked or fried.
Oysters	December-January -February	Raw, stewed, fried, scalloped and creamed.
Clams	December-January -February	Steamed, baked or in chowder.
Scallops	December-January -February	Fried. Creamed with mushrooms.

POULTRY

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Chicken (Roasters Stewing Fowl)	December-January -February	Roasted. Stewed with dumplings. Braised. Creamed on toast in patty shells, with celery, mushrooms or green peppers. Creamed with curried rice. Chicken pie. Soup.
Geese	December-January	Roasted.
Turkey	December-January	Roasted. Turkey a la king.
Squab	December-January -February	Fried.
Pigeon	December-January -February	Fie.
Eggs	December-January -February	Creamed on toast, curried, scrambled in omelettes, souffles, baked, poached or fried.
Rabbit	December-January and first half of February	Pie. Stewed or fried.

VEGETABLES

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Lettuce	December-January	Salads. Garnishing.
Endive	December-January -February	Salads. Flavoring.
Parsley	December-January	Garnishing. Flavoring.
Tomatoes	Imported during December-January-February but fairly expensive.	Salads.
Potatoes	December-January -February	Innumerable ways of cooking potatoes. Cold boiled potatoes make an excellent winter salad with celery, onions or cabbage.

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Carrots	Old carrots last all winter. Imported carrots on the market right after New Year's but they are expensive.	Old carrots may be boiled with canned peas, or served with cream sauce, or used for soups. Glazed carrots are delicious. New carrots best with butter, salt and pepper.
Beets	Old beets last all winter. The new are imported after New Year's.	Boiled and buttered. Good with corned beef hash.
Cabbage	Old cabbage lasts until the end of February. New cabbage is imported after New Year's.	Boiled with butter or white sauce. Raw cabbage used for salads or cold slaw. Also made into sauerkraut.
Mushrooms	December-January -February	Sauté with beefsteak. Sautéed and served with cream sauce on toast, or stewed in cream. Baked in cream.
Cauliflower	Imported during December-January-February	Steamed with cream sauce.
Celery	December-January -February	Served raw as a vegetable or in salads. Outer stalks may be boiled and served with cream or used for soup.
Turripi	December-January -February	Cut in cubes and boiled, served with butter or cream sauce.
Paranips	December-January -February	Boiled with cream sauce. Fried. Fritters.
Onions	December-January -February	Raw as a vegetable or in salads. Boiled with butter or cream sauce. Fried, scalloped, glazed. Seasoning.
California Artichokes	Imported during December-January-February. Fairly expensive at all times but cheapest during these months.	Boiled and served with butter or White Sauce.

FRUITS

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Rhubarb (house)	January-February. Rather expensive at this time of year, but there is so little fruit during the winter that one's diet really needs the indulgence of this luxury occasionally.	Rhubarb sauce.
Strawberries	On the market during January and February, but at almost a prohibitive price except for special occasions.	Raw with cream and sugar, or in fruit cups or salads.
Pears	Imported during December-January-February, but expensive.	Raw. Fruit salads. Cocktails.
Apples	December-January -February	Raw. Baked. Apple sauce. Pie.
Grapes	December-January -February	Raw. Salads.
Bananas	December-January -February	Raw. Baked. In custards or gelatine. Fritters.
Oranges	December-January -February	Used fresh in many ways. Also used for desserts and sauces.
Graefruit	December-January -February	Raw. Fruit cocktails. Salads.
Lemons	December-January -February	Pudding. Pie. Sauces. Flavoring.
Tangerines	December-January	Raw. Fruit salads.
Pomegranates	December	Fruit salads.
Prunes	December-January -February	Stewed with lemon. Cooked and stuffed with cheese for salad. Pie. Pudding.
Raisins	December-January -February	Pudding. Pies. Cake. Candy. Salads.
Currants	December-January -February	Puddings. Cake. Flavoring.
Dates	December-January -February	Puddings. Pies. Stuffed with fondant as a confection, or stuffed with cheese in salads.
Figs	December-January -February	Stewed with or without cream. Puddings and pies.

NUTS

Variety	Season and Remarks	Suggestions
Walnuts	December-January -February	Cakes. Cookies. Salads. Flavoring.
Almonds	December-January -February	Cakes. Cookies. Candy. Salads. Salted.
Brazil Nuts	December-January -February	Candy. Salted.
Pecans	December-January -February	Cakes. Salads. Salted.
Peanuts	December-January -February	Salads. Salted.
Filberts	December-January -February	Salads.



Something New for the Christmas Tree

(Continued from page 30)

or nine long. If you have a bright red paper, so much the better; if not, ordinary paper will have to be painted or dyed a strong Chinese red. Then splash your paper with gilding. This is easily done by dipping a brush in gilding fluid and then flipping it at the paper at a distance of a couple of feet or so. You will then have a very good imitation of the paper which is traditionally used by the Chinese to convey expressions of good wishes and esteem.

Holes should be cut or punched in one end of each paper, red string several inches in length attached, and a number of more or less authentic Chinese hieroglyphics painted on each with India ink, in straight lines.

When these are hung on the tree, they flutter and twist with the least breeze and make a very colorful arrangement. To make it still more attractive, numbers of the Chinese "leeches" nuts can be gilded and hung from the tree. These can be had from any Chinese store, and will prove a novelty to many of your guests, and a very delicious one too.

Make up a fairly thick syrup of sugar and water, and color it a good strong red with cochineal. Then dip brightly colored apples in the syrup and let them dry. This will make them most gloriously red and inviting, and will harmonize well with the rest of the colors. Festoons of cranberries, threaded on stout linen or cotton, can be dipped in the syrup in the same way.

Presents should be wrapped in the same red and gold paper, and may include a little Chinese novelty for each guest, such as a piece of brass-ware or a little Chinese cup and saucer or a dish. Each parcel should be finished off with a little ornamental Chinese tassel and one of those quaint coins with a square hole through the middle of it. Place cards to match, of course.

IF ONE feels disinclined to go too far from the beaten track, a new note may be introduced by having all the decorations form part of a consistent color scheme. Just what colors shall be chosen, depends, of course, on the rooms to be used.

The paper used for wrapping presents, the paper festoons on the tree, if these are

used, the table-centre, the place-cards, can all be brought into line and the difference that this simple little idea makes in the success of the Christmas celebration is really surprising. It might be well, by the way, to let at least your best friends into your secret beforehand, for one evening gown of the wrong shade can go a long way toward ruining a color scheme!

I REMEMBER a few years ago, a small boy, in most evident distress, told me that they weren't going to have a tree that year. The apartment was too small! I promised to see what I could do in the matter, and suggested cutting all the branches off one side of the tree, making it really half a tree which could stand against the wall and take up just half the room that it would otherwise have required. The top of the tree was fastened firmly to the picture-moulding, to prevent it from falling forward, and care was taken to keep the cut-off ends of the branches from touching the wall and leaving sticky marks. The scheme was voted a huge success by all concerned, including a relieved small boy!

Surely nearly everybody has wished that they could hit on some way of making the many Christmas cards received take a more prominent part in the decoration of the room. A very ingenious, yet simple, solution is one which I saw in Ottawa last year.

Take a strip of moulding about two feet long. At intervals of an inch, cut a slot in it with a saw, about three-quarters of an inch deep, at right angles to the length of the moulding, but at an angle of forty-five degrees from the vertical. The sketch may make this plainer. A screw-eye, or a cup hook, may be fastened to one end of the moulding so that it may be hung up on the wall, or it may simply rest on the mantelpiece. Two of them, one on each side of a doorway, make a very attractive arrangement.

Three or four cards are put in each slot, very much as in a letter rack, but making a little fan of them, and the moulding is entirely hidden. If desired these racks may be given a coat of paint and then they are quite good enough to use year after year.



82%

of these

Hospital Dietitians say

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is most healthful"



493 leading hospital dietitians recently expressed an opinion on various kinds of baking powder. And 82% of these keen, intelligent women definitely and unreservedly said, "A Cream of Tartar baking powder is most healthful."



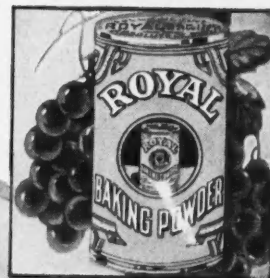
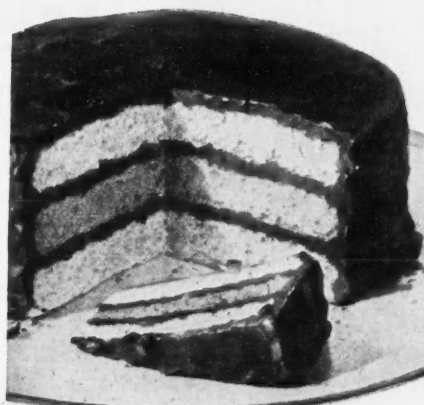
Cream of Tartar is a natural fruit product of ripe grapes. For generations it has been recognized as the most wholesome and healthful ingredient for baking powder.

But because Cream of Tartar is so costly, cheaper substitutes are sometimes used in baking powder. Experienced cooks know they can depend on Royal; inexperienced cooks use it with the best results. Royal always leavens perfectly.

MOCHA TART CAKE

Separate 4 eggs; beat yolks until very light; add 1 tablespoon essence of mocha, few grains of salt, and 1 cup granulated sugar gradually, beating continually; add 1 cup flour and 1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder sifted together; fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs; mix thoroughly without beating. Spread on two well-buttered layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes, starting at 300° F. and increasing temperature last half of baking to 375° F. Whip one-half pint cream; sweeten with one-half cup powdered sugar and flavor with mocha essence. Spread between layers and on top of cake.

Yet it takes only 2c. worth of Royal to make a large layer cake deliciously light and tender.



Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Absolutely pure.

TROPICAROMA CAKE

A delicious 2-egg spice cake. The recipe is in the Royal Cook Book.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Dept. BD
504 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal.

Please send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book of 350 tested recipes.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Province.....

Made in Canada



Young and Growing Fast— Give Them Plenty of Milk!

FULL of energy and vigorous out-of-doors health—keen at their lessons—eager at their play—school days the happiest of their lives!

Give them plenty of milk—Nature's most strength-building food. Give them Klim—pure country milk—cream-and-all—in powder form. To make it into milk, you merely add the powder to water. Klim is always fresh and unvarying in flavour—always ready for use at a moment's notice. No other form of pure milk is so reliable and safe.

"Your Child's Health" is the name of a little book we will gladly mail you on receipt of your name and address. In it you will find much interesting and authoritative information on the bringing up of children.

KLIM

CANADIAN MILK PRODUCTS, LIMITED
115 George Street, Toronto



"Let the Clark Kitchens help you"

SCRUMPTIOUS!

CLARK'S SPAGHETTI perfectly cooked with luscious cheese and a smother of savoury tomato sauce is both wholesome and nourishing. A favorite dish at noon or evening, the equal in food value of meat and baked potatoes. Ready to heat and serve. Costs only about three cents a plate.

CLARK'S ALONE HAS THE FLAVOUR

Serve a stimulating variety of dishes, without waste and save time, work and money with the **CLARK Prepared Foods**, including the Clark's delicious Soups, Clark's famous Pork and Beans, the many meat dishes, Canadian Boiled Dinner, Ox and Lunch Tongue, Soup Meats, and Sandwich Specialties. Particularly convenient on busy days and at any time you don't want to cook.

TRY THIS TIP
Cut up the remains of any cold meat and heat with the contents of 1 tin or 1/2 tin of **CLARK'S Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce and Cheese**. Serve in a ring of browned mashed potatoes. Simply delicious!

W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL, ST. REMI and HARROW, ONT.

CLARK'S SPAGHETTI

Bride's Progress

Continued from page 26

by pouring boiling water over them, leaving them five minutes and pouring off this water. Serve the pudding with whipped cream.

If you like prunes and figs you might use this fruit cream.

- 1 tablespoonful gelatine
- 1/2 cupful prune juice
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice
- 3/4 cupful cream, whipped
- 1/3 cupful chopped cooked prunes
- 1/4 cupful cold water
- 1/3 cupful sugar
- 2 egg whites
- 1/3 cupful chopped figs

Soak the gelatine in cold water. Heat the prune juice and sugar, add the lemon juice and dissolved gelatine. Set in a cool place. When this is partially set beat until foamy, add the chopped fruit, beaten egg whites and cream. Put in a mould lined with prunes and almonds.

Dates are the foundation of this pudding.

- 2 cupfuls chopped dates
- 2 tablespoonfuls gelatine
- 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
- 3/4 cupful boiling water
- 1/4 cupful cold water
- 3/4 cupful sugar
- 2 cupfuls boiling water

Pour three-quarters of a cupful of boiling water over the dates and cook until soft. Soak the gelatine in cold water and make a syrup of the sugar and two cupfuls of boiling water. Add to this the gelatine, lemon juice and dates. Line the mould with almonds and serve with whipped cream.

There is still another suggestion for a fruit gelatine pudding for the Christmas menu. It is a fruit chocolate pudding.

- 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls gelatine
- 1/4 cupful cold water
- 2 cupfuls milk
- 1/2 cupful sugar
- 1 square chocolate
- 1/4 teaspoonful salt
- 1/2 cupful raisins cut fine
- 1/2 cupful dates
- 1/4 cupful currants
- 1/4 cupful broken walnuts
- 2 egg whites
- 1/4 teaspoonful vanilla

Soften the gelatine in cold water. Melt the chocolate and sugar and add part of the milk stirring until it is a smooth paste. Heat the remainder of the milk and add the fruit, salt, and chocolate paste. Set in a cool place and when it is beginning to thicken fold in the beaten whites, vanilla and nuts. Line the mould with raisins and serve with whipped cream.

"There is another item of Christmas cooking I should like to know about, even though it isn't part of the dinner itself," said Peggy, "and that is fruit cake. Since we are discussing simpler recipes can you give me some cakes that are not as rich as the black Christmas cake but still will keep well and can be served at the holiday season?"

Ann thought for a moment, then said, "I believe these light fruit cakes are what you want. This one is based on the pound cake recipe and as much or as little fruit may be added as you wish.

- 1 1/2 cupfuls butter
- 6 eggs
- 1/4 teaspoonful salt
- 2 cupfuls sultana raisins
- 2 cupfuls fruit sugar
- 4 cupfuls flour (sifted)
- 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls Baking Powder

In addition quarter of a pound of citron peel, or a quarter of a pound of candied cherries or both may be added.

For a different flavor add two ounces preserved ginger and three-quarters of a cupful of almonds blanched and shredded.

Cream the butter thoroughly, add the sugar gradually beating until very light. Add the well beaten yolks, then the stiffly beaten whites, and blend thoroughly. Sift the dry ingredients, dredge the fruit with a little flour, and add the flour to the first mixture, beating thoroughly, finally add the fruit. If peel is used, it should be kept separate and added in alternate layers with the cake mixture. Bake in two loaf tins lined with three thicknesses of wax paper, the top one buttered. Bake in a slow oven (250 to 300 deg. Fahr.) for one and a half to two hours. The time of baking will depend on the thickness of the cake.

This fruit cake contains less butter, more flour and milk, and brown sugar instead of white:—

- 1 1/4 cupfuls butter
- 6 eggs
- 4 cupfuls pastry flour (sifted)
- 3 teaspoonfuls Baking Powder
- 1 cupful mixed peel
- 1 1/2 cupful brown sugar
- 1 cupful milk
- 1 cupful Swansdown flour (sifted)
- 1/4 teaspoonful salt
- 2 cupful sultana raisins
- 1/4 pound cherries may be added if desired.

Mix and bake as for white fruit cake. This amount makes two loaves 8 x 4 inches by 3 inches high.

"For Christmas cakes these may be iced with almond icing and ornamental frosting if something special is desired.

"We haven't mentioned one of the pleasantest parts of the Christmas dinner preparation, however, and that is the decoration of the table. Red candles, holly, evergreens and red ribbon lend themselves so well to this scheme of decoration. One effective plan is to have a tiny Christmas tree in the centre of the table. Some day when you are motoring in the country look for an evergreen tree, or rather a little bush not more than twenty inches high. It can be nailed to two boards for the base, trimmed with the smaller ornaments from last year's big tree, and the base covered with natural greens or red ribbon. If you put an inexpensive favor on this tree for each guest, with a long red ribbon leading to each place card it will add to the gaiety of the party. A simple place card is made of a tiny glass candle stick (no larger than a dime) which holds a minute red candle. A small white card is tied to the handle of the candlestick. I wouldn't advise using tall red candles beside the inflammable tree even though they are ornamental.

"A flat centre piece of holly, with four tall red candles in low holders and a broad band of red ribbon down the centre of the table is both simple and effective and the candle place cards may be used with this, too."

"Surely I won't have any trouble with the dinner with all these instructions, Ann, but I am going to try to make everything as simple as possible. I'll make a fruit cake to-morrow, then the steamed pudding, the mayonnaise several days before Christmas and prepare the fruit cocktail and vegetable the day before. Soon there won't be anything to do on Christmas day!"

"Well, Peggy, the best of luck to you—and I hope you'll combine a successful Christmas dinner with a Merry Christmas day and prove that brides can cook."



A FLAIR FOR THE CIRCULAR SKIRT

Contributes to the Season's Silhouette



Blouse No. 9604 **Skirt No. 9606**
This two-piece model of crepe satin with a one-piece effect has an overblouse gathered to a centre-front band, where it follows an upward line. The circular skirt is joined to a yoke. Sizes 14 to 42; skirt, 26 to 36.
Price, 40 cents each.

Frock No. 9598
The skirt section of this velvet frock, also shown at the right, is circular at the left side and joins the upper section in an upward scalloped line. There is a narrow belt, buckled at the centre front. Sizes 14 to 40.
Price, 65 cents.

Frock No. 9598
A lace jabot beneath the scalloped jabot in one with the front of the model adds a touch of elegance to this one-piece frock of velvet. A series of pin tucks provide for the soft cascade of the jabot. Sizes 14 to 40.
Price, 65 cents.

VELVET AND LACE COMBINE FOR ELEGANCE

TWO BECOMING FROCKS FOR AFTERNOON

Droop Gracefully in Velvet or Crêpe



Frock No. 9600

Lace re-enters the mode with the advent of velvet. In this model, the lace forms a pointed yoke section and the upper part of the sleeves, which are raglan in back and have mousquetaire sleeves attached.

Sizes 14 to 44.
Price, 65 cents.

Frock No. 9599

Velvet takes trimming honors in this model of silk crêpe. The sectional skirt joins the upper part at a shaped yoke-line. In this version, the neck-line is V-shaped, with a velvet tie finish in front.

Sizes 14 to 40.
Price, 65 cents.

Frock No. 9599

The frock at the left is developed here in georgette crêpe. The collar is in a deep, soft bertha effect, in one with a jabot. Inverted tucks appear at each side of the waist-line, and the sleeves are set in.

Sizes 14 to 40.
Price, 65 cents.



GEORGETTE DEMANDS EXQUISITE COLLAR TREATMENT



Frock Set No. 2874
(Left) This batiste dress has shoulder tucks ending in pressed pleats, and kimono sleeves. The infant's dress at right is also included in this set. Designed for size 1 year.
Price, Set 40 cents.



Frock Set No. 2874
This baby frock, with raglan sleeves and shirring at the neck-line, is one of two models in a set; the other is shown at the left. Designed for size 1 year.
Price, set 40 cents.

Simplicity and the Juvenile Mode

Frock No. 2871
(Below) A simulated yoke in front, two inverted pleats give becoming lines to this challis frock. Bloomers included. Designed for sizes 4 to 10 years.
Price, 40 cents.

Frock No. 2873
(Left) In this one-piece frock of lightweight woollen, the slightly circular skirt has inverted pleats. Bloomers are included. Designed for sizes 10 to 14 years.
Price, 40 cents.

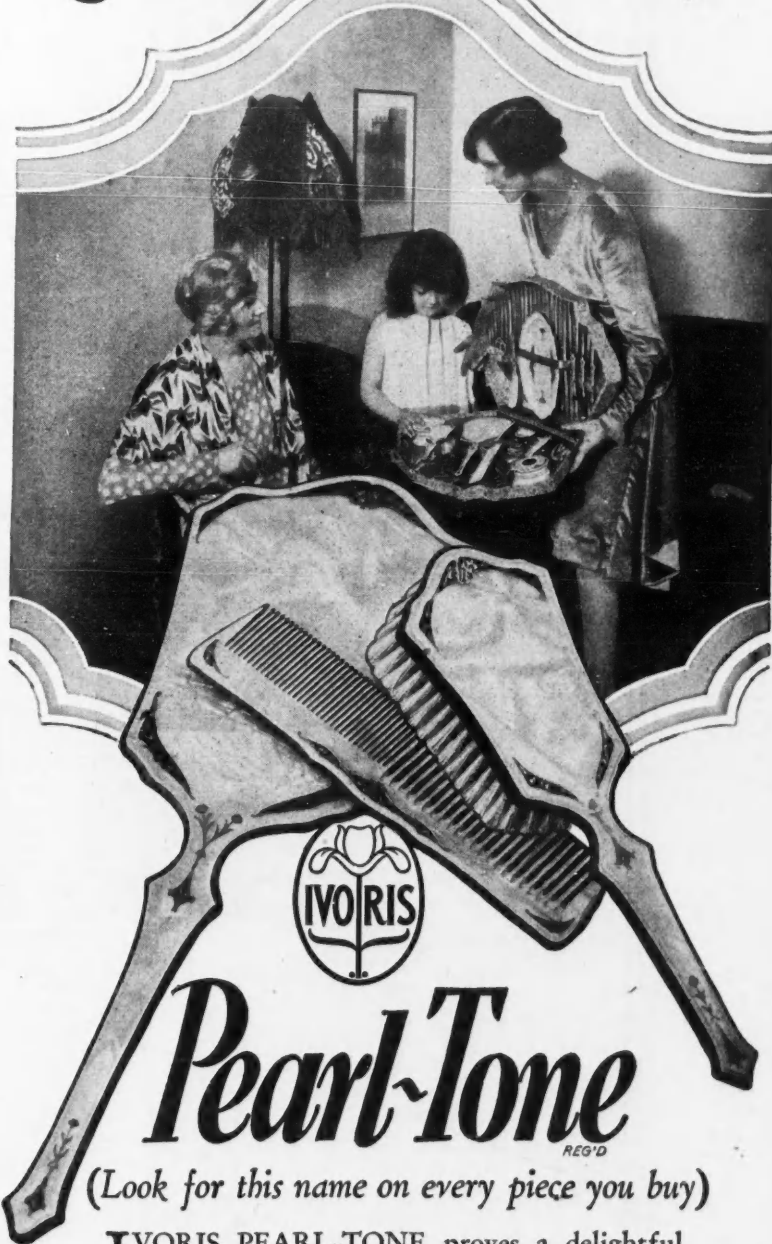


Combination No. 2872
Very simple to make is this bloomer combination of muslin, with a higher cut at the sides of the leg openings. Designed for sizes 2 to 10 yrs. Price, 40 cents.



These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 60, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

for each generation



(Look for this name on every piece you buy)

IVORIS PEARL-TONE proves a delightful personal possession, a suitable gift for Daughter, Mother and Grandmother.

Ivoris PEARL-TONE is the largest and most complete line of Toiletware made in Canada.

Obtainable in individual pieces, or complete sets in the following colors: Natural, Rose, Blue, Orchid, Maize and Green.

Articles purchased from time to time are positively guaranteed to match in color and design.

Sold by Leading Jewelry, Drug, Departmental and High-class Leather Goods Stores.

F.I. 3

The FRENCH IVORY PRODUCTS Limited
TORONTO 3 - - - - - ONTARIO



Mars—a watch that's true—for a friend that's true

A beautiful watch—a true time-keeper—what finer gift for true friend. Protected by the patented dust-tite feature, the Mars is accurate under all conditions for years and years. From the wide range of beautiful Mars designs, select one now. Ask your jeweller.

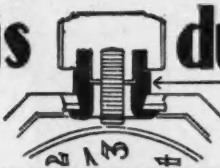


Mars

A beautifully illustrated booklet of Mars watches is offered to you. Write the Canadian Distributors: The Levy Bros. Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.

Mars is dust-tite

By makers of small watches for over 70 years.



Notice the Mars patented shoulder which prevents the entry of dust.



GREYNESS GONE!

NO MATTER what the natural tint of your hair, INECTO-Rapid brings it back, quickly, safely, surely—banishing greyiness in a way that defies detection.

INECTO-Rapid is not an ordinary hair tint. It is a scientifically prepared recolorative, absolutely safe to use as it contains no harmful mineral bases, and supplied to match perfectly every natural shade of hair. INECTO is prepared in Canada by Canadian hair specialists and used by expert hairdressers the world over. For sale at all good hair goods stores, beauty parlors and drug stores, or direct by mail, in three sizes at \$1.65, \$3.25 and \$5.50. Write—

W. T. PEMBER STORES, LIMITED
129 Yonge St., Toronto



Hats, Scarves and Sleeves have their place in the sun



Hat Set No. 9578

At the left is a sectional tam of velvet. Velvet ribbon is used for the draped turban at the right. The set includes both hats. Designed for head sizes 20, 21, 22, and 23 inches. Price, 40 cents.



Hat Set No. 9579

A sectional crown and poke brim distinguish this velvet hat (right). The felt hat with a shaped crown (left) has a turn-down brim. Designed for sizes 20, 21, 22, and 23 inches. Price, 40 cents.



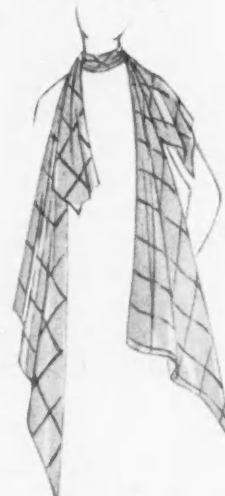
Scarf Set No. 9603

This plaid scarf, in a set of three, is of sheer velvet. Designed in one size only. Price, Set 40 cents.



Scarf Set No. 9603

This scarf, an accessory of great chic, is made in sheer velvet, one of a set of three. Designed in one size only. Price, Set 40 cents.



Scarf Set No. 9603

The soft, pliable folds of silk crepe are used to fashion in the third scarf in the set. Designed in one size only. Price, Set 40 cents.



Sleeve Set No. 9561

This design includes four types of sleeve. Sizes small, medium and large. Price, 40 cents.

Sleeve Set No. 9561

(Above, left). A close-fitting sleeve finished with buttons and a flaring cuff. (Above, right). Straight sleeve gathered to straight cuff. (Extreme left.) Tight fitting, flare at wrist. (Left.) Full sleeve tied at wrist.

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 60, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

THE VELVETEEN ENSEMBLE AND TAILORED FROCK

Are Ideal for Everyday Wear



Coat No. 9591 Blouse No. 9592
 Skirt No. 9494
Velveteen and crêpe are combined in this ensemble. The coat, which is collarless, may be worn with its accompanying scarf. The skirt is circular in front, straight in back. Sizes 14 to 44; skirt, 26 to 38. Price, 40 cents each.

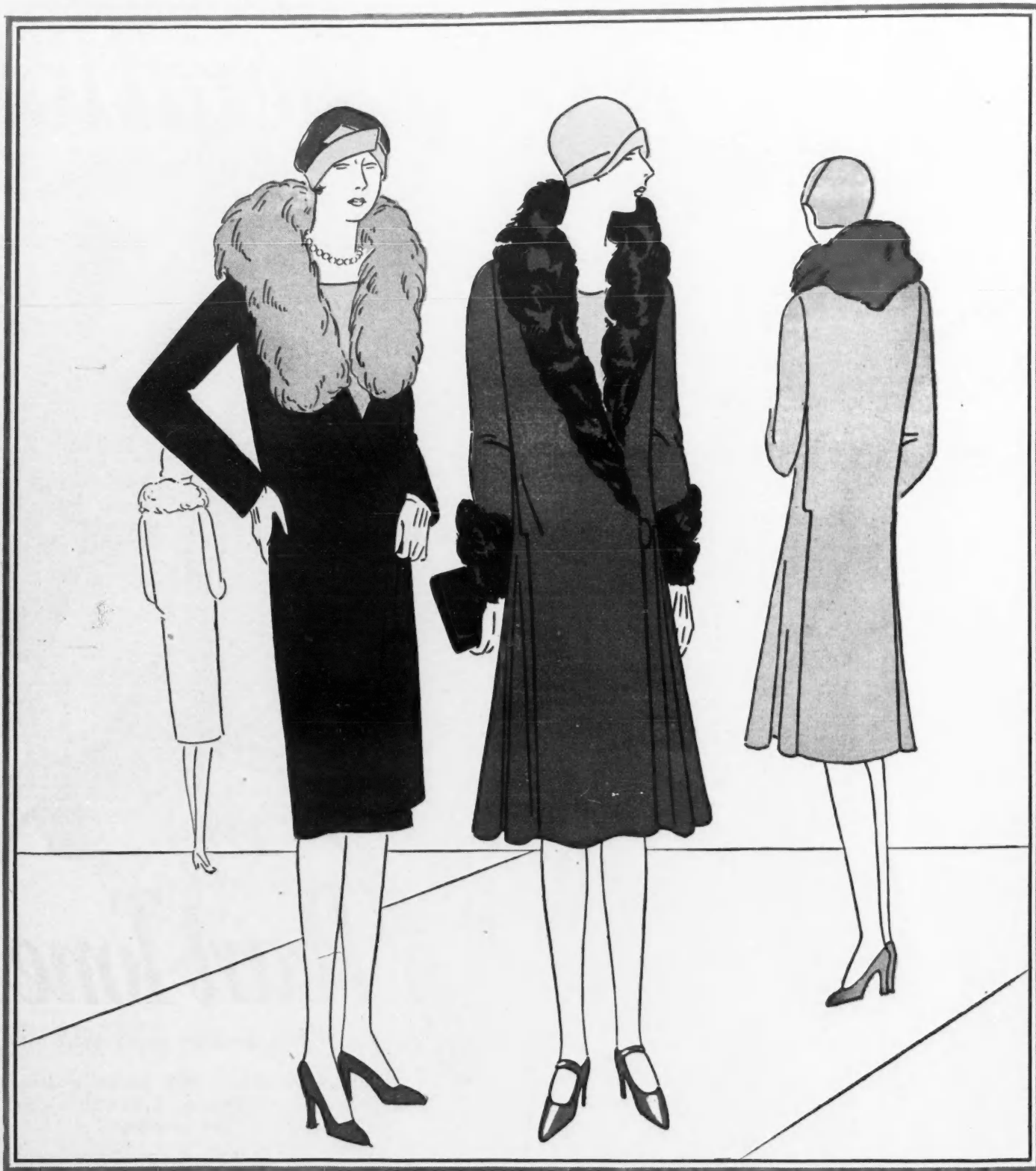
Frock No. 9584
This type of frock is extremely useful during the autumn and winter months, with or without a coat. Its simple tailored lines are both chic and becoming to many women. Sizes 14 to 46. Price, 65 cents.

Frock No. 9584
A convertible collar, with or without scarf ends, welt pockets, and a buckled belt create a tailored effect. The frock is developed in wool crêpe at the left, in tweed in this version. Sizes 14 to 46. Price, 65 cents.

TWO TRIM STYLES OF UNIVERSAL APPEAL

STRAIGHT LINES AND PRINCESSE EFFECTS

Distinguish the Winter Coat Mode



Coat No. 9597

Broadcloth fashions this long straight coat with wrapped fronts. There is a wide and very becoming fur collar, and the tight, straight, set-in sleeves have pointed tops. Sizes 14 to 46.
Price, 65 cents.

Coat No. 9590

This coat of velours has a wide shawl collar of fur, high at the back, and deep, pointed fur cuffs. Inserted under-arm panels provide a flare on both sides below the hips. Sizes 14 to 46.
Price, 65 cents.

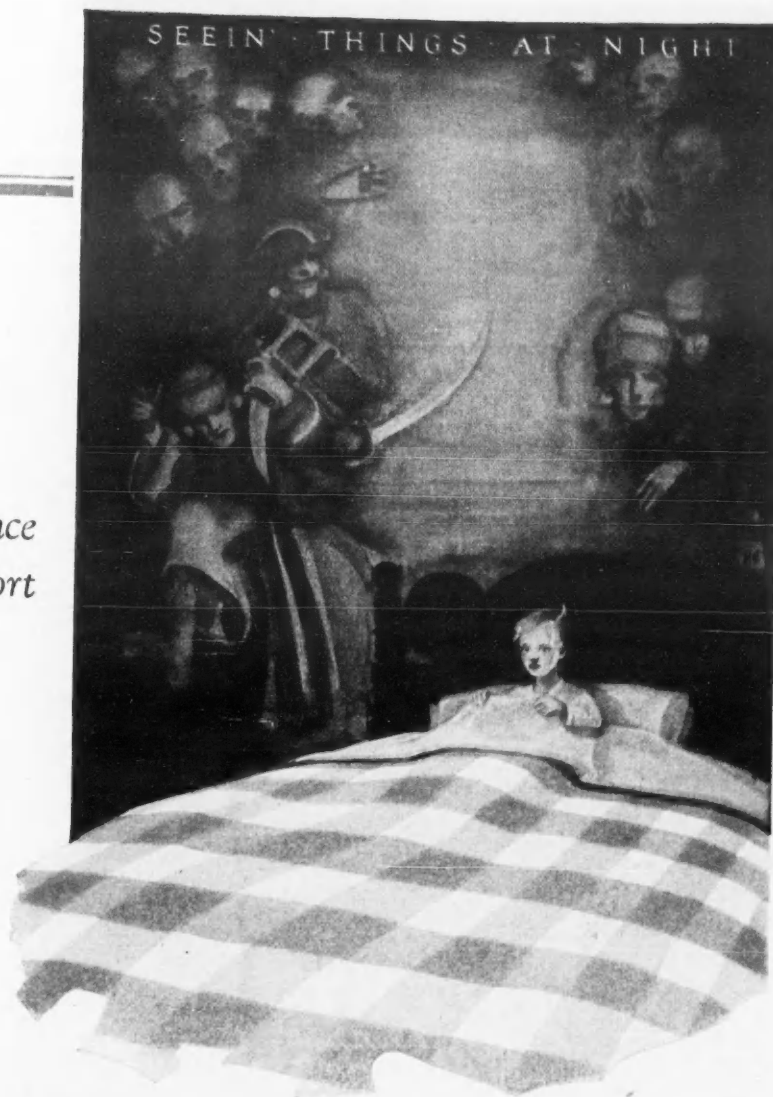
Coat No. 9590

This view of the velours coat pictured in the centre shows its distinguished princess lines. The fur collar, like the cuffs, comes to a point in the back, a smart new note. Sizes 14 to 46.
Price, 65 cents.

UNUSUAL COLLAR DESIGNS ADD SMARTNESS

These are Vogue Patterns. They may be obtained from the shops listed on page 60, or from Vogue Pattern Service, 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Ont.

... for every ounce
the greatest comfort



THE Mossfield

BLANKETS *and* COMFORTERS



When the busy day is ended and thoughts turn to home and rest, there's a certain satisfaction everyone deserves to know. Perfect rest beneath The Mossfields in their comfort, soft and soothing. Fleecy, pleasant, is their texture as to dreamland you depart.

*The illustration above, "Seein' Things at Night," and its companion "Wynken Blynken and Nod" are reproduced from two pictures painted for the makers of The Mossfield Blankets and Comforters.

They are printed in four colors on heavy plate paper, 4" x 5 1/4", ready for framing, and make a lovely pair of pictures for a child's bedroom or nursery.

You may have the pair by sending your name and address and 10c. to cover postage and wrapping. We would appreciate your sending your dealer's name also.



Ideal Xmas Gift . . . The Mossfield Blankets or Comforters of pure virgin wool. See them at most blanket counters in many delicate colorings—solid tones, combinations and plaids. The Mossfields have just the right nap for longest wear and greatest warmth—comforters are satin bound.

PORRITTS & SPENCER (CANADA) LIMITED
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



Old Thoughts Renewed

Each succeeding Yuletide brings back old memories—gives birth to new ones. So, too, with each season, your Heirloom Cedar Chest will find a place in your thoughts.

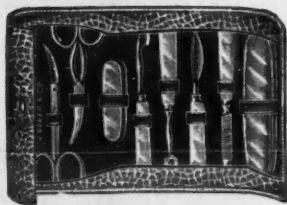
HEIRLOOM CHESTS

One of the many beautiful Heirloom designs will provide complete protection for lace, woollens and furs. In walnut, cedar lined or solid Tennessee heartwood. Choose at your dealer's, or write, without obligation, for the Heirloom Illustrated booklet.



The Chesley Chair Co., Ltd.,
Chesley, Canada

H. Boker & Co.



Manicure Sets

Crocodile leather roll case, 8 pieces with gilt handles. Very compact, complete and guaranteed. Finest quality Scissors and Tools.

Ask your dealer to supply it, or we can mail it to you on receipt of \$7.50 in stamps.

D. Herbert, P.O. Box 580, Montreal



How to Obtain A PERFECT LOOKING NOSE
My latest improved Model 25 corrects now ill-shaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is the only noseshaping appliance of precise adjustment and a safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Write for a free booklet which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose. M. Trilley, Pioneer Noseshaping Specialist, Dept. 3150, Binghamton, N. Y.

SHORT STORY WRITING



One pupil won a \$2000 prize. Another pupil earned over \$5000 in spare time. Hundreds are selling constantly to leading publishers. Particulars of Dr. Esenwein's famous forty-lesson course in writing and marketing of the Short Story and sample copy of THE WRITER'S MONTHLY free. Write today. The Home Correspondence School, Dept. 22, Springfield, Mass.



H. NAPIER MOORE,
Editorial Director

The Chatelaine
A Magazine for Canadian Women

ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON,
Editor

GEORGE H. TYNDALL, Business Manager

Volume I.

DECEMBER, 1928

Number 10

COVER DESIGN BY S. LIAM DUNNE

General Articles

- A Pound of Prevention—Or an Ounce of Cure? 12
A Plea for National Legislation on a Growing Problem
Thoughts on the Keeping of Christmas—Editorial 16

Cookery and Entertainment

- Christmas Comes But Once a Year—By Sybil Gayford Rhind 22
Bride's Progress—By Ruth Davison Reid 26
Marketing Guide for Winter—By Margaret E. Read 70
Christmas Trees—And How to Be One—By Elizabeth Hope 28

Christmas Decoration

- "Christmas Gift!"—By Anne Elizabeth Wilson 8
Something New for the Christmas Tree—By Joan Dee 30
Illustrated by Mabel Victoria Leith

Handicrafts

- Last Call for Christmas Giving!—By Ruby Short McKim 20

Mothercraft

- "Unto Us a Child is Born"—By Stella E. Pines 19
Illustrated by Stella Grier

Art

- A Quebec Village—By James Wilson Morrice 17
Canadian Art Album, Four-Color Reproduction

Educational

- The Settling of Canada: Pictorial Feature—Conducted by M. O. Hammond 18
No. 7, Manitoba and Saskatchewan

Vogue Pattern Service

- Two Becoming Frocks for Afternoon 78
A Flair for the Circular Skirt 79
Straight Lines and Princess Effects 82
The Velvet Ensemble and Tailored Frock 83

Child Training

- Your Children's Christmas—By Frances Lily Johnson 24

Fiction

- Hands—By Beatrice Redpath (Serial) 3
Illustrated by Harry Flake
All On a Christmas Morning—By Frances Beatrice Taylor (Short Story) 6
Illustrated by R. W. Major
Love Never Fails—By Dorothy Black (Short Story) 10
Illustrated by Norman Borchardt

Children's Feature

- The Sugar Fairy—By Gostwick Roberts 14
Illustrated by Mabel Victoria Leith
Hide and Seek With Santa Claus—Written and Illustrated by Emily Hand 15

Poetry

- A Christmas Wish—By Charles Bruce 5
Illustrated by Giff Baker
Security—By Lucy G. Clarkin 16
Illustrated by Robert Gifford

Regular Departments

- The Chatelaine's Patchwork The Promise of Beauty The Domestic Workshop

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions (except India), \$1.00 (4/2) per year; United States and Possessions, and Mexico, \$1.50; other countries, \$3.00 (12/4) per year. Single copies, 10c.
Note: If correct amount not remitted, we will bill for difference so as to avoid delay in filling orders.
Copyright, 1928, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED

143 153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President

H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President

H. V. TYRRELL, General Manager

Publishers of: The Chatelaine, MacLean's Magazine, Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair, The Financial Post, Hardware and Metal, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Dry Goods Review, Men's Wear Review, Bookeller & Stationer, Canadian Machinery, Power House, Canadian Foundryman, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport in Canada, The General Merchant of Canada.

THE MACLEAN COMPANY OF GREAT BRITAIN, LIMITED,
65 and 66 CHANCERY LANE, W.C. 2, LONDON, ENGLAND

BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Bldg., 1070 Bleury St.; Winnipeg, 810 Confederation Life Bldg.; New York, Room 556, Graybar Bldg., 420 Lexington Ave.; Chicago, Room 905, London Guarante & Accident Bldg., 360 N. Michigan Blvd.; San Francisco, 246 Monadnock Bldg.

10 minutes ago-



Remember all the things people used to do for headaches? Today, the accepted treatment is always Aspirin. It gets action! Quick, complete relief—and no harm done. No after effects; no effect on the heart; nothing in an Aspirin tablet could hurt anyone. (Your doctor will verify this.) For any sort of headache, neuralgic pains, rheumatism—your first thought should be of these tablets. Taken soon enough, it can head-off the pain altogether; even those pains many women have thought must be endured.

ASPIRIN

Aspirin is a Trademark Registered in Canada

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly darkens eyelashes and brows. Makes lashes appear longer and more luxuriant. Gives depth, brilliance, expression and charm to the eyes. Harmless. Easily applied. Approved by millions of lovely women the world over. Solid or water-proof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

Distributed in Canada by
PALMERS, LTD., Montreal



Mothers, Do This—

Just Rub Away Danger

When the children cough, rub Musterole on throats and chests. No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then's when you're glad to have a jar of Musterole to give prompt relief.



As first aid, Musterole is excellent. Keep a jar ready for instant use.

It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frosted feet and colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Gift Suggestions



...for the T.C.S. (Tired-Christmas-Shopper)
...Planning-Time = 13 minutes!

Have you your pencil ready, and your list beside you?
... All right, then... COMMUNITY PLATE suggests for
Christmas, presents for Women of Discrimination...

At the left, (top): The new 'jeweled'-handle knives, of Community Plate (exclusively!). Like those the Very-Fashionables have been bringing back from Paris, they add a bright accent of beauty to the table, and everywhere cause an excited stir of comment. Five patterns—three colors—\$15.00 for six (DeLuxe Stainless blades).

At the right, (top): The Modernist tea set of Community Plate—the PATRICIAN-MODERNE design—a brilliant native version of the new art. The silverware of tomorrow—a sensation today. \$50.00 (3 pieces).

And—below the tea set: the CROSVENOR salad fork—slim as a lily, smooth as a bluebell's chalice. For the younger woman who is 'assembling' her silver. \$8.00 for six.

Beside the salad fork: an orange-spoon that shows the loveliness of the PATRICIAN-MODERNE tableware... contingent planes, geometric patterning. \$7.00 for six.

Below: Luminous in its reticent beauty—a double vegetable dish in the PAUL RIVER pattern... the Colonial tradition at its purest and best. \$25.00 for the pair.

At extreme right: An enchanting child's cup in the BIRD OF PARADISE pattern... for any lady under six. First aid to godparents and bewildered uncles. \$5.00.

Most welcome of all, perhaps, a complete new service of table silver... the essentials for six covers at \$39.25. The lovely Modernist Chest of blue, black and silver is free.

ONEIDA
COMMUNITY
LTD.
NIAGARA FALLS
CANADA



At Your
Jeweler's

NOTE: These 'Jeweled'-handle knives cost no more than the regular Community silver-plated handle knives.



© 1928 ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

COMMUNITY PLATE

Also makers of TUDOR PLATE